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THE LETTER-BAG OF LADY ELIZABETH SPENCER STANHOPE

By THE AUTHOR OF "COKE OF NORFOLK"

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THE LETTER-BAG OF LADY ELIZABETH SPENCER-STANHOPE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

COKE OF NORFOLK AND HIS FRIENDS

ANNALS OF A YORKSHIRE HOUSE

COMPILED FROM THE CANNON HALL PAPERS, 1317-1806

ETC., ETC.

COMPILED FROM THE CANNON
HALL PAPERS, 1806-1873;

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS
IN TWO VOLUMES: VOLUME TWO

LONDON JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK JOHN LANE COMPANY
TORONTO BELL & COCKBURN MCMXII

THE LETTER-BAG OF LADY ELIZABETH SPENCER-STANHOPE

COMPILED FROM THE CANNON HALL PAPERS, 1806-1873

BY A. M. W. STIRLING

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

TWO VOLUMES : VOLUME TWO

"*TON* IS INDEED A CAMELEON WHOSE HUE CHANGES WITH EVERY RAY OF LIGHT." *ALMACK'S*

LONDON JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK JOHN LANE COMPANY
TORONTO BELL & COCKBURN MCMXIII

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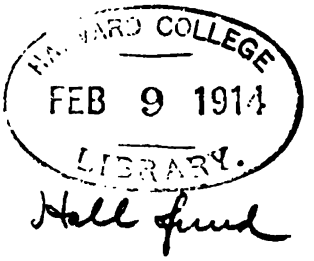

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"Some folks there are who round Hyde Park to rattle
With glowing wheels, think mighty pretty sport,
Some—Wellington for one—enjoy a battle,
Others prefer a minuet at Court;
Some, like the great Squire Coke, delight in cattle,
Ploughs, Porkers and Merino wool—in short,
Tastes vary, which may elsewhere well be seen, as
In Horace, book i. ode 1, 'To Mæcenas.'"

Ingoldsby Lyrics.
"The Relic."

THE LETTER-BAG OF LADY ELIZABETH SPENCER-STANHOPE

CHAPTER VIII

LETTERS CONCERNING A ROMANCE OF 1822

FOLLOWING upon the festivities of the coronation of George IV. came the departure of the King for Ireland; and scarcely had he started upon his journey, when the sudden death of Queen Caroline, on August 7th, enforced the temporary cessation of public rejoicing. So much, at least, was demanded by decorum, though the event gave rise to an involuntary sense of relief in the minds alike of her friends and foes. Even the Duke of Sussex, who had always timidly professed to espouse her cause, received the intelligence with a sententious recognition of the Divine wisdom displayed by such an opportune removal of an awkward dilemma.

The Queen's unexpected death is, I will confess a great shock to me, and to one who reflects, there is an ample field for meditation. I am one of those who are convinced that the events of human life are

not produced by accident, but that Providence conducts them for *wise* purposes.

I believe the King was informed of the event before he reached Dublin and that he pushed on previous to its being generally known.

A very general impression existed in the minds of the public that the king had for a time feigned ignorance of an occurrence which threatened to wreck his plans; and a few days later Mrs Stanhope furnished her son with another piece of current gossip.

You will see more in the Papers than I can tell you respecting the poor Queen, whose death is a fortunate event. The King, it is to be hoped, will be able to continue his peregrinations, or the Irish will be in despair, and if her remains go abroad, there can be no reason for his return; the request was a wise one on her part. What a change her death makes! It seems to me like a dream.

How strange if it should indeed be found that Bergami had indeed died three days after her. I wonder what will become of all the things she gave him!

The passing of Caroline from the land of her humiliation was marked by the usual conditions which had attended each great event of her existence there —a downpour of the heavens and a tumult of the people. When John Stanhope returned to the rooms which he was occupying near Cumberland Gate he found every window from attic to basement had been smashed by the fury of the rioters. His friend, Archibald Macdonald, who lived in the neighbouring

locality of Connaught Place, was fortunately with his "Oriental Vaporist" at Brighton, whence he wrote a few days later.

August 11*th*, 1821.

What a lamentable account we have of the Queen's funeral! It was more like an Irish Wake from St Giles's, than the solemn ceremonial of a Royal interment. One of the grand points of attack was opposite to our house, and I very much feared they might have taken up a position in my parlour. But I am happy to say that nothing more than thieving was the order of the day. I only trust her entrance into the next world may be more auspicious than her exit from this—peace be to her Manes!

I have found another doctor down here, viz., H.R.H. the Duke of York, who has been so kind as to give me a seat at his board most days and has always had a plain dish or two, but so hemmed in with fricassees and *Maitre d'Hôtels* that you are sure to split upon one or other of them in your attempt to get at plain and safe anchorage; and you are literally floated in Champagne and Claret. However, I am happy to find that I have a little command over myself and I contrive to make good my passage through this dangerous reef without touching upon any of those attractive headlands of turtle and venison. . . .

I had written so far yesterday when I was suddenly summoned to accompany H.R.H. to a grand cricket match of the 10th Dragoons, and we were detained so long upon the ground that I had only time upon my return home to jump into my bettermost suit and hurry away to dinner at the

Pavilion. Our party was select and we finished our evening with a rubber at Whist.

Later he wrote a description of another of the Royal dukes.

The Duke of Cambridge keeps us all alive with his good humour and affability. He runs about just like a private gentleman; and will dine with you or drink with you as may be most convenient. His rage for music is quite extraordinary; from morning to night he is at it. At eleven o'clock the King's Band practises in the Pavilion till two, when he immediately flies to his brother-scraper, Kieswetter, and perhaps grinds away till four, when he rides out or visits, and recruits himself for the same routine at night. He is generally the last to leave the room.

The season of 1822 saw most of the Royal dukes in town. The King, free for ever from the nightmare of his wife's presence, gave himself up to satisfaction at his position. The spring which ensued was an exceptionally gay one, but Mrs Stanhope and her daughters were precluded by their mourning from taking part in the gay life to which they were so accustomed and consequently retired to a country house at Richmond. Thence, however, they still continued to take a profound interest in the world from which they were severed, and various items of gossip found their way from the pens of each recluse to their brother who was leading a solitary life in London. Early in August Marianne wrote:

I see Dr Lushington is married at last to Miss

Carr, niece to Mrs Ibbotson of Heath, a very charming girl. You know he proposed to Maria Foote, and Mr Foote would not hear of it. He is the person to whom she has been so long so much attached. There is a story that Mr Foote wrote to Dr Lushington lately regretting that he had been the cause of making his daughter miserable for life, & retracting his objection to the match. Dr L. wrote back word that he was sorry for what had happened, but it was *now* too late to change.

The fascinating Miss Maria Foote, however, eventually consoled her broken heart by marrying, in 1831, one who had also suffered from bygone *affaires de cœur*, and great was the amusement of the Stanhopes subsequently on hearing of her engagement to the celebrated dandy, Lord Petersham, erstwhile the admirer of their "beautiful but cross" neighbour in Grosvenor Square.

From Edward Collingwood and his bride, who were touring abroad, there came also letters which enlivened the seclusion of the family at Richmond. Mrs Stanhope writes:

Yesterday I received a long and most entertaining letter from Arabella, in which she described a ball she had been at, given by Prince Borghese, the first entertainment she had ever seen which verified her ideas of magnificence, which were founded in her youth on Aladdin's Palace. The description is much too long for me to transcribe at present. The room was 46 ft. square, and at least as many high. The Glasses were without frames and so adjusted by the means of festoons as to give the appearance of the room being all

glass—brilliantly lighted, the floors were covered with Persian carpets which are always put down for a dance.

All the rooms were very gay and superb, with a profusion of roses and lilies, and downstairs was an orangery, lighted, but not to the same degree, in order that the ball-room might be the more striking.

The next day they went to a different scene—the service for the late Prince of Saxony which was also fine in its way. Except Royalty, people are never removed from the place where they die, which made some of the Italians when they saw the remains of Lady Bessborough[1] and her grandchild sent to England, remark that the English are so fond of travelling that they are not satisfied with travelling their lives away, but must travel when they are dead—"Sure the devil must be in them!"

Philip sends two anecdotes of Irish ladies, which amused us. At a ball when most of the company were gone, the lady of the house said to a Guardsman, "Would you not now like to have some tooth-powder?" The man stared and could not imagine what she meant, till a servant entered with a large Bowl of Bishop.[2] Apparently this is a Hibernian jest!

The other was that he overheard a lady at a ball, whose daughter was dancing with a lack of animation, exclaim excitedly to the culprit—"*Jump,*

[1] Henrietta Frances, second daughter of the 1st Earl Spencer, married in 1780, Frederick, 3rd Earl of Bessborough. She died November 28, 1821. She was the mother of Lady Caroline Lamb.

[2] A popular drink composed of burnt wine, lemons, oranges and sugar.

Judy, Jump! The Guardsmen are looking at you!"

As yet they have only carpet hops, which are not to his taste.

Meanwhile, with his family absent from London and his brothers pursuing their various professions, John Stanhope began to find a life of solitude somewhat irksome. He had now reached the age of thirty-five, and in view of the condition of his elder brother and the fact that he was practically owner of his father's estate, his relations were extremely anxious that he should follow the example already set by his brother, Edward Collingwood, and settle down with a suitable wife, though, as Mrs Stanhope emphasized, "*without sacrificing family to fortune.*"

This latter stipulation may or may not have troubled her son. "The great advantage of being of old family," he was wont to say, "is that you are further removed from the rascal who founded it!" Yet, susceptible to every pretty face, Jacob—as he was familiarly called by his sisters—was charmed by all and captivated by none. With a heartwhole frankness, he had always described enthusiastically to his mother the flirtations which succeeded each other with a disconcerting rapidity, till the good lady had once exclaimed in a letter to one of her daughters: "I entirely despair of John. Nothing short of being snowed up in a country house for weeks with some lady who is absolutely charming and absolutely devoted will ever induce him to take the fatal plunge!"

And now, despite the urgent letters of advice which his sisters lavished upon him, recommending first one heiress and then another to his consideration, John still found it impossible to settle his wavering affections. Undebarred, as were the ladies of his family, from appearing in public, he strove to enliven his lonely days by attending ceaseless festivities; and that these exhibited little lack of female society is shown by his Journal, and may be instanced by his account of a curious entertainment at which he was present in the summer of 1822.

June 27th, 1822.

At about three o'clock we started for a publick breakfast at Mr Greenwood's. We arrived at Brompton about 4. We walked into the garden and after having been handed from one servant to another for a considerable distance, at length found Mr Greenwood near the house.

The Majority of the company were assembled soon after our arrival and consisted of all the Beauty and fashion of the Female world, but rather a poor display of men, as few were beneath the rank of Colonels, and consequently not so many of the younger class as the ladies might have desired. Soon after five the Breakfast was placed upon tables which had been put under cover in one long temporary room and an oblong one. There was abundance of room and of excellent eatables.

As soon as the breakfast was concluded, the oblong room was cleared and converted into a dancing room, and a new order of refreshments of rather a lighter nature was laid out, coffee, tea, ices and cakes. In the garden were two of the Guards'

Bands. The dancing was kept up with much spirit and everybody seemed delighted with their entertainment. Between eight and nine we took our leave of the gay scene with considerable regret.

Little as John Stanhope then recognised the fact, this was destined to be the last public entertainment which he was to attend ere he renounced his freedom as a bachelor. Shortly afterwards news came to Mrs Stanhope which afforded her immense satisfaction. John confided in her that when dining with Sir Thomas Beevor,[1] he had met and been much attracted by Miss Coke, daughter of Thomas William Coke, Esq., of Holkham, the celebrated agriculturist, better known to his generation as "Coke of Norfolk." Mr Coke, in the previous February, after having been for twenty-one years a widower, had married; and towards that same autumn his daughter, unable to bear the changed conditions of her former home, went on a tour in Scotland, with her sister, Lady Anson,[2] *en route* for a visit to Lady Anson's daughter at Dalmeny.[3] John Stanhope thereupon likewise arranged a tour in Scotland, to be concluded at Dalmeny.

Of his various visits in the course of his journey

[1] Sir Thomas Beevor of Hethel, Co. Norfolk. Born, 1798, succeeded his father as third Baronet on December 10th, 1820.

[2] Anne Margaret, second daughter of Thomas William Coke, Esq., of Holkham, married Thomas, afterwards 1st Viscount Anson.

[3] Archibald John, 4th Earl of Rosebery, whose first marriage (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 156) was dissolved by Act of Parliament in 1815, married, secondly, in 1819, Anne Margaret, eldest daughter of Thomas, 1st Viscount Anson, by his wife Margaret, second daughter of Thomas William Coke, afterwards 1st Earl of Leicester.

he gives a lengthy account in his diary. The one, however, which afforded him the greatest interest appears to have been the last, which was paid to Robert Owen, the celebrated social reformer.

The son of a Welsh saddler, at the age of ten Robert Owen had been sent to earn his living at a draper's shop in Stamford, and by nineteen he had risen to be manager of a cotton mill. In 1799 he married the daughter of the well-known philanthropist, David Dale, owner of the New Lanark Cotton Mills, from whom he eventually purchased these factories. His life was forthwith devoted to secularist propaganda, and since the experimental communities which he established are considered to have been unsuccessful, it is of still greater interest to learn the impression created upon an eye-witness in 1822 by the system which was pursued in his schools and factories.

"We proceeded to Mr Owen's at New Lanark early in the morning," relates John Stanhope; "he was finishing his breakfast, but immediately accompanied us to the factory. I was much pleased with what I saw in this extraordinary place. It seemed to realise all the features of the Happy Valley, and if Mr Owen, instead of endeavouring to reorganise society, would content himself with reorganising factories, he might confer a great benefit on the world.

"He professes to employ neither emulation, nor punishment, but he invokes another principle in their place, the desire of obtaining his approbation; and the consequence is that he appears like a little god in this new world. The great advantage of his system appears to me to be his taking the children from their

parents at so early an age that they have not had time to imbibe any evil dispositions. I was much amused with his schools. He has certainly succeeded in raising the lower ranks to a level with the higher in their attainments, and the singular thing is that his first-class musicians, dancing masters, and all his other Professors should be content to bury their accomplishments in a Scotch village. His factory hands are all ladies and gentlemen! We saw some quadrilles capitally danced by them, and a little girl, who was his housemaid, danced better and in better taste than any belle at Almack's.

"There appeared throughout the factory a much greater proportion of women than men, which perhaps accounted in a measure for the subserviency of his community to his orders. The thing that most pleased me was the decency with which the work-people went to their dinners. Instead of a rush and a shout and violent pushing, which would have been the case in an English factory, the men walked out quietly first, and the women remained an instant to comb the bits of cotton out of their hair, and then also walked quietly away, two together, arm in arm.

"Adjoining to each frame hung a little piece of wood which by its colour designed the daily conduct of each workman."

John Stanhope returned that same evening to dine with Robert Owen, and what interested him more fully even than his host's experiments was the reformer's account of a visit which he had paid to another great reformer, "the ever-to-be-esteemed and honoured

Mr Coke of high agricultural fame."[1] Having been invited to attend one of the famous annual Sheep-shearings at Holkham in order to exhibit his "model of proposed new surroundings to give education and permanent employment to the working classes," Robert Owen had been astonished and delighted at all that he had there witnessed and particularly with his host. He had extracted a promise from Mr Coke to pay a visit to New Lanark to see his own experiments in full progress, and in view of this event he had laid in a store of choice wines and unwonted luxuries, only to learn, to his infinite regret, that Mr Coke's unexpected re-marriage entailed a renunciation of this project.

From the Happy Valley, John Stanhope made his way *viâ* Edinburgh to Dalmeny; but the visit, in one respect, was uneventful, for the lover's heart failed him; and it was not until he had left the neighbourhood for Roddam that he actually dispatched a fateful missive to the lady requesting her hand, together with an appeal to Lord Rosebery to further his suit.

Both letters were answered guardedly, but with distinct encouragement. The lady pointed out the shortness of the acquaintance and the impossibility of giving any answer without having first consulted her father. Lord Rosebery inquired affectionately whether the young lover wished to return to Dalmeny—a step which he decided not to take until he had received Mr Coke's answer. "So," he explained to his mother, "there is some chance of my being caught at last!" and Mrs Stanhope wrote to her son with unmeasured satisfaction:—

[1] See Coke of Norfolk and his friends, Ed. Pub. 1912, page 438.

I could not sleep all night so great was my anxiety for your news. . . . I cannot find words to express the joy and gratification your letter this morning has given me. I think the answer to yours is very favourable, handsome and sensible. God grant it may all go on prosperously and prove the beginning of much solid happiness to you. I do not think she could say more till she had consulted her father, at the same time, I doubt not it, in fact, rests totally with her. Your next letter I shall wait for very impatiently and pray keep me as short a time as you can in suspense.

The next letter from the lady was even more conclusive.

Miss Coke to John Spencer-Stanhope.

DALMENY, *Saturday.*

Your two letters of this morning were exactly such as I would have expected you to write, and have set my mind entirely at rest. I have no doubt as to what my Father's answer will be. I enclosed him the copies of your letters of this morning's post requesting him to write immediately to you that no delay might occur. I need not *suppose* that you will turn your horses' heads to Dalmeny as soon as his answer arrives, and will only add how truly I shall be rejoiced to see you.—Ever yours,

ELIZA W. COKE.

Apparently at the very time when Mrs Stanhope had sat penning her letter of motherly anxiety to her son from Langham Place, Thomas William Coke of Holkham was writing the words which were to seal the future of two young lives.

Thomas William Coke to John Spencer-Stanhope.

Holkham, October 9th, 1822.

DEAR SIR,

Finding by a letter received from Eliza last night, who writes in great agitation, that a point of delicacy keeps you stationary at Bradford, I embrace the earliest opportunity of assuring you, though I have not the honour of your acquaintance, that the high Character I have heard of you removes from my mind all doubt with respect to my beloved daughter's future happiness; and therefore I have only to confirm her wishes, in saying to you that I give my consent most heartily and cheerfully, under the fullest persuasion that you will make her (the most lovely woman upon earth in mind) also the happiest.

In her you will have a treasure.

I shall look forward with great pleasure to seeing you at Holkham, and remain, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

THOMAS WILLIAM COKE.

Forthwith the lover travelled back to Dalmeny as fast as his horses could gallop, while full particulars of the exciting event were dispatched to distant members of the Stanhope family.

Marianne Spencer-Stanhope to Charles Spencer-Stanhope.

Hastings, October 15th, 1822.

MY DEAR CHARLIE,

From your letter to-day we perceive that you are quite in ignorance of the great events which have been going on at Dalmeny; however,

Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope
youngest daughter of Thomas William,
1st Earl of Leicester of the second creation
and wife of John Spencer Stanhope Esq.r of Cannon Hall.

Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope
youngest daughter of Thomas William,
1st Earl of Leicester of the second creation
and wife of John Spencer Stanhope Esqr of Cannon Hill.

perhaps either Philip or Roddam, who both wrote to us to-day from Roddam, may have had the grace before this to communicate to you the great intelligence that John has actually proposed to Miss Coke of Holkham, that Mr Coke has given his consent in the kindest manner, that John is now at Lord Rosebery's enacting the lover, that he writes like the happiest of men, says that his most romantic ideas could hardly have conceived so amiable a mind. Lady Anson and Miss Coke leave Dalmeny on the 23rd, are to stop at Cannon Hall and then John accompanies them to Holkham. Now are you not surprised? we were all delighted. For she is a person of the highest character, I have heard so much about her and we flatter ourselves we have had some hand in it; so I must tell you the whole history.

When Mamma returned from France three years ago she stayed at Lady Bromley's,[1] who was full of the many amiable qualities of Miss Coke and recommended her to John. Mamma repeated this to the Sieur Jacob, who frequently has since adverted to it. Last year, you know, old Coke, in a breezy love fit, married Lady Anne Keppel, a girl of 18,[2] which placed Miss Coke in a most awkward predicament, as she had for years been completely mistress of Holkham, so she went to her sister Lady Anson, who is 17 years older than her, and had brought her up. Lady Rosebery is Lady Anson's eldest daughter.

[1] Hester, eldest daughter of Assheton, Viscount Curzon, married Sir George Smith, January 1778, who on February 7th, 1778, took the name of Bromley. He died in 1808. Lady Bromley died in 1839.

[2] Anne Amelia, third daughter of William Charles, 4th Earl of Albemarle, married 26th February 1822, Thomas William Coke, Esq., afterwards 1st Earl of Leicester, of the second creation.

John met Miss Coke last spring at dinner at Sir Thomas Beevor's, he sat next her and was charmed with her conversation and agreeableness. She had read his book, and was deep in *Platea.* I should tell you that before this, old Rhodes of Horsforth[1] had raved about her, he had been to one of the agricultural meetings at Holkham and he said he thought Miss C. by far the most superior woman he ever talked to. John told her of old Rhodes's admiration and she remembered all about him perfectly. John came home delighted with her and longing to know her better, but tho' he went everywhere in pursuit of her yet they never met. Old Lady Rosebery who had been staying at Holkham was always raving about her to us, she said if ever there was an angel she was one. Well John seemed determined if he could meet with her to make up to her, so I was only to communicate with Lady Rosebery to whom I told everything, and she was to find out Miss Coke's motions. She wrote at once to ask her, and heard that she and her sister Lady Anson were going to Lord Rosebery's. *Then* John fixed his Scotch tour! He was asked to dine at Dalmeny, however they made him stay all night, and on his return he was again invited for two days. This is all he saw of her, for he wrote from Roddam to propose; he sent us a copy of her answer which was one of the handsomest and best expressed I ever read, but she wished not positively to decide till after Mr Coke's answer was received. However, he was invited back to Dalmeny, but he thought it best to wait at Roddam till after Mr C.'s answer. It came, was

[1] Mr Stanhope's tenant at Horsforth Hall, near Leeds.

favorable, and old Jacob flew back on the wings of love!

The thing is all about already, for we received congrats on Sunday. Lady Anson had written to Lady Bath who told it to Lady Louise Grey who mentioned it to others. Lady Anson, you know, is niece by marriage to the Archbishop of York.[1] Old Mrs Anson, who was Miss Vernon, died last winter. Old Coke's other daughter married Lord Andover who was killed out shooting, and then she married Capt. Digby of the Navy.[2] I believe Mr C. gives his daughters £20,000 down. One report was that when he married last year he settled £50,000 on Miss Coke, and £500 a year on his nephew, young Coke of Derbyshire, but Lady Bromley did not believe the former part of this story. Lady Anne Coke is to be confined in Nov., of course there are the greatest expectations and hopes of an heir. Miss Coke is 6 or 7 and twenty, short but well looking. I have heard much of her painting, her mother and all her family were great artists.

John says Lord Rosebery had lent him a horse, and he had taken a ride with her, she had laughed at the plot with Lady Bromley to whom she was going to write, as I have also done. Miss C. has written to announce it to all her friends, so it is no secret, for her connections are endless. Lord Rosebery has been very kind. My Mother and the three younger ones go on Friday and stay till Tuesday at the Morlands, Anne and I remain at Tunbridge till then, when we all go to town, when

[1] See *ante*, vol. i. page 39.

[2] Jane-Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thomas William Coke, afterwards 1st Earl of Leicester, married first, in 1796, Charles Nevinson, Viscount Andover; and secondly, in 1806, Admiral Sir Henry Digby, K.C.B.

we expect to find the Collingwoods arrived. We have heard from them from Paris. We have got quite intimate with the Newnham Collingwoods here, they are very friendly kind-hearted people.

I am in hopes to get this posted by Tom Knox who is here with his family, so I will not *cross* any more. We are all well and unite in love with

Your affec. sister,

M. A. S. Stanhope.

By and by, when John Stanhope left Dalmeny, there came to him a series of letters from Miss Coke which in their freshness of expression and sincerity of mind and heart form a human document of unusual charm.[1] And from that date a novel element pervades the Stanhope papers—into the family correspondence is introduced that new existence, with its different outlook, its different interests and its connection with another county. Accustomed all her life to associate with some of the foremost intellects of her generation, and herself gifted with a fund of quiet humour, Miss Coke wrote with a liveliness and an artlessness which lends to her correspondence a peculiar attraction. Beneath her pen even trivialities assume a value, so graphically are they wrought into the completion of the picture which she presents; while she affords interesting glimpses of the domestic aspect of her father—appropriately named by her *Majesty*—and of other prominent figures of his generation. Moreover, there is in her delicacy of touch, her susceptibility to every impression, some-

[1] For obvious reasons they cannot be given here in their entirety, and the extracts which it is possible to cull from them are thus robbed of much of the fragrance of that old-time romance.

thing of the descriptive faculty of Miss Burney combined with a reminiscence of the heroines of Jane Austen.

"Adieu, mon très-cher Mr Stanhope," she writes in French to her lover, soon after the engagement; "Je vous appellerai toujours ainsi, j'aime tant ce beau nom, et ce *Mr* qui exprime si bien *le respect* que j'ai pour vous"; and even when, later, she apologises for not calling her *fiancé* by his Christian name, she adheres with firmness to her resolution not to be guilty of such a familiarity:—"Although I do not like to *write* 'Mr Stanhope,' I am resolved never to call you anything else!" Many of her love-letters are written in French or Italian, which seemed to flow as readily from the pen of the writer and to be better able to express the affection for which English appeared to her all too brazen or too cold. "Caro mio amato bene!" one begins, and ends "Addio, amato sempre, sia benedetto, alquanto io son benedetta Elizabeth." Then follows the postscript—"è bello il tempo—troppo bello senza te!" "Do not fancy," she adds with anxiety, "that I write with a copy, dictionary, novels, etc., because I do not. It is all pure *soul*, not *sentiment*. There is a wide difference between the two, though one is often called in aid to supply the absence of the other." "What do you think now," she concludes triumphantly, "of those two proper, frigid epistles which I wrote you only one fortnight ago?"

Here and there, however, the "soul" of the writer peeps prettily through the more formal phraseology in which she strives to clothe her thoughts. Left without a mother at the age of four, and, while little more than

a child, called upon to assume the entire management of a house which, in its unrestricted and cosmopolitan hospitality was possibly without parallel in England, Miss Coke had been early forced to support a burden all too heavy for the young shoulders required to bear it. How the responsibility had weighed upon her is evident from her letters.

> Oh, my dear Mr Stanhope! you do not know how hourly I thank Heaven that you are blessed with a mind as noble as your name and birth. I know myself so well that I could not have loved you with one paltry, ungentlemanlike idea.
>
> You will find me bear without effort any casual unevenness of spirits, temper or disposition (*supposing* such to exist in you), but faults of *contraction* would have withered my whole existence, for to such I have never been accustomed. I could, if necessary, live with you on a crust of bread, but that crust must be freely eaten and freely given, or I should be miserable.
>
> I have early been accustomed to deny myself many vanities, that I might fulfill, not as a merit, but as a duty and responsibility, those claims necessarily belonging to my situation, and believe me there have been moments when the simple words—"*God bless you*" have persuaded me that I have indeed something to live for.
>
> But the future is too bright in happiness to think of the past!

Meanwhile the lighter side of the situation gave ample occupation to the lively pen of the writer, particularly the manner in which it affected her father, whom she regarded with a devoted affection, that,

none the less, left her free to appreciate the eccentricities of his remarkable character.

DALMENY, *October* 15*th*, 1822.

I have only one moment before the post goes out to enclose you the *oddest* letter from my Father, who has certainly lost his *tramontane* from joy. Poor dear Soul, his anxiety to impress you with the full idea of my value amuses me beyond description. I also enclose you two letters which I received from him this morning—the queer medley of people he has written to!

I slept perfectly well last night, which was more than I expected, but happiness is now a stationary feeling in my heart. *Sia benedetto.* I will write more to-morrow.

October 16*th*.

Had you been here this morning I much fear you would have seen "my other face" as you call it, when among eight letters I vainly looked for one from you. But I miscalculated, as usual, on these tiresome posts. However, I fairly own that my confidence in you is so entire that if I did not hear at all, *c'est égal.*

Besides, each day even of absence from you is one of happiness to me, for each day brings some tribute to your praise.

Think of poor Lord Rosebery having to pay the pence for twenty-four letters of congratulation yesterday, above his number! If your amount equals what arrive here I fear you will not have much time for concerns of importance.

I enclose a really delightful letter from the Dow.

Lady Rosebery[1] who both feels and expresses her feelings as she ought towards you and your family. I shall always love her for it. Another note from our mutual friend Lady Bromley. A letter from an old and valued friend, Mr Wilbraham[2] (who almost educated me, being very much in love with my governess, and a great plague at the time), but who can fully appreciate you. Two very gratifying letters from the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and such a delightful letter from my eldest sister whom you will really like (if you like me). I will copy out one sentence :—

"I really think Mr Stanhope seems to be exactly the person to make you happy, and his fortune and situation in life precisely that most likely to ensure every rational and permanent comfort; and to be connected with a person who appears to be so thoroughly right-thinking and right-feeling will be a treasure to us all."

It is just like herself. . . .

Mrs F. Lewis comes here to-day to spend a day or two. She will amuse me with her finery. I always put fine people out by never regarding them, being too well used to that sort of thing.

October 19th, 1822.

Fifteen letters of congratulation to-day! It really is too hard on poor Lord Rosebery, who informed me with *such* a face that he "had *pounds* not *pence* to pay." He is very kind, for he actually meditates two presents to me. This morning brought such a pretty note and seal from the Lord Chief Baron,

[1] Mary, only daughter of Sir Francis Vincent, Bt., married in 1775 as his second wife, Neil, 3rd Earl of Rosebery. She died in 1823.

[2] Roger Wilbraham of Twickenham, a well known agriculturist, horticulturist and politician.

I have really quite an affection for that respectable old man. If I do not write eight sides, I shall enclose you Lady Bromley's note, and a letter from Charles Anson, the excellent and amiable being who christened me and is to marry *us*. Such a kind letter, too, from Sir William Hoste[1] saying that my "happiness is certain with you"—*new*, and not unpleasant intelligence!

You have no idea of the additional happiness to me of having six brothers. I know they will like me, for I am well used to young men, with such a tribe of nephews. My constitutional gravity (as my family call it) they must excuse as you have excused it.

I am just returned from a walk to the old Castle, the picturesqueness of which used to give you so much anxiety. Lord R. is now enclosing it with a railing, which makes it look like what it really was —a prison.

Sir Thomas and Lady Bradford dined here to-day. She is a pretty, nice woman, who wears a white cotton Quaker cap. Having buried her hair in the grave of her first husband, *her love grew again though her hair did not.* A bad compliment in my opinion to the dead and the living.

A stupid enough dinner, and a hard goose again, of which people seemed to eat (myself excepted). I thought of our laugh on that subject, and wished you had been here to laugh again.

People amuse me so, calling you out of respect *Mr Spencer-Stanhope.* I, who though an admirer of a double name, am so proud of the last in its modest, simple dignity.

[1] William Hoste, Esq., Captain in the Navy, was created a Baronet for distinguished services, in 1814.

And the letter closes with a little laugh at the expense of the lover whose all but illegible autograph had evidently proved bewildering to the recipient.

Your letter gave me additional pleasure, as that pleasure lasted the longer—*all the light of love could not help me at first to read it.* Write just so—and not more intelligibly!

DALMENY, *October 21st.*

No sooner is one letter to you dispatched than I begin another in the full conviction that you like to read all I write. Will this happy persuasion always last? It is at least an excuse for being alone, and just now I find my own society inexpressibly the most agreeable. . . .

The sea roars, the rain pours, and the wind howls. How different from last Sunday when I walked eight miles with you and they seemed so many yards. . . .

I enclose you a very amiable congratulation from my Dandy nephew George Anson,[1] who, as you perceive, signs himself *George*, by pre-eminence there being no other like him in the world. Spite of finery, I have always found him the same; indeed I am equally good friends with him and all his brothers, though Anson is by far my favourite. . . .

[1] George Anson, son of Viscount Anson and his wife *née* Margaret Anne Coke, was considered the handsomest man of his day with the most perfect manners. He married Isabella, daughter of Lord Forester, who was a noted beauty, so that they were considered the best-looking couple in England.

I must tell you that Wilkie[1] is now engaged on a curious picture—"Knox preaching his last sermon"; which will probably be spoilt by his affected loyalty of bringing in our unclassical George IV. entering Holyrood House, doubtless with a train of Beef-eaters.—Is there no such thing as keeping and consistency in the World? Certainly nowhere, unless *I* have found it—do you ask where?

Meanwhile the prospective bridegroom announced his intention of presenting his *fiancée* with a horse, to be attended by his own groom, David. The qualifications essential to safeguard equestrian exercise in the neighbourhood of Holkham are therefore pointed out by Miss Coke.

DALMENY, *Thursday* 21*st*.

Gira il Sole, and Heaven willing, on this day week I shall see you and Cannon Hall. It is too much happiness and almost frightens me.—Pray do not forget the grouse for my father, coming from *your* moors they will delight him, and pray write your name legibly on the card of direction. Though I am less of a coward than most people, I must just ask if the horse you so kindly mean for me at Holkham *stands fire*. Not that I intend to shoot myself, or to join the Battues (a gun being the only thing I dislike), but it is utterly impossible to get out of the sound of firing, at Holkham, *which is like a field of battle*.

[1] Sir David Wilkie, born in Fife, 1785, studied at the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh. Was elected A.R.A. in 1809, and R.A. in 1811. He acquired fame as a painter of homely subjects, in which he was much more successful than in the more ambitious attempts which characterised his later years, one of which was "The Preaching of John Knox." In 1830 he was made Painter in Ordinary to the King and was knighted in 1836. He died in 1841.

My father says that on Monday the Duke of Sussex takes his departure, and he seems kindly anxious to have the house cleared for us, which I know will be a comfort to you. Lord Bury[1] has left Holkham in a rage with his wife, unfortunate woman—a pretty party and happy riddance for us.

The pigeons, I ought to call them doves, are cooing with the utmost perseverance in my chimney, my old nurse will protest that it is a good omen. All I know is that I have an inveterate aversion to cooing pairs, as *we* sufficiently testified.

On Tuesday Anne and her Lord went to a christening at Sir F. Bradford's when she received sundry congratulations on our account, particularly from Lady Hopetown, who said she had always heard much of you—of course in your favour ("Cela *se* va sans *se* dire" as a lady said to me recently). How entirely I agree with Mrs Inchbald in her definition of love—that it is a compound of various feelings, first and chiefest *pride in the object*. May you ever have as large a share of that feeling as you have bestowed on me! I cannot say more.

I have received very many letters on the approaching event, which really seems to interest the world at large. I shall keep them all, that we may read them together whenever we lack conversation. Pray do the same on your side.

As the time approaches, I must tell you that, for the first time, you will see me very shy at Cannon Hall, it seems so like taking possession of your Mansion before I am privileged to do so. Pray

[1] Miss Coke had formerly been engaged to Lord Bury (afterwards Earl of Albemarle), who apparently by this date was showing signs of the mental affection which he afterwards developed and which had been caused by a fall from his horse, resulting in injury to the skull.

contrive that I may be as little stared at as possible.

I have just finished my eighth letter to-day in answer to congratulations, and have not yet done. Not all the charms of the subject can entirely exempt me from fatigue, and I am heartily tired. So *buona sera.*

I rely on your promise not to give me anything, at least not at present. Common ornaments I particulary dislike, and abroad we shall be able to find antiques or other things really worth having. Jewels, unless very fine, always give me an idea of vulgarity.

How thankful I am that this is the last day here. The cold has given me the rheumatism at seven-and-twenty, and besides, though no one can have received more kindness, I do so dislike Scotland with its cold, calculating people, thinking of nothing but outward show and inward parsimony. However, I must not forget that here only have I ever known true and perfect happiness. How glad I shall be to see an English house—an English fire—and that house and fire, too, at Cannon Hall.

There is no record of the impression produced on the bride elect by the first sight of the home where she was destined to pass so many happy years. Lady Anson did not consider it proper that she should actually stay in the house, so the travellers merely spent a day at Cannon Hall, and having remained to dinner, their journey to Holkham was resumed. The next day John Stanhope followed them by the same route, decorously travelling separately as far as Lynn, where, he relates, "we found Mr Coke's horses and a large party of the natives assembled to stare at me."

Thence he was permitted to drive, for the last stage of his journey, in the carriage with his *fiancée* and Lady and Miss Anson.

Long before, the father of John Stanhope, when encamped with his volunteers on Mousehold Heath, had enjoyed the hospitality of Coke of Norfolk; but opposite views in politics had made a severance between two men who, despite a disparity of seven years in their respective ages, had both entered upon an exceptionally long political career within a few months of each other. The family and antecedents of his future son-in-law were, however, thus already familiar to Coke, and it was scarcely as a stranger that he welcomed John Stanhope, for whom, despite his abhorrence of Tory principles, he quickly developed an unalterable affection.

> "As to the Whig connection" [wrote Lord Stanhope at this juncture to his young kinsman], "both Lord Chesterfield and I consider your Principles are too firmly established to be easily changed, and Mr Coke is so very excellent a man in his private Character that there is no reason to doubt of your being upon the best understanding and happy together."

Coke of Norfolk, who had so recently "in a breezy love-fit" himself enacted the rôle of bridegroom at his wedding in the previous February with Lady Anne Keppel, was at this date sixty-eight years of age, but a man to all appearance in the prime of life. "Besides being a very handsome man," writes John Stanhope, "he has an unrivalled charm of manner,

combined with a simplicity of mind and character which are infinitely attractive. To me he is kindness itself, and the devotion existing between him and his daughter surpasses everything I have ever seen."

Coke, in view of the remarkable nature of the occasion, had arranged to be without either his usual large house-party or the Royal Dukes whose frequent and prolonged visits were a considerable incubus. The only guests staying in the house were therefore intimate friends, and among these John Stanhope was glad to welcome a very old acquaintance of his own, Captain Spencer, together with his elder brother, "Honest Jack" Althorp, long familiar to the Stanhopes through their former friendship for his dead wife. Known at Holkham as Fidèle Jack, a French rendering of his nick name which occasionally degenerated into the less dignified sobriquet of Fiddle Jack, Lord Althorp was an *habitué* there, so much so, that a room was always reserved for his special use. During his lonely life as a widower, which at this date he had endured four years, he had constantly occupied it; on such occasions enjoying the distinction of being the only guest besides the Duke of Sussex who ever indulged in the rare habit of smoking. But while the Royal Duke was wont to puff away at a long meerschaum in his bedroom till he actually blinded himself and all who came near him, Fidèle Jack behaved in more considerate fashion, only smoking out of doors as he paced restlessly up and down the grass terrace, thinking, it was whispered, of the wife for whose untimely loss he remained inconsolable.

Two other guests likewise interested John Stanhope,

these were the great botanist Sir James Smith and his charming wife, an extraordinarily handsome couple, known to their intimates as "Sir James Daffodil" and "Lady Daisy." Sir James was celebrated as the founder and President of the Linnæan Society, while his wife, besides her good looks, was later destined to be remarkable for having attained to the age of 104 with her faculties comparatively unimpaired. Indeed, a story runs that, at that date, some friend rather cruelly called to her remembrance a favourite make of hard biscuit which, when her teeth were sounder, she used to enjoy at Holkham. "Ah," remarked the old lady reminiscently, "and I used to munch them long ago—when I was only a hundred!"

The final members of the party, Lady Hervey and her sister, Miss Elizabeth Caton, must also have attracted the attention of John Stanhope. The three lovely American sisters, known as the Three American Graces, whose beauty had been extolled throughout England and France, had, since their arrival in London in 1816, been looked upon with a mingling of admiration and curiosity wherever they appeared. The eldest, Mary, had at this date returned to Baltimore, where, that same year, she became a widow; but the fascination which she had exercised over the great Duke of Wellington was a matter of common knowledge, and it was often reported that the Hero of Waterloo was actually in love with the beautiful woman who, in 1825, became the bride of his brother, Lord Wellesley. For the Iron Duke had one vulnerable point, he was singularly susceptible to the admiration of the

THE MARCHIONESS WELLESLEY, *NÉE* MARY EATON
From an engraving by Dean after Robertson

opposite sex; "no dose of flattery is too strong for him to swallow," wrote Lady Granville of him; and the frank adoration of the lovely Mrs Patterson had been as keen a source of gratification to the great Conqueror as the attention of the latter had been a source of pride to Mrs Patterson. Meanwhile Lady Hervey, the youngest of the three sisters, had, in 1817, married Sir Felton Hervey, aide-de-camp to the Duke, and two years subsequent to her wedding she too was left a widow, all but as dangerously fascinating as her sister was in future to be. Various, indeed, were the flirtations into which Lady Hervey inveigled the unwary, ere she became Marchioness of Carmarthen and Duchess of Leeds, some years before her sister Elizabeth, who on this occasion was staying with her at Holkham, became a resident in Norfolk as the wife of the 8th Baron Stafford.

But John Stanhope had other acquaintances to make besides those in the house. The "natives" who had awaited his arrival all along the route from Lynn to Holkham were anxious to gauge more narrowly the character of the lover who was about to rob them of their beloved young mistress and Lady Bountiful. Many an inspection and cross-examination had he to undergo from shrewd weather-beaten old farmers and garrulous old crones, ere, according to Miss Coke's own report, they pronounced him, with tears and satisfaction, to be "*Such* a character!"—a verdict which she explains was intended to express limitless approbation. Meanwhile, although it was perhaps unusual for a Yorkshireman to appreciate the wit and wisdom of other countrymen save his

own, John Stanhope appeared much struck with the quaintness of his new friends, of whom he treasured up many anecdotes. Among others, from Weasenham, twenty miles distant from Holkham, came a certain Johnny Margarson, of whom the following stories were related.

It appears that Johnny was recognised locally to be what may be termed "an original." Clever, dogmatic, and slightly deaf, he was, above all, the owner of a very powerful voice which had done good service on public occasions and more especially at Mr Coke's famous annual gatherings for the Holkham Sheep-shearings. On these latter occasions Mr Coke always had what was termed the "Vice-chair" filled by one of his tenants, and Johnnie was particularly fond of that post of honour. There he had the proud duty of echoing and rendering of greater effect that which emanated from the more honourable "chair," and by means of his all-penetrating voice, adding, he considered, far greater weight to the sentiments, toasts and observations of his famous colleague, Mr Coke.

Now one day it happened that the Duke of Bedford being present, Mr Coke, after having proposed the usual loyal toasts, rose and announced—"Next, Gentlemen, I must ask you to drink the health of a very old friend of mine who is here to-day, so I give—'*The Duke of Bedford and the illustrious House of Russell.*'" Old Margarson at once got up, and, according to his habit, thundered loudly upon the table with a hammer, like an auctioneer, till he had obtained silence, when he gave

out in a stentorian voice—"Gintlemen, Mr Cōōke wishes you to drink—'*The Duke of Bedford and the Industry House of Gressenhall!*'" As the latter was the local name for a neighbouring workhouse, it is needless to describe the uproarious merriment with which a toast so combined was drunk, all the more so that Johnnie Margarson remained blissfully unaware of any inaccuracy in his interpretation of Mr Coke's intentions.

Another time this same old man was in the Vice-chair when an unlucky event upset his equanimity. A dish of olives had been put on the table, to which the company were helping themselves apparently with such enjoyment that Johnnie greedily stretched forth and took one. No sooner had his teeth closed over it, however, than he ejected it with an exceedingly forcible expression, then, seizing his hammer, he knocked angrily upon the table till he had secured silence for the important announcement which he had to make, whereupon he addressed Mr Coke as follows—"Mr Cheerman, I don't want to 'stroy the harmony of this 'ere meeting, but, as true as Goard, *someone has been playing the fule with these 'ere guzeberries.*"

Many were the stories which John Stanhope must have heard of the famous Sheep-shearings, then for the first time discontinued; and in the vast and successful agricultural schemes which had made Coke one of the most prominent men of his generation, his prospective son-in-law was keenly interested, thus gleaning much useful information which was afterwards of service to him in the management of his own estate.

Moreover, in regard to his host, he appears quickly to have fallen under the spell of a personality which exercised a profound fascination upon all who came in contact with it.

Mrs Spencer-Stanhope to Charles Spencer-Stanhope.

LANGHAM PLACE, *Nov. 8th* 1822.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I have delayed thanking you for your delightfully descriptive letter, till I could announce the arrival of John, who made his appearance at nine o'clock yesterday morning, quite well and in high spirits, for his reception at Holkham was most gratifying, and he speaks with the greatest enthusiasm of Mr Coke.

The Collingwoods on Friday Se'ennight set out for the North where they had a pressing Invitation, as have all the Family. . . . Holkham is always full and very like an Inn, for people arrive without any previous notice and seem to stay as long as they like.

Your account of Miss Coke answers exactly to the idea I have formed of her, and I have no doubt she will suit us all. The plan of going abroad is given up, old Mr Coke would not hear of it, therefore they will live at Cannon Hall soon. The way in which you first heard of the engagement was odd enough, and Edward read of it in the papers at an Inn on his road to town.

Arabella, who is inclined to be jealous, is delighted to hear she is the taller of the two.

Cannon Hall pine-apples were thought much of

at Holkham, and Cannon Hall Grapes[1] they had never seen before.

Marianne Spencer-Stanhope to Charles Spencer-Stanhope.

November 1st.

Here we are all like crazy people, Old Jacob never looked half so well or so alert in his life. They mean to spend the winter quite quietly at Cannon Hall, which I am glad of as it will do so much good and make them popular in Yorkshire. London she cannot bear, but Holkham is to be a second home.

The settlements are to be made in a week, she is to have £22,000 down. Her letters are delightful, to my taste so easy and unaffected.

Lord Althorp and Captain Spencer were at Holkham when John was there, with a large party. Among others, Lady Hervey, the famous Miss Caton that was. She was making up in the most decided manner to Captain Spencer, and after Mr Coke had given John's health with Miss Coke, he innocently drank to Lady Hervey and Captain Spencer, and hoped they would both follow so good an example, which quite set Lord Althorp off.

[1] John Stanhope had raised a vine from seed which he had brought back with him from his travels in Greece. It was a white muscat of Alexandria, and produced grapes almost unsurpassed in their excellence. He subsequently presented a cutting from this vine to the Royal Horticultural Society, with permission for the fruit to become public on condition that it was always known as "the Cannon Hall grape." He also took a bunch of these grapes with him to Versailles, and challenged the Frenchmen to beat them; they attempted to do so but were completely defeated. The King of the Belgians sent his gardener over to Cannon Hall to be instructed in the method of cultivating this vine, and had a special house constructed for it.

Another amusing incident of his visit was his introduction to Coke's old Steward, Francis Blaikie, who originally came from Lord Chesterfield and was delighted, of course, with the name of Stanhope! On hearing of the engagement, however, he at once took the matter into his own hands, and made endless enquiries in his own line of friends in Yorkshire, such as if John had ever borrowed any money or annuities, whether he was extravagant, in short whether in every possible particular he was a fit person to be entrusted with the happiness of his beloved Miss Coke,—Miss Coke showed John the answers!

The bridegroom elect had journeyed to London expressly for the purpose of purchasing a suitable "chariot" for his approaching change of condition, and his journal states that he finally agreed to have a handsome vehicle constructed for the sum of £315. Meantime, at Holkham, Miss Coke was viewing, with a somewhat jaundiced outlook, the surroundings which now lacked the presence of her *fiancé*.

October 30*th*, 1822.

I must write to you, as there is no use in combating my inclination to do so. You are gone and everything seems like a dream. I was positively stupid for some time after you left my sitting room, my sister (Lady Anson) begged me to ride with her on one of Lady Anne's horses, and she aroused me effectually by a *leçon directe* on not "*exciting your jealousy*." Is it not fortunate that I at least understand you? There is not a thought that passes in your mind that I cannot interpret, and believe me there is none that I fear to scan.

Such a dreadful *glum* dinner to-day; my father having caught cold, Lady Anne with a bad headache and nearly as white as powder, Tip[1] cross, William[2] having shot ill, Lady Smith *précieuse*, Miss Caton chilly, Sir James Smith eating himself sick with a *load* of preserved pine-apple, and myself disconsolate, till Lady Hervey's utter folly nearly choked me.

Miss Caton told me that Lord Dunwich[3] announced our marriage at the Bury Ball, but the Duke of Norfolk being incredulous, great was the *pour et contre* on the subject.

I forgot to confess my first act of disobedience in shewing your book to Sir James Smith, who has read it with the greatest attention and admiration. On the strength of your pine-branch he has promised us a rhododendron for Cannon Hall that bears crimson flowers, and grows as high as an apple tree.

Lady Hervey has just asked me to play at Chess, too great a contrast to our evening tête à tête!

October 31*st*, 1822.

As you are so unconscionable as to expect to hear from me every day, your letter shall be the first I begin, and the last I end, for are you not the beginning and ending of all my thoughts with reference to this life, and indeed to the next?

As I think the lawyers cannot plague us beyond the first week in December, my mind is made up for that time or the beginning of the 2nd week at latest. You had better name it to Mrs Stanhope.

I wish you had heard Captain Spencer last night

[1] William John Cavendish, Viscount Titchfield, afterwards 5th Duke of Portland.

[2] William Coke, nephew to Thomas William Coke, Esq., and heir presumptive to Holkham.

[3] Succeeded as 2nd Earl of Stradbroke in 1827.

declaring that Lady Hervey had made her first attack on Fiddle Jack, who was so terrified that he had serious thoughts of leaving the house, shooting and all. She is too great a goose!

I have had a visit of congratulation, which I received with becoming dignity.—I wrote last night an entire description of Cannon Hall to my sister. It is not to everyone that I chuse to mention you. It would be profanation to those who did not know you.

November 1st, 1822.

I am quite convinced that you will worry and fidget yourself into a fever. Think of setting off about the carriage after being up all night! You will make yourself ill and that will be worse than any Marriage Act that ever was passed. I have *quietly* settled the first week in December or the beginning of the second at latest, so do not plague yourself, and be idle for once in your life. You know that you have been in a great hurry and very rash from beginning to end.

My father will not condescend to ask for a special license—so much for being a Whig! Indeed I do not think it signifies much. A month will soon pass especially if you will come back soon.

More letters of congratulation. I wrote ten yesterday and am really quite exhausted.

November 1st, 1822.

As I took the precaution of getting two franks last night I may as well fill them. It really is, however, too romantic to write to you the last thing at night, and the first thing I wake, don't you think so? Sir James Smith has sent us the Rhododendron plant which is to grow as large as an

apple tree (I wish I may see it so). It will be a very good *personnage muet* in the carriage with us to Cannon Hall!

Thank goodness, my dearest, we are not dependent on the breath of Courts and Princes, and not bound to receive Royal visits.—That I call real freedom.

You and I, steady, sober people, rather tired of what is called the world, might possibly do well in retirement but I am inclined to doubt even that, and shall never (well as I know your true attachment to me) condemn you to seek pleasure in my society only. I love you too well not to wish you to be ever and everywhere known and valued as I know and value you—though that, in fact, is impossible.

Your groom, and horse, very neat, attended me for the first time yesterday. He amused me much, and had a great inclination to talk of "master" in which I did not encourage him, as the subject to me is too sacred. He said Holkham was a pleasant place, but seemed to think it was not to be compared with "the Hall," an opinion for which I shall not quarrel with him. Some of my visitors the other day told me they had seen "Cannon."

HOLKHAM, *November 2nd.*

I counted, this morning, eighty letters of congratulation and there are many besides. You and I, quiet people, have really made a positive sensation in the World, and what is still more extraordinary, it seems to be one of universal interest and goodwill.

A most pressing invitation for you to the Dixons at Rainham to meet the Duke of York on the 11th,

answered, of course, in the negative. We will not at least *seek* an annoyance of that sort.

If you want a precedent for marriage settlements take pattern by Lord Albemarle, who marrying a beautiful creature with all the first love of 18, made a provisory clause for his second marriage. I advise you to do the same.

I am just returned from my ride and delighted with my horse which is as gentle as a lamb, with the finest mouth, walk, and the easiest canter imaginable. Even David's sturdy nature relents in its favour, as he is enchanted, and told me, with such a grin, that it would walk five miles an hour, and carry him fox-hunting—an experiment I am not ambitious of his trying. In short *Platea* (as I mean to call it) and myself suit perfectly. Thank you for that, and for every other happiness I enjoy under heaven. At least I have a heart to feel in its fullest extent.

I have given David the strictest orders that nobody should mount my horse but myself. . . . It is one of my virtues to be able to say *no*, and a most useful one I have found it very often.

And this quiet determination which had stood her in good stead in her past life is exhibited in another incident, for not content with riding the horse that her *fiancé* had presented to her, she decided to mount his own which had been left at Holkham to await his speedy return. In vain did the faithful David try to dissuade her from so dangerous an experiment, representing that the animal was too wild to carry a lady, she announces with finality the characteristic decision —"but I intend to do so quietly, and *alone*."

HOLKHAM, *November 3rd*, 1822.

As an excuse for *plaguing* you with another letter, I enclose a bunch of dull Neapolitan violets which I gathered in my garden this morning. Keep them yourself or give them away—just as you like!

My horse was so delightful to-day, ready to jump out of his skin, and terrified David, whom nothing would induce to quit my side. I astonished him not a little by setting my steed off at full gallop,—not Sancho on his dapple ever made more faces of agony. The horse is as gentle as a lamb, has not a single vice, and I have perfect command over him. So you need not fear that I shall quarrel with him for being gay. I exhibited him this morning before my father and Lord Lynedoch, who liked him much.

Your groom amused me when I ventured to ask him about his working clothes, rather doubting *my* authority, he said "I had better wait, becāās it mayn't be so *very* long, somehow, before Mr Stanhope cōōms back." I meekly said I hoped not and commended his prudence.

And then follows a little natural disparagement of the management of the household over which, since her father's second marriage, she is no longer mistress.

If you could but take pattern by Lady Anne's new butler who is just arrived here *in a bright chestnut wig!* Neither my father nor Anne have ever heard his name! The establishment is altogether quaint, and just what I expected. I should have liked you to have seen it in former times, but *c'est égal*, and I am too thankful to escape all the

plague I have had for many years. Sir J. Smith's face of agony at a *red* turtle soup last night was worth seeing.

As for the wedding cake, my father's housekeeper here will make it and send it to the respective people.

You see *I* do things quietly, without putting "my head in a whirl," as *some* people do. You will make a fidget of me at last and then you will regret the loss of my composure.

Heaven bless you for your sake and mine!

Later.

Captain Spencer has shot a hole in his face and talks of going out to-morrow in a leather pad for one cheek.

Lord Suffield told me that my father had written him a most amiable letter on your Tory principles, so Majesty does think you a Tory! which *I* heartily rejoice in, and shall certainly keep you in countenance, for I have seen enough of *staunch Whigs* to dread the very name.—You must not tell Mrs Collingwood what an Apostate I am to my family creed.

George (Anson) has just been declaiming against the folly of marrying—you may guess whether I agreed with him. All from envy! though I hope he will not think of it yet for some time. "Fidèle Jack" has just given me two franks for you with such a benevolent smile on his countenance. Will you have my ring made a little smaller? as I am in daily fear of losing it—particularly as I am to grow thinner—and it is a sort of talisman to me. Did you ever expect to have it returned?

I hear Lord Forbes has been refused by Miss Hamlet—rather against the Plantagenet Rose.

If you could but see Tip sitting on the arm-chair like Counsellor Crossbill, eyeing Lady Hervey's whist table with such contempt—as indeed well he may!

From the next letter it is evident that the bridegroom's one cause of alarm was lest the bride should not remain slender enough to fulfil his ideal of beauty; while her remarks upon certain items of her trousseau show a marked divergence between the sums which then sufficed to purchase valuable undyed sable tails and the "finest Brussels lace veil in England."

HOLKHAM, *November 4th*, 1822. *Sunday.*

It is *such* a day. Holkham looks so beautiful, and you are not here to enjoy it with me. . . . One must not expect perfect happiness in this world, at least not for a continuance. . . .

Your kind long letter with all your care about me, made me laugh heartily. I shall certainly "not quarrel with you," dearest, for being vain about me!" and not grow fat if I can help it, though with my small bones it is rather a case of despair. Certainly being out from eleven o'clock till the dressing bell rings may do something! As for my complexion I am at a loss to guess how I am "to take great care of it"! One comfort I will give you that I never wash my face in anything but cold water in summer and winter—I believe that is the best cosmetic—certainly the most clean and natural. Do not forget to bring me a box of your toothpowder, my teeth are very good

and strong, but not near so white as yours. Pray *Frenchify* my dress as much as you please. I shall not disgrace you in point of trousseau as I am to be married in a Brussels lace veil of £120,[1] the finest I believe in England, which is here already, and I have ordered a splendid suit of dark undyed sable tails at £110. So that gives you some hopes of an extravagant wife after all. But fear nothing, I am resolved to do you honour.

I have read your French preface in your book over and over again; it is perfect in feeling, dignity and simplicity, that first principle of good taste and everything that is good. Believe me it is the peculiar simplicity of a character like yours that I consider its highest praise. I positively believe you are so good and superior without even knowing that you are so.

I need not tell you what I felt at reading these words "*Lorsque prisonnier, sans appui, je n'avois d'autres titres a leur bienveillance que mes malheurs et mon amour pour la Grèce.*" Thank Heaven, you are happier than you were then, nor can you ever again experience such a forlorn sensation, at least while I am in existence to prevent it. You shall certainly never set off digging for antiques and antiquities *by yourself*, so do not expect it!

November 5th, Monday.

It is nearly four o'clock, and I have not yet been able to begin my letter to you. Directly after breakfast I went to my garden to see all the fine dahlias, etc., dug up for Cannon Hall, where I hope to plant them myself.

I then mounted my delightful horse, who went

[1] Now in possession of the Author.

like a charm. I actually trotted and gallopped him almost through the middle of the pines, which is really like an engagement. My Sancho (David) in close attendance. I ride my horse only on a snaffle bridle, which I never let him *feel*, as a silk would be sufficient, and patting him almost puts him into a canter. We understand each other perfectly. His temper and disposition are something like his master's and I am very fond of him.

I shall *never* make a beginning to my letters, dearest!

November 6th

I am positively plagued to death with friends and incessant chattering—the last thing to suit me at the present time. Yet I write to you till I have hardly head or finger left to write to anyone else. The first thing which I must request you to teach me is shorthand, if you expect me to continue sending letters of this length. . . .

I must only recall to your remembrance that this day completes the week you have been absent. However, such is the happy confidence of my nature, that if you never wrote at all, I should not think you loved me less.

An entertaining letter from poor Anne Rosebery to-day begging us to go back to their "quiet retirement." So like her! and regretting that we were not married from Dalmeny. I forgot to tell you that when she and Lord Rosebery went to call at Sir G. Warner's, the postillion, in returning, twice fell off his horse drunk—poor Lord Rosebery must have been in fits, as I never saw his equal for terror in a carriage.

Nine visits of congratulation this morning, among the rest Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, and Lord

Rocksavage, another visit and George Anson has been talking to me an hour and a half. I have not had a quarter of an hour to myself this whole day, and am so tired. . . .

I am so obedient that I shall die of indigestion for want of drinking enough, and, after all, if I am happy I am quite sure to grow fat!

I have laughed again at your letter. It was such a surprise to me, as I thought you did not care the least about my *looks*, and did not even *know* that I had fine hair and good eyes, as you never told me so, it was, believe me, an additional charm to one so surfeited with flattery as I have been. I am very glad you *do* care, as I shall now dress, for the first time in my life, with real pleasure; and always tell me what you do not like.

I write to-night as illegibly as you do. What pains you did take with your first letters, *copper-plate*!

Tell your brothers, Philip and Collingwood, that this being the first day of the battue there were nearly 800 head killed, 25 woodcocks. George Anson killed 130 with his own gun.

I wish if *Corinne* is not at Cannon Hall that you would bring it down with you. I should like to read it with you some day, before we go to Italy. Some of the ideas are beautiful, though they did not comprehend them at Dalmeny.

Only think of private theatricals at Howick, and Lord Grey[1] going to act . . . so much, my dear love, for Whig consistency. How I do glory in

[1] Charles, 2nd Earl Grey, First Lord of the Admiralty from 1806 to 1807. He remained in Opposition until 1830, when he became Prime Minister and remained in office till 1834 when he retired. He had been in mourning for five months at the date of Miss Coke's letter, owing to the death of his mother on May 28th, 1822.

your being a Tory, and I tell everybody so. My eldest sister, whose quiet fun will delight you, wrote in her last letter to Lady Anson—"What a novelty for my father to have an author for his son-in-law!" and certainly it is rather different from poor Digby.—Remember that for every day you stay away from me beyond absolute necessity, I will punish you by adding a day to our Month of probation. I only wish to remind you *that I have still some power*!

I have thought again about your dress, and you look so well in trousers that I am rather puzzled; perhaps pantaloons are the most correct, but you had better consult our brother in the Guards.[1]

At that date the relative merit of trousers and pantaloons was a vexed question. A council composed of ladies, who were leaders of fashion, had actually been held at Carlton House to decide this important point, and they had determined that there was an indelicacy attached to pantaloons from which trousers were exempt. The Regent reluctantly bowed to their ruling and decreed that trousers were to be the fashion. But the Patronesses of Almack's steadily refused to admit within their sacred precincts any man wearing the degenerate garments, whether tight or loose,—a fiat which, it was mischievously reported, they at first couched in the following decisive terms—

Gentlemen will not be admitted *without breeches and stockings.*

Although this gave occasion for the wags of

[1] Philip Spencer-Stanhope.

London to make merry over the suggestion that "if the same lovely and honourable ladies were to take the Opera House under their purifying controul, and issue, in the same spirit at least, an order that ladies were not to be permitted to appear without—(whatever may be the proper name for the drapery of females)—we are quite convinced that they would render a great service to society,"—none the less, in consequence of such a mandate, for long, pantaloons survived their death warrant. The problem of the bridegroom's attire was therefore a difficult one for Miss Coke, but a satisfactory decision was at length arrived at.

I quite approve of your blue coat, and think that light coloured pantaloons—to tie at the ancles—of any good light color would look very well. You must not make yourself too much of a dandy, or my father would take fright, as he has already congratulated himself on *that* subject.

I have had a *séance* with Blaikie, who for his own satisfaction, of course, has written down a calculation of all your income and charges, which he has solemnly given me! I wish my poor father was half as clear and comfortable.

November 11th.

I have often said that when you are absent the whole last six weeks appear like a dream. You need not be afraid of retirement for me for I almost liked solitude till I knew you.

Many thanks for remembering the toothpowder and tincture for the gums—my teeth are very good, only I want them to be as white as yours, it is certainly not for want of scrubbing, as I regularly

brush them five times a day, not even omitting after breakfast. In my opinion, scrupulous cleanliness ought to rank among the cardinal virtues—a fifth on the number. Majesty told me to-day that he should not feel happy till he had seen Cannon Hall, and anxiously enquired when you come back, privately wondering, I believe at my philosophy.

My poor old nurse has been so ill that I have been reduced to wait upon myself. However, my new maid has arrived—a sober personage of about 30, with good health,[1] and who will always go on the barouche box, so you will favour me with your company in the carriage whenever you are disposed. Lady Andover meanwhile has supplied me with a list of the qualities requisite for this member of our future household. I enclosed it for your consideration, as you have had so much experience in housekeeping.

Essentials for a Lady's Maid

She *must not* have a will of her own in *anything*, & be always good-humoured & approve of every-

[1] This was Mitchell, a celebrated character, who lived with her new mistress till old age, and the chief joy of whose existence consisted in spoiling the villagers at Cawthorne, for whom she was always begging, and not in vain, from her employers. Many amusing anecdotes are told of her, among others Lady Elizabeth's daughter relates—"One day my mother found Mitchell at the poor people's closet, drinking up all the remains of the bottles of medicine, because, she said, it was a great pity such good medicine should be wasted. Another day my mother found her with her mouth full of something, chewing away at it; the something was some of her finest lace, which was undergoing a process which Mitchell said was the safest one for getting the dirt out. She was wonderfully clever with laces and furs.

"Poor Mitchell! she eventually ended by going out of her mind from softening of the brain, and had to have a home provided for her in a farmhouse."—*Memoirs of A. M. W. Pickering*, page 163.

thing her mistress likes. She *must not* have a g^t^ appetite or be the least of a *gourmand*, or *care* when or how she dines, how often disturbed, or even if she has no dinner at all. She had better not drink anything but water.

She must *run quick* the instant she is *called*, whatever she is about. Morning, noon and night she must not mind going without *sleep* if her mistress requires her attendance. She must not require high wages nor expect any profit from the *old clothes*, but be ready to *turn* and *clean* the *dirty gowns*, not for herself, but her mistress, and then sell them for an old song as she is *bid* & be satisfied with two gowns for herself. She *must* be a *first-rate* vermin catcher.

She must be *clean* & *sweet* & very *quick*. She must have ears (strong ones), eyes & hands, but as for thinking or judging for herself or being in any way independent (if especially her mistress be a Whig of liberal *principles*) she must not think of such a thing; & let her not venture to make a complaint or difficulty of any kind. If so, she had better go at once.

She may gather as much gossip as she likes, but never *tell any*.

Implicit obedience the first essential; extraordinary disinterestedness, united with a love of strict economy, the second. Honesty that will bear the closest inspection; unceasing activity; unimpeachable good health & extreme good humour *indispensable requisites*.

She must, in short, do everything, gain nothing except the few pounds she gets for her wages & be alive to the fact that she has a very good place.

HOLKHAM, *November 7th*, 1822.

Lord Althorp will not care about any song to-night, as he has killed 100 head—"the best day of my life" as he always says. Tell your brothers the return of slaughter to-day was 860 head, and three people hit. Every day I thank heaven that you are not among the shooters, indeed you never must attempt it, I never should have nerves for that.

Do not think of giving me any grand rings.—If you must give me anything, you may give me a pair of Chrysoprasus earings, it is a beautiful light green opaque stone not common, and earings are the only things I much care about, being rather vain of my ears.

If you do not come soon, you will find a complete *changement de décoration* as Lord Titchfield is expected back and Mr and Mrs Arbuthnot, etc., etc.—So much again for Whig consistency. *Buona sera, amato bene.*

I hear from town that my sable is magnificent—I meant it to be so. . . .

How we are to be more sedate or occupied I do not even guess. In my opinion no two people in our circumstances were ever so much so. I intend that you should be less sedate and very gay, not the least like the old gentleman you call yourself. Two people have told me how thin or rather thinner I am grown. I shall be like the Welshman in Malthus and my constant refrain—"I hope I shall be thinner when I see you!"

November 10th, 1822.

Pray don't engage a terrible-looking housekeeper, if she frightens you, she will frighten me much more. I want a goody sort of person, who will occasionally

make up a mess of broth or sago for the poor people.

The daughter of our old butler whom you have given me permission to send to Cannon Hall, I have put in the hands of a worthy woman, a neighbour, to fit her out, buy her some neat caps, and banish *curl papers*, etc. Oh! my dear Mr Stanhope, when I think how you will assist and encourage me in the only real, valuable purpose of life—conducing to the good and happiness of others, it is quite impossible to express half the joy and gratitude I feel. Every day convinces me that I have nothing left to wish for. . . .

Blaikie is returned, to my great comfort. Imagine my surprise last night when he presented me with a wedding gift—a very fine topaz locket, set round with diamonds and a beautifully worked gold chain three-and-a-half yards long. His enthusiastic attachment is perfectly romantic. When my father spoke to him on the subject, he said, "Sir, after my obligations to Lord Chesterfield's family and your own, I could not do less. Miss Coke will soon bear the name of Stanhope, and *you* have always known that money is no object to me." It really is a magnificent trait, but quite consistent with his extraordinary character.

Another ebullition of happiness from my father this morning on my prospects, and self-congratulations at having paid my fortune, which, in his own words, if the corn-laws are repealed, he "might not have been able to do three years hence." Even now Blaikie, who has just been his round among the farmers, tells me that pigs of three months old are selling for 2/- and 1/6.

I hope you will have as little to do with farming as possible. Just enough for one's own wants and

to supply the *ménage*—further than that it is a most expensive amusement, and with all our resources we shall not want it.

I am often reminded here of Foote's speech to a very dirty clergyman who was boasting of his success as an agriculturist—"*It is easy to see, Sir, that you keep your glebe in your own hands!*"

Lady Anne does not mean to appear at dinner, and my father *in his own way* had bethought himself that I would resume the head of the table. I suspected as much, and told Lady Anne that nothing would induce me to give up your society for such a nuisance! so they mean to offer the place to Lady Anson, who will like it of all things. *Tous les goûts respectables.*

I have had such a delightful ride on your horse, which I mounted half in sentiment, half in curiosity, to the utter surprise of your Groom who laughed outright and said "Maister would be astonished!" However, the horse went like the wind and carried me to perfection—he only wants a little of my teaching. I can ride almost any horse, principally because I am gentle with them and understand their mouths.

I recommend you in point of dress to provide yourself with a shining black sateen waistcoat—like one Lord Althorp has, quite as *séduisant* as his good-tempered face. Lord Rosebery has sent me a beautiful long gold chain as *cadeau de noces.*

Whatever you do, keep out of Parliament! my comfort is gone and your own too whenever you engage in state turmoils—though you would speak *good sense*, which in these days is rather a novelty. —(Your Whig friends have certainly a poor dependence if it rests on my efforts to convert you.)

I am too tired of the whole *farce*, for it is only larger children's play.

It is past mid-night and I have been writing four hours.

November 9th.

I am quite grieved that you should be so plagued with servants. I know by experience how to pity you. The last year I was mistress of my father's house, I had to engage nine men servants for him, and have always been in the habit of writing every character both of the men and women myself, and carefully supervising the dress of the latter, banishing curl-papers and all tendency to finery. So I am well used to domestic troubles. I really feel like a Captive set free, and look back to the past with surprise—it was *such* a task and charge.

I have ordered some plain, strong gowns to walk, or rather trot with you in the Yorkshire mud and clay; fine flounces encrusted with mire are not to my taste.

You need not be afraid of having an idle, indolent wife—as far as my strength goes (which notwithstanding appearances has never been very great) I am very active both in body and mind, and have always felt it a primary duty to be so.

I do believe you think more of this dandy carriage you are ordering than you think of me. However, I shall admire it very much when it comes, so long as it brings you in it.

I have been out almost the whole day—such weather, which I fear will change before you come. It does not much signify, however, as I shall trudge out with you just the same, being very hardy and used to all weathers.

Such a gracious congratulation from Lord Spencer,

(who is a very Don) when I asked him for a frank for you. "Most happy to write out *such* a direction!" which, as he wrote his *own name*, whereof he is tolerably proud, was saying as much as he could say. I had visits of congratulation to-day from old Hoste, and a poor young man who stuttered so dreadfully that his felicitations never owned utterance. Lady Harriet[1] has named her youngest girl Psyche,[2] which Sir William calls Physic.

The fire is out, the lamps are out, and half the people asleep.

November 12th.

It is very *provokatious and bothersome*, as my sister's little girl used to say, that I am not to expect you till Saturday. I had another delightful ride on your chestnut again; if you *allow* me to mount him when you return it will really please you to see to what perfection he carries me. If I only raise my hand, he sets out in the lightest, easiest canter, does not pull the least, as I give him his head, and is so gentle that he turns his neck round to be patted. It really is as if you had tutored him. However, the truth is I understand riding, and I am glad of it now for your sake.

If you would believe it, I had a morning visit to-day before eleven o'clock from an old lady *who came* 16 *miles to congratulate me, and got up at* 6 *o'clock*; she is past 70. Mr and Lady Catherine Long (she was Lady Catherine Walpole[3]) came to-day to see the house, and we had a most

[1] Sir William Hoste (see page 25) married, in 1817, Harriet, 4th daughter of Horatio, 2nd Earl of Orford, by whom he had three sons and three daughters.

[2] Psyche-Rose-Elizabeth, 2nd daughter of the above.

[3] Catherine, 7th daughter of Horatio, 2nd Earl of Orford, married, 25th July, 1822, Henry Lawes Long, Esq., of Hampton Lodge, Surrey.

affectionate meeting. She desired her compliments to you and said she should get on the right side of you to combat our idea of living in the country. She is a pleasant, kindly little Being, that is *little* she is not, for such a puff-ball I never saw. You must have had her in your mind when you signified your intention that I should not grow fat. It seems that I am disposed to be obedient in all things, as my gowns tell me that I grow thinner every day.

Mrs Stanhope is enchanted with you in your wedding coat. You have at last discovered yourself to be what I always thought you were, a real dandy. However, as it is only the best part of dandyism, I shall not quarrel with you, only try to Frenchify myself in proportion.

My sable is come and it really is so magnificent that I shall look like a Russian bear!

Lady Hervey begins to despair of Bob!

The Duke of Gloucester is expected on Sunday—there is joy for you and myself too! I see him holding you by the button-hole, the contrast between your countenance and his—so thoroughly *un*intellectual—will amuse me not a little. I wish you could have seen the caricature Lord Nugent drew of him and myself last year at the head of the table; I am represented with an idiot-like face, answering his stupid, tiresome questions with a vacant stare and saying—"Goodness, heart alive, Sir!" I really had no refuge but affecting a slowness and vacancy of comprehension.

You were not wise in saying that my letters please you, they will be longer than ever now.

HOLKHAM, *November 13th.*

Three sets of country neighbours this morning to congratulate, besides the old family physician. I

am positively exhausted and hardly able to write even to you.

My persecutions to-day are really like yours. . . .

I rode your horse again this morning, and so delightful a creature I never did mount—in two days' riding I have made him a *perfect* lady's horse. I shall always be fond of him, from the recollection of the happiest moment of my whole life when you rode him to meet us at the beginning of your avenue. I see you now, with that face of happiness which was almost too much joy for me. Arm yourself with courage for our wedding! The desire to be present is universal, and I refuse nobody. Sir Charles Grandison and Miss Byron will be a joke to us. People make it quite their own affair; indeed, were it not for *recent circumstances*[1] and your retiring character, the interest we excite would be quite inconceivable.

I wish you would consider what I had better do with my legacy of 2000.[2]

Yesterday I sat with Lady Anne in a crying fit, and I believe it has been the same to-day. She finds probably what I have found during several years, that this house entails a perpetual sacrifice of all one's own feelings and inclinations. Your conversation will be more than usually delightful to me, I am so tired of mangled hares and missed woodcocks.

My father has promised some Jungle Fowls for Cannon Hall, they are a sort of half fowl, half pheasant, nearly as large as a turkey and sent from India to my father by Lord Hastings.

I rode your horse to-day with all the shooters firing,

[1] Her father's remarriage.

[2] One of her father's farmers had recently died and left her the above legacy to show his gratitude for all that Mr Coke had done for him.

as they followed me, and the pheasants whizzing by every instant, a high trial, which he bore perfectly. The party will indeed be large enough to keep us in countenance, about six and twenty. Dear Trot-about! how glad I shall be when you take refuge from all your plagues and troubles in this room, when I shall not suffer you to worry yourself, and laugh at you unmercifully as I have done before.

The weather has been so beautiful that I have regretted your absence doubly. Do leave your yellow fogs, and come to the glorious sun that brightens Holkham and your own,

affectionately attached,

ELIZA.

Apparently the bridegroom soon after sought the refuge offered to him, for subsequently all correspondence between himself and his *fiancée* ceased. On December 5th, their wedding took place at Holkham, and long afterwards tradition used to relate how at the very hour at which the ceremony was performed a violent thunderstorm broke over Cannon Hall, and the lightning shattered an ancient oak which stood near to the church door on John Stanhope's property at Cawthorne. But those who prognosticated disaster from the omen forgot that the ancient gods used to testify approbation as well as displeasure by such a token; and the union thus signalised proved one of uninterrupted happiness.

Mrs Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope at Cannon Hall.

LANGHAM PLACE, *December 14th*, 1822.

While waiting for the post, which I hope will

bring me either a letter from you or Eliza to announce your arrival at the dear old place, I must express my mortification at missing you by 20 minutes at Swaffham. I was quite ashamed that we could not travel one stage by the time you had gone two, but we were obliged to wait the Family breakfast at Rainham. When we parted at Holkham I could not express the happiness I felt at seeing you depart actually united to the Woman of all others formed to make you happy. May you both enjoy a large proportion of the blessings of life. Rejoicing as I truly did, yet I could not help being selfish enough to feel a pang at losing my inmate at Langham Place. We all left Holkham with regret where we had been received with such great affection and kindness.

CHAPTER IX

1823-1826

LETTERS CONCERNING A YOUNG WIFE

"I AM now a Stanhope, 'as old as the hills and as proud as Lucifer' according to Mrs Ramsden," wrote the bride subsequent to her change of name; and the opinion speedily formed respecting her by the family into which she had entered is summed up emphatically by her mother-in-law, Mrs Stanhope:—

> Eliza is the most attaching person I ever met. She has, too, such a strong principle of right that she will always persuade herself she *prefers* that which she has recognised she ought to do.

With the departure from Holkham of the young couple, many of the bride's poorer friends decided to follow in her wake. Despite the fact that a journey from Norfolk to Yorkshire at that date was a project momentous and terrifying to contemplate, it was determined upon by many of the villagers with a bravery which did credit to the strength of their affection. Soon in Cawthorne was a little colony of these Norfolk emigrants: and in this connection may be named two who came unwillingly, but

prospered nevertheless greatly in the land of their adoption. The sole lack which struck the bride on her arrival in her new home was the intense stillness which prevailed; she missed the drowsy cawing of the rooks to which she had been accustomed from her earliest childhood, and accordingly a couple of these birds were dispatched from Holkham to Cannon Hall without delay. Let loose in the Park there, the exiles soon peopled the trees with their offspring, and to-day a large and flourishing rookery, which fills with rough music the summer afternoons, consists of the countless descendants of the two Holkham emigrants brought there in 1823.

Twenty days after the wedding, the event took place which had been the cause of much anxiety to John Stanhope, lest its earlier occurrence should postpone his marriage—Lady Anne gave birth to a son and heir;[1] and in the following January, Mrs Stanhope wrote from Langham Place:—

> The Heir of Holkham is doing well, but as there is no perfect happiness in this world, the triumph of Cobbett must have proved a check to Mr Coke's prosperity.[2] Do you not feel for the change in Mr William Coke's situation? I long to hear whether Mr Coke does anything for him.

About the same date, Eliza Stanhope, visiting at Holkham, mentions that she has sat at home all the

[1] Thomas William Coke, eldest son of Thomas William Coke, Esq., and Lady Anne, daughter of William Charles, 4th Earl of Albemarle. Born December 26th, 1822, died 1909. Succeeded his father as 2nd Earl of Leicester in 1842.

[2] See *Coke of Norfolk and his friends.* Ed. 1912, page 480.

morning "drawing a pattern for Tommy's Christening robe," and in April, Mrs Stanhope again writes:—

> Poor little Coke has been very ill with the influenza, and is to go to Paddington. I hope change of air will enable him to go through the fatigue of a Royal Christening.[1] I never saw such a fine child as he was before this attack.

Meanwhile, with a family of young daughters, Mrs Stanhope could not long remain in the retirement into which her mourning had thrown her, therefore, with the beginning of the Season of 1823, she determined to give a ball at her house in Langham Place.

May, 1823.

> For the last week we have been very busy about my ball, for which Isabella is the Agent. Already I am heartily sick of it, particularly when I look at my list, which seems to grow daily, instead of diminishing, and which started at 500. Lady Robinson says she never ventured to ask more than 450, and yet I cannot look over my tickets every morning without a fresh list of people I wish to ask. However, I *must* give something *after*, for those who are just come to Town and those who are coming. Mrs Beaumont has fixed the 9th, and I have heard of some others, but *I* begin the Season. How glad I shall be when it is over; however, I shall have no trouble as Gunter does all. I really believe I could make out another list of 500. Some things are amusing enough. Since I left Grosvenor Square, Lady A. Vernon has never

[1] His Sponsors were the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester, and his aunt, Viscountess Andover.

taken any notice of me. Now that I am going to give a ball, she is the greatest friends possible; she called yesterday and talked without a single vestige of shyness or reserve.

You will read what a curious scene there was in the House last night; after Mr Canning's promise, I should hope nothing further would occur, but I only know what I have read in the paper. Last night I was at Lady Harewood's, the Prince of Coburg there—he looks thin and very foreign.

LANGHAM PLACE, *May 7th*, 1823.

I delayed writing to you till after my ball, of which I knew you would wish to have an account, though from being posted at the door from eleven o'clock till one, without daring to move from my station, (where, however, I had nothing to do but curtsey like an automaton and receive my company) for particulars you must wait till one of your sisters has time to write. It all went off, I am assured, extremely well. My house looked beautiful, and the rooms are so becoming that I was assured by many people they had never seen so much beauty assembled, which I attributed to the pink hue of the paper. Everybody seemed to enjoy it, and tho' Lady Ravensworth, who fixed her night long after having my card, took away numbers of my *very fine*, many men returned to me and pronounced mine by far the better of the two.

My supper was highly approved, and Collinet played his best, and from half past eleven till near four never stopped, for the supper being a standing one, the dancing continued without ceasing.

I am very well satisfied and trust it will answer my purpose, namely, to return civilities, which, as

I give no dinners now, I cannot otherwise do, and to make my daughters acquainted with dancing men and get them invitations to balls, in which respect it has already answered, for we have numbers.

Mrs Beaumont, who never takes more than one, brought two daughters, and her servants were astonished when she ordered her carriage at 2 o'clock instead of half after one. Sir Joseph and the two Miss Copleys came, even Charles Brandling appeared, but I am afraid someone must be ill as the Milnes did not come.

The Duke of Gloucester was here full of the praises of Eliza, and no one seemed to enjoy himself more than the Duke of Wellington, who was here a considerable time, and told me he left with real regret.

Mr Martin[1] was the only man in white stockings and light coloured breeches in the room.

How I have contrived to write so far without naming Eliza, I do not know, for she is the delight of us all, so amiable and gentle, and quite like my own daughter. She was as interested about the ball as any of the party, and pronounced it perfect.

Poor Anne suffered and was in bed all yesterday, the rest of the party are all well, and Maria went to a ball at Lady Poulett's last night attended by John and Philip, for they insisted upon my going to bed, which I was not sorry to do.

John seems the happiest of mortals, and very justly so, for in addition to his happiness in such a wife, the attention and affection shewn him by all her family is most endearing.

[1] William Bennet Martin, Esq., of Worsbrough, Co. York, J.P., born 1796, died 1847.

Summer has come upon us all at once, and to-day is overpowering.

LANGHAM PLACE, *March* 15*th*, 1823.

Mrs Beaumont asked some to go to the Play one night, but they couldn't; she said nothing to me, but from others I hear that her great subject is how her cook has cheated her. They say she has parted with 20 servants and changed most of her tradespeople. I suspect she is reducing, and takes this way of doing it. Reform is the fashion in publick and private.

Not long after her large ball, Mrs Stanhope gave a *Soirée dansante*, a form of entertainment extremely popular at this date, on account of its smaller compass and comparatively informal character. Indeed, when a hostess was expected to curtsey upon the arrival and the departure of each guest, any limitation of the numbers invited was viewed by her as an enviable diminution of fatigue in her duties. "When I have fifty guests I do not make more than an hundred curtseys in the course of the evening," wrote Mrs Stanhope plaintively, "but with five hundred present, I cannot expect to make less than one thousand to twelve hundred during the night, *and as you know they have to be so much deeper*." By which it will be seen that, not only was the quantity but the quality even of such civilities carefully prescribed by a rigid etiquette.

The question of expense in entertaining, however, did not enter into Mrs Stanhope's calculations. Each of her daughters owned a large fortune. They kept their separate chariot and a staff of servants apart

from those belonging to their mother, and the entire family spent lavishly upon every luxury. It is evident, too, that many were the suitors who came and went through the great iron gates of the hospitable house. Handsome, satirical Marianne; gentle, amiable Anne; lively, piquante Isabella; beautiful Frances, with her lovely eyes and complexion of roses and lilies; and dainty little Maria with her tiny waist, trim figure and wonderful dancing the envy of all beholders—each had many a devoted swain who was borne with, gladdened or slighted as the spirit moved the capricious object of such adoration. "We ordered the chariot," writes Maria naïvely, after an absence from town, "and drove in the Park to look out for our beaux. Recognised a few";—a statement which serves to mark the existence of a large and varied throng to be classified under this category. Yet of those men who, during a long space of years, entered the great house with high hopes and eager hearts, all left it with hopes shattered and gay hearts saddened. For each suitor was, according to the fashion of the day, received by the small but stately lady at its head, who listened to his plea and dismissed it summarily in view of his failure to attain to the standard of birth or of wealth which she held to be requisite for her daughters; and one, at least, of the romances thus doomed to expire still-born was of a singularly pathetic nature.

It appears that beautiful Frances was much in love with a man who had every quality to recommend him save that of wealth—a lack which she was in a position to supply. The lover, as in honour bound, did not mention his intentions to the object of his affec-

tions, but laid his proposals before her mother, and was, in consequence, relentlessly dismissed on account of his meagre fortune. Frances, the person most concerned in this incident, was not even informed of it. She looked in vain for the return of the man to whom she had given her heart, but he came no more, nor did any explanation of his conduct reach her. Believing herself to be slighted, she summoned all her pride to her aid and bravely concealed her wounded feelings, but her heart was broken, she never married, and only as an old lady did she at last learn that the man whom she loved had reciprocated that affection, and had passed to his grave a lonely bachelor for her sake.

None the less, the quick wit and cynical speech of Mrs Stanhope's five daughters won for them more admiration than affection among their large acquaintance, who, it is said, stood in considerable awe alike of the fine manners and the lively sarcasm of the ladies of Langham Place. But their sister-in-law, with her quiet simplicity and dignity, continued to retain her hold over their affections; and in all that concerned her they took an interest which both softened and brightened their outlook upon life.

John Stanhope and his bride, after their attendance at the ball, spent the rest of the summer quietly at Cannon Hall, where, towards the autumn, they were joined by Coke of Norfolk and his young wife.

"I came here on Tuesday with Lady Anne," Coke wrote on August 17th, "to pass a few days with my beloved daughter Eliza, and have been gratified beyond measure to find her so well and so truly

happy, united to a man of worth, good temper and sound judgment. He is a man of letters and a great traveller—extremely sensible and well informed."

Four days previous to Coke's arrival in Yorkshire the political and social world had been electrified by the suicide of Lord Londonderry, better known as Lord Castlereagh, who, on August 12th, in a fit of insanity, cut his throat with a penknife, at Foot's Cray, his Kentish seat. Rumour attributed his death to a violent attack of indigestion engendered by eating buttered toast, of which he was inordinately fond, and of which, in his state of health, he ought not to have partaken. This, affecting the circulation, sent the blood to his head and accentuated a temporary derangement of mind with which he was threatened from over-strain. But no sooner did the blood flow from the self-inflicted wound than it relieved the tension of the brain; and with a tragic irony, returning sanity brought with it full cognisance of the fatal act of which he had unwittingly been guilty. "Poor Lord Castlereagh!" wrote Mrs Stanhope, "I always think of his favourite saying when urged to alter his policy—'I will not turn my back upon myself!' This was as frequently upon his lips, and with more meaning than Mr Fox's constant expression—'If sense be!' How often have I heard him complain to your father that the politicians of our day suffer from a Hydrophobia of the Rights of the People!"

Coke of Norfolk, however, who probably in the estimation of Lord Londonderry had come under the category of such politicians, made no pretence of

regret at the loss of a Minister whose views were inimical to his own; but during his visit to Cannon Hall he thrust from his thoughts the disquieting recollection of politics to dwell upon the more peaceful topic of agriculture.

In connection with this latter he came across a curious instance of a man in one county having a double in another. It must be mentioned that Sir Thomas Beevor, at whose house John Stanhope had met his future wife, had long been an enthusiastic agriculturist and coadjutor in Mr Coke's schemes in the county of Norfolk. Having gone out with the shooters one day at Cannon Hall, Coke was seen to be gazing intently at one of the beaters, whom he at length pointed out to Mr Stanhope. "If I were in Norfolk," he remarked, "I should say that man is certainly Sir Thomas Beevor!" "What an extraordinary coincidence!" exclaimed John Stanhope, "for that Yorkshireman's name happens to be Tom Beevor!"[1]

Upon the Sunday which fell during Coke's visit, Lord and Lady Downe appear to have been staying at Cannon Hall, and these, the only visitors at that date, must have been struck by the lack of ceremony exacted by the Squire of Cawthorne in comparison with what they personally experienced in their own parish. For a Yorkshire visitor to their local church at this date relates :—

> At the old Church at Snaith, we had got pretty well on in the service when the Vicar—old Dr

[1] *The XIXth Century and After*, "Fresh Light on Coke of Norfolk," by A. M. W. Stirling, April, 1908.

Bracken—made a solemn pause; this continued, and on turning round I saw Lord and Lady Downe, followed by a footman carrying an array of prayer-books and other comforts, walking with slow and stately pace up the aisle. As they approached the pulpit, the Vicar made a profound bow, which was most politely returned by Lord Downe, who then entered the family pew and reverently placed his face, as was then the custom, within his hat; then having comfortably seated themselves and calmly found the places in their books, the service, which had been completely suspended, was allowed to proceed. This seemed to excite no surprise in the congregation, and I was told afterwards that it was a thing of ordinary occurrence.

The departure of Lord and Lady Downe from Church was marked by the same respectful demeanour on the part of the congregation, no one thinking of leaving his place till the great people had made a dignified exit.

In return for her father's visit, Eliza Stanhope, the following spring, went to stay with him at Holkham, whence she wrote to her husband, who had taken the opportunity of journeying to see his mother in Langham Place:—

I have passed the morning thinking of you and "missing the music of your feet" as the old Scotch song says. To-day is the Audit, and we went into the kitchen to see the dinner set out. Forty dishes, besides vegetables and mince pies and twenty-five bowls of punch.

March 4th, 1824.

Your poor friend Mr Percival's widow, Lady Elizabeth Percival, is just married to the Clergyman who spiritually consoled her under her affliction. Still, I can understand that better than the brilliant re-appearance of Lady Londonderry. I have no compassion for a worldly void—though I may pity an aching one.

Did you hear of Lord Granville,[1] who, having embarked eleven of the finest horses with him to do honour to his embassy, during a storm at sea they became so furious that men were obliged to cut all their throats and throw them into the sea. I believe Lady Granville lost all her clothes.

Majesty is quite brushed up at the thoughts of his juvenile conquest. Lady Anne perches herself on a waggon to watch the *accouchement* of the ewes (her favourite amusement); and brought home a companion for Tom in a half still-born lamb, which is now in the nursery.

March 16th.

Dalrymple[2] has been sitting on the sand-hills for air, and defended the expediency of the plurality of wives on Biblical authority. I must tell you a story of young Wilberforce. He was shooting here in the summer, and when his dog at last made a point, he called out innocently, "*The poor dog is*

[1] Lord Granville had just been appointed Ambassador at the Hague in the place of Lord Clancarty. As stated by Lady Granville, during the terrific storm which raged, seven out of nine of the beautiful horses which he had embarked for the Hague had to be destroyed, among them two very favourite riding horses of his own and his daughter. The two horses which survived the journey were terribly weak and injured.

[2] The Doctor at Holkham.

tired, he holds up his leg!" and rushed up to pat him. Of course the birds flew off directly!

Be sure to bring me the next Cantos of Don Juan, as I am immoral enough to enjoy the wit of it, when *you* read it—there is a saving clause and sanction to my conscience!

The next letter mentions the curious horror of music which was one of the characteristics of Coke of Norfolk.

March 17th.

Could you have seen Majesty's face when I told him you had been at a Concert! I believe he thinks it tantamount to an infidelity.

He is quite happy on finding in Hunter's book[1] that the Indian name for the aspen tree is *Woman's tongue*, because it is never still. To be sure with two such silent daughters as my sister and myself it is appropriate.

I heard a good story of a school on Mr Owen's[2] plan, one of the children being asked the question, "What is contrary to truth?" answered, "The Bible."

I had a most characteristic letter from Lady Rosebery to-day saying that they must consult you about their travelling concerns, and ending, "I am just going to take a conjugal walk with R. which I like *almost* better than anything!"—Do you not think that I should have left out the '*almost*'?"

Pray recommend your Mamma with my best love to cultivate Mrs Braithwayte's acquaintance as she gives capital dinners and is never so happy as when,

[1] *Memoirs of a Captivity among the Indians*, by John Dunn Hunter, presumably an American by birth, who was captured by the Indians as a child and brought up among them.

[2] Robert Owen, see *ante*, pages 13-14.

in her own words, "she can get agreeable young men to meet agreeable young ladies!"

March 19th.

We have just returned from the election at Lynn, when, Lord Titchfield being in India, Lord William Bentinck [1] was chaired in his stead, as Mr Raven said, "The poor old gentleman was frightened out of his senses. He talked of being in a storm that killed the Governor and upset a church, and, in short, exceeded himself!"

To my great entertainment Majesty expressed his disgust at being in Parliament, and wished to Heaven that *you* were in his place, forgetting, I suppose, at the moment, your obnoxious Tory principles.

Yesterday he was planting all day without a great coat, and reduced to brandy and water in the evening.

If Lord Byron's play, "The Deformed transformed" is not impious, you may bring it with you.

March 23rd.

Glover [2] has been reading aloud an exceedingly panegyrical poem of his own composition on Holkham, *and Majesty slumbered sweetly.*

Lady Andover is seated opposite to me in full enjoyment of hot buttered toast, of which she has nearly finished a whole plateful just after dinner. She looks celestial, but not ethereal to-night in azure blue.

One of the poor old women in the Parish

[1] William Henry, 2nd son of the 3rd Duke of Portland. Born 1774, died 1839. Captain General of Sicily in 1812, and Governor General of India from 1827-1835.

[2] Archdeacon Glover, Chaplain to H.R.H. The Duke of Sussex.

complains that she has been "rakified" and half killed by some of Lady Anson's physick![1]

I wish you could have heard me this morning lecturing John Ransom (the footman) on making himself out of breath while waiting at table and making such a wind. Majesty complained bitterly yesterday that *the servants snorted at him as if they had four nostrils, and blew all the powder out of his hair.*

Who do you think Majesty has chosen as nursery-maid for Tom?—Polly Fishburn at the Lodge. Mrs Perrot heard the proposal with unfeigned horror.

Mrs Perrot, the dignified head of the Holkham nursery, may well have viewed with horror the introduction into her domain of such a character as Polly Fishburn. Polly's father was gamekeeper to Mr Coke, but most of his duties had been performed by his daughter, who, in local parlance, was much the better man of the two. Many a midnight tussle with poachers had fallen to the lot of Polly, in which, partly by guile, and partly by prowess, she had invariably come off victorious. She was a veritable Amazon, possessing not only the strength but the appearance of a man, and her fearlessness was as great as her spirit was untamable. If legend be correct, she had already been introduced into the kitchen at Holkham, but on the first occasion when she heard a shot fired, down went the saucepans, over the kitchen table leapt Polly, and off she ran. Her promotion to the nursery does not seem to have been more successful, so that she finally followed the example of other Holkham

[1] Lady Anson was a noted amateur physician and had a celebrated cure for scrofula.

emigrants, and departed to live at Norcroft, near Cawthorne. There she was for long employed by John Stanhope in the capacity of his gamekeeper. She tramped about the estate with her double-barrelled gun, and her shot was unerring. She was also a most efficient horse-breaker, and broke in many a good horse for her employers. Albeit comely in her youth, with the approach of age, she developed distinct side-whiskers that accorded curiously with her style of dress, which was unalterably masculine. A tall old-fashioned top hat, a coat with old-world stick-up collars, much like those beloved by Ethiopian serenaders, a brilliant scarlet handkerchief round her neck and stout top-boots upon her feet, completed an attire, the only feminine note of which was the short rough skirt by which she condescended partially to conceal the fustian knickerbockers underneath.

Naturally, Polly's singularities made her the butt of a younger generation, and while she did not attempt to abate any of the eccentricities which gave occasion to this treatment, she was none the less sensitive to gibes. Young Mrs Stanhope, who was much disturbed at the prolonged absence of her strange *protégée* from church, on one occasion persuaded Polly, as a personal favour, to attend Divine Service on Sunday morning. Polly dutifully went, and was asked subsequently by Mrs Stanhope if she had profited by the prayers and the sermon. "Mebbe," was the cautious reply, "ah think it did me a bit o' good; but the lads mocked me, 'bon 'em, ah can't abide 'em, *and ah'll never go agen*!" and nothing would shake this resolution. Polly, none the less,

always received an allowance from Mr Stanhope, for which she usually presented herself a month in advance, and it was difficult to persuade her that there were not five quarters in a year. It may be added that she lived to be eighty years of age, and to the end of her days contrived to keep several lean cows, which she provided with fodder gratis from the grass by the road-side, and likewise a thorough-bred horse which had been given her by the friend of her youth, Coke of Norfolk.

A curious coincidence, however, in connection with the career of Polly Fishburn, was that at the very date when she lived on Mr Stanhope's Yorkshire estate of Cawthorne, on his other Yorkshire estate of Horsforth dwelt her counterpart, Anne Page, who, it must be emphasised, but scantily resembled her sweet namesake of fiction. Like Polly, an Amazon of amazing strength and boldness, Anne, too, was masculine in her looks, a tall, raw-boned woman who, in later life, cultivated a beard which might successfully have out-rivalled Polly's side-whiskers. But there the similarity between the two women ended; for while the Cawthorne Amazon was a very dragon of respectability and by profession a conscientious gamekeeper, the Amazon of Horsforth was a notorious reprobate and by trade an inveterate poacher. In youth, Anne's delight in everything hoydenish and rough early led her into the society of the rogues and loafers who lurked in the vicinity of her native town. She became a leader in this loose community and soon, not only in their poaching affrays but in burglary and every criminal adventure,

she surpassed them all in cunning and intrepidity. Likewise familiar with every gipsy gang far and near, in the summer she joined in the wanderings and assisted in the depredations of these vagrants; at other times she was to be seen slouching through the streets of Horsforth, repulsive in appearance and followed by her bull-dogs, of which she cultivated a peculiarly savage breed. Devoted to cock-fighting and dog-fighting, she matched her animals against those of all the country round, and on the rare occasions when a dog of her breed was likely to be beaten, she had an expedient which ensured its victory. She would pick it up hurriedly, rub into its hair some ingredient of which she alone knew the secret, and urge it again to battle. And soon its opponent would shrink and turn tail, for the smell coming from Anne's dog had overpowered it!

But Polly Fishburn and Anne Page never met in their respective capacities of gamekeeper and poacher, and the latter came to the traditional end of evil-doers. As she was drinking in a corner of a field one Sunday morning, she suddenly and mysteriously dropped down dead. The cause of her decease was never ascertained; but afterwards, as she lay in state at the neighbouring public-house, her pockets were found to contain picklocks, skeleton keys and other instruments of the burglar's art. Unlike the Amazon of Cawthorne, who outlived her for many years and died respected even by those who had made her the butt of their humour, Anne Page was attended to the grave only by the bull-dogs whom she had tormented, and by the rejoicings of all respectable citizens, who

Tom's surprise at first seeing his brother is gone by, but it will be renewed again at the sight of *two* of the same age, when your babe and mine come to be placed by each other.

You say that your child has not had physic, neither has Edward,[1] which annoys Mrs Perrot very much, who would give it to Tom daily if I would suffer her. I have always thought it most injurious to children, and indeed to anybody.

The thoughts of the Norwich festival which is drawing near annoys me. It is to last three days, with concerts morning and evening. The Duke of Sussex goes to the Palace on the 20th and remains there the whole time. One day will satisfy *us*. Tho' I am one of the stewards, I shall hope to escape, for I have no taste for music. H.R.H. returns here after the Meeting. We live in hopes of seeing Anne[2] here after the wedding.

With united blessings to you all,
I remain, my dearest Eliza's
devoted father,
THOMAS WILLIAM COKE.

Mrs Spencer-Stanhope to Mrs John Spencer-Stanhope.

WELLINGTON CRESCENT, RAMSGATE,
September 2nd, 1824.

Your letter this morning is a most delightful one, and thanks be to God, Eliza's recovery seems to be ratified as our most sanguine wishes could make it.

I shall be most happy to answer, with Lady Anson,

[1] Edward, second son of Thomas William Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester, born 1824.

[2] Lady Rosebery who was going to London to attend the wedding of her first cousin, Jane Digby, daughter of Admiral Sir Henry Digby and Viscountess Andover, with Lord Ellenborough.

for the dear Babe, for whom you have chosen a beautiful name, and I am flattered by your considering what were my wishes. With such a name she *must* be handsome, as the only two Stanhopes I have known with the name are the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle[1] and Lady Tavistock.[2] You certainly mean to introduce her early to the gay world, and by this time I doubt not you have settled your future Son-in-Law. Pray kiss and bless my dear little granddaughter for me. I had intended writing to Lady Anson this morning to congratulate her on the success of her kind nursing. She, I find, expected to be in time for the marriage in Harley Street, but she must hasten her departure if she means to attend it, for this morning I have heard it is to take place Wednesday se'nnight.

Mrs Stanhope's remark respecting the early introduction of her granddaughter to the gay world refers to the fact that at three weeks old the baby made her entry into fashionable life by appearing in her mother's carriage at Doncaster Races, when she formed a great centre of attraction to the large circle of her parents' friends. On the return of the family party to Cannon Hall, with true Yorkshire heartiness, the villagers rang a tremendous peal of welcome on the church bells, and exhibited other signs of rejoicing. "What are they ringing the bells for?" inquired the child's mother innocently from one of the revellers. "For the yōōung heiress!" came the prompt reply. "It is rather early to settle she is that!" remonstrated Mrs Stanhope;

[1] Thomas, 3rd Duke of Newcastle and 10th Earl of Lincoln, married in 1782 Anna Maria, youngest daughter of William, 2nd Earl of Harrington.

[2] Francis, 7th Duke of Bedford, married in 1808 Anna Maria, daughter of Charles, 3rd Earl of Harrington.

and so the event proved. During the years which followed, five other children were born to John Stanhope and his wife, two sons and three more daughters, and the "yōōung heiress" was deposed from her temporary importance.

Meanwhile, the babe "with the beautiful name" was known to her parents by the less dignified sobriquet of "Toddy," a fact which did not meet with the approval of her grandmother, who from Ramsgate had again journeyed to France with her daughters.

Mrs Spencer-Stanhope to Mrs John Spencer-Stanhope.

HOTEL DE LA TENAPE, PARIS.
December 27th, 1824.

I am glad that you are all so well, and that dear baby thrives and is very entertaining—I cannot personally bring myself to call her Toddy. . . .

In my former letter I believe I was full of Lady Granville's Presentation, which I find took place on the Sunday, and that the Monday when she went with her large train of ladies it was only an entertainment given to her, at which the Royal Family did not appear. They dined 48. She had the power of naming two Englishmen, and she mentioned Lord Granville, and Lord Worcester—the only English gentlemen present. There were the Foreign Ministers and a great many French ladies. The entertainment sumptuous, all Bonaparte's plate, etc., etc., and it was much less formal than such dinners are in general, but they were amused at observing the King, Dauphine and all the Royal Family looking at them through a door—Lady Sarah Beresford said, just as we should at a Tenant's

dinner; they were laughing and appeared much amused.

I heard Lady Granville was much admired for her grace, Lady Aldborough for her beauty, and Lady Waterford for her jewels. The English were all in jewels, the French all black. The French allowed that Lady Granville managed her train with much grace. Lord Granville, when presented, wore his hat, but whenever he said the words, "Le Roi, mon Maître," he took it off, but replaced it immediately.

Lord Granville had by now been transferred from the Hague to France, and Lady Granville at this date was having her first trials as ambassadress in Paris. Quietly determined and dignified, she was already showing the *élite* of the French society that she intended to hold her own, and that she refused to be dictated to or patronised by the fine ladies who were ready to despise her because she was English. "*Lady une telle est bien; on ne soupçonnera pas d'être une Anglaise,*" she quotes as an instance of the naïve praise uttered by the French ladies of the period. It was therefore a concession on the part of such critics to admire the English ambassadress; and as on the occasion of her presentation to the French Court the train which she wore was five yards long, it required no small cleverness to manage it with grace.

In the same letter, Mrs Stanhope complains much of the discomfort of a trip which, previous to her departture to Paris, she and her party had taken from Ramsgate to Dover in the steam vessel, although they had accomplished this in two hours; and she adds sceptically:—

> We hear of nothing but railways and steam machines. In the papers they seem to fancy that all mail coaches will be rendered useless in a few years, and that Canals will be superseded!

At this time peculiar dismay was felt by many Yorkshire people at what was considered a mad scheme to introduce locomotion by steam. Still in the inns at York hung the old coaching handbills—some of them dating from 1706 and 1788, and which announced the practicability of "cheap and expeditious travelling to London in four days," and still travellers unfamiliar with the long journey prudently made their wills or saw that their worldly affairs were in order before embarking upon such a long and serious undertaking. But George Stephenson, who, in 1814, had successfully inaugurated a "travelling engine" which could convey coals from the colliery of Killingworth to the shipping port nine miles distant, six years later suggested a similar scheme to the projectors of a line between Stockton and Darlington, as a substitute for the horses by aid of which it had been intended the coal-wagons should be drawn. Hard on the formation of this plan, came a further proposal to start a railway line between Liverpool and Manchester. Although, so far, it was but dimly realised to what extent the projected innovation, if persisted in, might eventually revolutionise England, the prospect filled those who contemplated it with the most gloomy forebodings. It was believed that if traffic by steam locomotion were permitted, the air would be darkened and polluted by smoke till the poisoned atmosphere would destroy bird-life, render the preservation of pheasants and foxes

no longer possible, even prevent cows grazing and hens laying. Travelling by road would be made too dangerous to attempt, horses would become extinct, there would no longer be any sale for hay or oats, farmers and country inns would be ruined. Above all, houses would be burnt by sparks from the engines, and boilers would burst, blowing to atoms all persons in the vicinity. In short, existence would be rendered intolerable.

Yet in this category of disasters, the greatest evil was not even that the threatened innovation might transform commerce, wreck the most beautiful parts of the country, destroy the privacy of many ancient estates and completely change the old order of things. It was the belief that it must inevitably involve the financial ruin of many influential families which roused the most violent storm of opposition; and nowhere was the consternation greater than in Yorkshire, since there people of all classes were peculiarly interested in the rival and time-honoured scheme of Canal Navigation.

One of the most powerful corporate bodies in the North of England was the Aire and Calder Company, with which the Stanhopes had been closely connected since its construction, and which had entire control of the water communication between the Eastern Coast of England and Wakefield, Leeds and Hull. The Head Office of the Company was then at Wakefield, in what is still called Navigation Yard, where they had a substantial stone building, and carried on business upon a very comprehensive scale. Indeed, at the annual dinner, their chairman was wont proudly to

propose the following toast, "The British Constitution, King, Lords, Commons and the Aire and Calder Company";—from which they became facetiously nicknamed the "Fourth Estate in the Realm."

When, therefore, it was rumoured that disaster threatened this flourishing and opulent business, hitherto so firmly established that it had come to be looked upon as almost part of the British Constitution, a number of the landed proprietors amalgamated in a strenuous endeavour to resist the purchase of any land for the furtherance of the dreaded project. Others, like Mrs Stanhope, were inclined to view the suggestion with amused scepticism. A few weeks earlier, on November 16th, 1824, the editor of the *Tyne Mercury* had made merry at the idea. "What person," he inquired blandly, "would ever think of *paying anything* to be conveyed in something like a coal-wagon upon a dreary wagon-way, and to be dragged for the greater part of the distance by a roaring steam engine!" The *Whitehaven Gazette* more gravely recalled to the public the failure of steam carriages which it had been "*preposterously asserted might be made to travel at a rate almost equal to the speed of the fastest horse!*" None the less, John Stanhope, being of a cautious nature, instructed his solicitor to sell out of certain Canal Shares, and the letter which he received in reply is of curious interest in the light of after-events.

Samuel Hailstone to John Spencer-Stanhope.

BRADFORD, *December 27th*, 1824.

SIR,

I am favoured with yours: the amount of ye sale of your ten Leeds and Liverpool Canal Shares was £3418:15:0.

The noise of the Rail Ways harasses me no little, and I expect will occupy my mind and engross my attention for some time to come. All the projects emanate from the one which is purposed between Liverpool and Manchester, & the other from Birmingham to Liverpool. The former is in opposition to the Duke of Bridgwater's Canal—the Mersey & Irwell Navigation & the Leeds & Liverpool Canal—and I am sorry to find is patronised by Lord Lowther. I have wrote several letters to Sir John Lowther upon ye subject, as I am quite sure that patronising such a scheme is forwarding and supporting a Railway between Leeds & Hull in opposition to the Aire & Calder Navigation, & that every observation & every argument in favor of a Rail Way communication between Manchester and Liverpool, in opposition to three rival navigable communications, will tell with ten times more force in favor of a Rail Way between Hull & Leeds. . . .

There seems to be a great Cry and a great clamour, but it is to be hoped that Parliament will not suffer old established Concerns which have served the country so well for so long a period, & where there is such an immense capital embarked, to be ruined & destroyed by nothing less than a new set of Speculators, with a new-fangled & untried scheme.

If the Commons will not, I think the Lords will

weigh & consider well before they sanction such a measure. It will require every exertion & every energy to resist, & all those interested in Inland Navigation ought, in my humble opinion, to unite heart & hand in opposing.

The next week I am going to Liverpool upon ye Rail Way business, and a Meeting of ye Directors of ye Aire & Calder I understand is immediately to be called.

Believe me with much and very great respect to be,

Your ever faithful & obdt. Servt.,

SAM. HAILSTONE.

P.S. Mr Milnes writes to me under the greatest alarm. Lords Derby, Sefton, Stanley, Wilton, etc., as Landowners are decidedly opposed. Of course ye Marquis of Stafford & his son, as owners of ye Duke of Bridgwater's Canal, &, I should imagine, of course, all their family interest, with their marriages and intermarriages (Lord Grosvenor, Duke of Norfolk, Ld. Surrey, Ld. Granville, etc., etc.), *must resist.*

Samuel Hailstone, who had formerly been the partner of John Hardy, one of the proprietors of the famous Low Moor Iron Works, may be supposed, through his friend, to have had an early acquaintance with one of the first steam engines.

For twelve years or more, clumsy locomotives had already been in use for hauling coal-wagons on the Middleton Colliery Railway, near Leeds; but local tradition asserts that long previous to this date, and the first to inaugurate the new invention, the Low Moor Collieries had employed an engine of local

manufacture to haul the coal from the pit. For years that great stationary engine, worked by steam, thudded clumsily, ponderously, in its saving of manual labour, while, close by, on rough lines laid down for the purpose, the trucks to remove the coal to the water were drawn by massive horses or burly men. But to no one did it occur to put the two together—the steam engine and the railway trucks—or that the force which worked the great stationary machine could suffice to propel it along the clumsy rails, carrying in its wake the heavy wagons, on the moving of which so much manual labour was daily expended.

When, at last, by the enterprise of a master-mind, this feat was made practicable, when the steam engine and the railway trucks were at length united in one colossal enterprise which was destined to revolutionise the civilised world, then tradition again asserts that it was the wagon-track at Low Moor which dictated the gauge for the network of lines which were one day to intersect Europe. By that date the days were already far distant which had witnessed the first rude track laid down—mere wooden planks placed along ruts to prevent the further depression of the soft roads—but since it is an undoubted fact that the "original width of the coal-tram roads in the North virtually determined the British gauge," and that the "gauge of the first tram-road laid down settled the point,"[1] Low Moor, with some reason, arrogates to itself this distinction—an unfortunate one, as it proved, since the narrow gauge adopted has entailed considerable loss to the Railway Companies in comparison with

[1] *Life of George Stephenson* by Samuel Smiles (1868), page 221.

the profits which might have accrued had a wider gauge been decided upon in the first instance.

Whatever the truth of this tradition, the faith of Samuel Hailstone must have been rudely shattered in the efficacy of the Lords to protect the country from the innovations of a set of unprincipled adventurers. The great "cry and clamour" was so unsuccessful that, on September 27th, 1825, the Stockton and Darlington Railway, the first to carry passengers as well as goods, was opened amid unparalleled excitement, and journeyed successfully from one town to the other at the rate of four to six miles an hour, preceded by a man on horseback carrying a flag. But while other people were still viewing the project with considerable apprehension, it is interesting to note that Eliza Stanhope, with the buoyancy of youth, looked forward to the novelty with delight. At that date the journey from Yorkshire to London, in her private carriage, usually occupied six days, and on May 7th, 1825, she wrote to her husband:—

> I am glad you have decided to buy the Holkham barouche; it is particularly light, and will certainly hold souls and bodies too, as I remember Majesty taking a summer expedition in it with fat Godwin and four farmers of his own calibre . . . but I am quite delighted to hear about the railroads. How we shall whisk away in our journeys in the Barouche! I shall enjoy it particularly.

Although it was some years before this anticipation was destined to be realised, when, at last, it actually came to pass, the enjoyment of journeys undertaken in this manner was keenly appreciated. Landaus and

barouches were lashed securely on to a truck, and in them the owners enjoyed the comfort and privacy of the old mode of travelling combined with the swiftness of the new. It was a regrettable incident which at last caused this scheme to be abandoned.

Some friends of Mrs Stanhope were travelling in this manner when their carriage began to swing ominously, and to their horror they realised that the cords which attached it to the truck were becoming loose. They immediately rang the bell of communication in order to stop the train, but no attention was paid to their summons. Again they rang and yet again, but with the same result. On sped the train; indeed, so far from diminishing, its speed increased, and each moment the danger which threatened them became more imminent. As the cords grew more slack, their carriage swung more violently from side to side, so that they momentarily expected to be dashed to pieces. At last, however, the prolonged nightmare ended. They reached a station, the train stopped, and they proceeded indignantly to interview the driver. "I heard your bell," the man replied, "and I knew your danger, but I could not act other than I did. The express was upon us and I was racing it. It was your lives against the lives of everybody in the train." This incident, following on some other narrow escapes from a similar catastrophe, decided the authorities to prohibit this mode of travelling; and for the future private carriages journeyed apart from their owners.

Later, the celebrated George Stephenson visited Sheffield in order to meet the surveyors of the line

then in course of construction. The former cowherd was a man of dignified manners and handsome appearance, he commanded respect from all who encountered him, and when he left by the night mail for London he found, as usual, the coachman and guard waiting obsequiously to conduct him to his place in the coach. The thought struck him, with a sudden sadness, of the impossibility of introducing new labour save at the sacrifice of the old, and half regretfully he remarked, "What, I wonder, will become of you saucy coachmen and guards when the railways are made?" The Yorkshire coachman, nothing daunted, politely touched his hat and said complacently, "Why, sir, you'll make civil engineers of us."

The prejudice against the new mode of travelling, however, died hard. For long many of the old county families, even while consenting to send their servants and luggage by rail, continued personally to drive in old-fashioned state along the country roads in their chariots-and-four. The Duke of Wellington never entered a railway carriage till 1843, when he was forced to do so in attendance upon Queen Victoria, who had, herself, only begun to make use of the same mode of conveyance the year previously; while so late as 1850 one of Mr Stanhope's correspondents, addressing him contemptuously as a "Railway Maniac," makes boast of having just formed one of a party which had travelled to Winchester "by the steady aid of post-horses rather than by the precarious railway." As to Mr Stanhope's mother and sisters who had been so sceptical respect-

ing that predicted revolution in transit, to the last day of their lives the survivors of that generation, even while availing themselves of the new means of locomotion, defined it unhesitatingly as "an invention of the Evil One."

At the same date at which the minds of the public were exercised over the questionable innovations of George Stephenson, Eliza Stanhope's attention was turned to a man who, although he was destined to rise to a less prominent place in history than the famous engineer, had, none the less, a remarkable career. In the same letter, written on May 7th, 1825, she remarks:—

> I have had the kindest letter from my father, full of anxiety and exertions about your road business. He seems very busy planting and farming.
>
> You have done a real good deed in introducing Atkinson to Westmacott, about which I have been telling him.

Thomas Atkinson, who was twenty-six years of age when this letter was written, was the son of the head mason at Cannon Hall, who had married a former housemaid there. Thomas had begun life as a mason's labourer under his father, and four years previous to the date when John Stanhope effected his introduction to the famous sculptor Westmacott, he had been employed as a labourer at St George's Church, Barnsley. During that period he was forced twice daily to walk the five miles which lay between his work

and his home. A headstone in Cawthorne Churchyard which he subsequently erected to his mother has been called his "first great work." By and by, owing to the influence of John Stanhope and his brother Charles, who were greatly struck by his talent, Atkinson went first to Manchester and thence to London, where he set up as an architect, and where his advance to fame was rapid. At length, when a large part of Hamburg was destroyed by fire, Atkinson went there, and the Emperor of Russia was so filled with admiration at his achievements that he invited him to go as architect to St Petersburg, afterwards employing him in different and distant parts of the kingdom.

Later, Atkinson extended his professional labours yet further afield, and as his celebrity grew, he became an extensive author. In 1860 one of his volumes of travels was dedicated to Queen Victoria, and the same year he came as an honoured guest to Cannon Hall, the house where he had formerly been employed as a labourer. A slight *contretemps*, however, marked this visit. Walking in Cawthorne shortly after his arrival, Atkinson encountered one of the cronies of his youth. The man who had passed his life in the same little trivial round in his native village failed to grasp the gulf which now separated him from the man of European reputation, the great architect, the great author, the world-wide traveller, and the acquaintance of an Emperor. Clapping his old comrade heartily on the back, this friend of a dead past hailed Atkinson with the approving, if somewhat tactless comment,

"And soa, lad, you've cum back to lay yor ould bones amōōng ous!" Atkinson, it is said, failed to appreciate the familiarity of this typical Yorkshire welcome, and did not again honour Cawthorne with his presence.

Eliza Stanhope, however, soon learnt to appreciate the blunt shrewdness of the Yorkshire character, and her experiences in the village and among her household are told with considerable humour :—

March, 1824.

You would have been amused yesterday at the Yorkshire opinion of a strange clergyman who has been performing the duty here. The Schoolmistress informed me that he "was so lightsome-like in his manner that he quite *disgusted* her and the Cawthorne people. That he often came into the School, but praised the children so much that she always repeated to them when he was gone that they were to mind the praise of God, but to *hold the praise of man of no more account than the praise of the Devil.*" Imagine how flattered the unfortunate curate will be if he hears with whom his remarks are coupled in the children's minds.

March 27th.

I had a characteristic note to-day from the shop in the village :—

MRS STANHOPE,

I am informed that you are about to leave C. Hall for Holkham. I esteem your past favours, and I *desire you* to see if you can get me another order at T. W. Coke's, Esqre.

I shall be obliged to you to take the trouble *at once*, as trade is very bad at present.

If this is not true Yorkshire, I don't know what is!

Nor are her experiences of the difficulties of housekeeping told with less humour. The Romance of Mrs Mince, the Housekeeper, is thus related:—

April 21*st*, 1825.

Poor Mrs Mince has had a sad loss in her lover. She had been long engaged to him, and he was what they term, "a substantial man," being the owner of five or six houses in Wakefield—so Mitchell assures me, and as *she* always looks on the main chance, she thinks he ought certainly to have left Mrs Mince at least one.

April 22*nd*.

Poor Mrs Mince looks so nice, though as if she had been fretting. She is in mourning for her deceased lover.

I mentioned a romance of a different nature in my last letter. I now find that the old Canada Goose's companion is a wild goose, which took compassion on him, and they are so fond of each other that they do nothing but scream if they get separated on the Lake. We shall have a curious progeny.

Pray tell me when you see or hear anything of Lady Ellenborough. She is returned to Roehampton.

April 25*th*, 1825.

It really is too ridiculous and too tiresome. There must be an infatuation in this place!—

Yesterday, as I was sitting reading in the Conservatory, I was much surprised by the appearance of two men in the flower-garden, one an old man of most respectable appearance, somewhat remarkably dressed, evidently in all his most fetching garments. He apologised to me for his presence, but gave no explanation of it, and passed on into the house through the chicken-yard. This I thought very odd; and this morning, on making enquiries, Mitchell informed me that the old gentleman (Mr Hinchcliffe, a wool-stapler, who lives about nine miles off) is a *suitor* to Mrs Mince. Suitor, is the right word, for being recommended to her by her deceased lover, he sent a friend to her to negotiate the business, *before he had ever seen her*, and proposed to her at his first visit. Mrs Mince has not yet announced her coming nuptials *in form*, but vouchsafed the information to the household that the Suitor's next visit would "settle the concern" —so there is a romantic story for you! And a new job to look out for another Housekeeper. There is no doubt, Mitchell assures me, of his being accepted, as "it is no low match" for her, as the Suitor has £400 a year.

April 23rd.

I have just finished a long letter to Lady John Thynne.[1] I hope you have called there, as they are delightful people and doubly connected with us.

[1] Mary Anne, youngest daughter of Thomas Master, Esq., of the Abbey, Cirencester, by his wife Mary Dutton, who was sister to James, 1st Baron Sherborne, and aunt to Lady Elizabeth Stanhope.

Mary Anne Master married, in 1801, Lord John Thynne, 3rd son of the 3rd Viscount Weymouth, afterwards Marquis of Bath. Lord John succeeded his brother as third and last Baron Carteret in 1838.

You would see there our little Russian Princess, Elizabeth Bariatinski.[1]

I was rather early in my communication about Mrs Mince, as nothing is settled, and she has not said a word to me. However, I have no doubt the next visit from the old gentleman will terminate the affair, and that the match *will be*; it is as well to look about in time.

Field[2] seems much happier here, and for the first time condescends to express her admiration of the beautiful walks and the order the place is in "so different to that wretched place Holkham!" She told me in her usual respectful, prim manner that the ale here "*played the deuce*" with her. However, I have ordered Richard not to give her any wine.

Baby grows a great girl. I am obliged to send to Barnsley for French rolls for the little Toad. Pray keep up your steps for her.

I hope you have engaged our red-headed Holkhamite, John Ramsden, the footman, if you do not object to his appearance, but remember his red head will not show with powder. At all events we shall have a smart butler, as I really could not repress a smile at Mr Pinfold's appearance yesterday in a new blue coat, the handsomest black silk waistcoat, and the thinnest black silk stockings with gold lace buckles. What do you say to that? He rather puzzled me with the following document presented with much importance:—

3 Dusen of Port.
3 Dusen of Wite.
3 Dusen of ALL.

[1] Anne Margaret Sutton, sister of James, 1st Baron Sherborne, born Nov., 1776, married 26th April 1806, Prince Bariatinsky; died March, 1807, leaving a daughter Elizabeth, who was brought up at Sherborne.

[2] The Nurse.

But I find it means the wine he sent to us in London.

I have just had a cellar conversation with the Steward, and the Inventory is as follows :—

In the House Cellar—

438 Gallons of Ale.
300 „ of Table Beer.

Farm Cellar—

36 Gallons of Ale.

Think of Pinfold wanting to brew with *that quantity remaining!* However, no wonder, as during our absence last year the consumption was 260 Gallons of ale, and 380 of small beer. *No person ostensibly to drink it but the Post*, unless it were an odd comer or goer. The bills for spirits in a year amount to £62 : 18 : 0 for brandy, gin and rum, being altogether 40 gallons.

April 28th.

I hope the letter of mine which you never received wasn't that containing the private memoirs of Mrs Mince? I have not heard anything more of her lover since, but I have no doubt she will accept him.

Toddy has learnt to make a noise like hunting, and affects a cough exactly like an old person with an asthma. I was trying to arrange some of the books yesterday, and you would have laughed to see me putting aside some for the future improvement of Todd's mind—such as—Walker's Key, Watt's Logic, etc., etc. But how shall we ever keep such a ridiculous fly-away monkey to anything?

May 4th.

I fear Mrs Mince's head is too full to roast Coffee, but you must first get a French roaster. I had the confession and blushes of the bride elect this morning, who very properly offers to stay till we are suited, *but insinuates a wish to be released.* And I am anxious to replace her as soon as we can get suited, for I feel sure that having lost one love, she will doubtless be anxious to secure the other. She told me that as with her first "Friend" there was nothing but death before her, she had early made up her mind that she had better take to the living. I commended her prudence.

How amused you will be, too, at the romantic faithful pair upon the lake. Never separated for one instant.

Later comes the final word in this domestic drama:—

May 7th.

Think of Mrs Mince's intended already worth £30,000. He has quickly got a licence for Cawthorne. This will be the fifth wedding within the twelve months—so much for the benefit of our example. We ought to have some exemption from taxes!

Christmas 1825, was spent as usual at Holkham, and later, Mr Stanhope having left, his wife writes:—

January 26th, 1826.

I trust by this time you are safely arrived and drinking your tea at Cannon Hall, after taking a paternal peep at your precious Toddy in her little

bed. How I do long for a letter to hear all about her. . . .

I am delighted that you have made such friends with Lady John Thynne, who was by far the cleverest and most agreeable person in my family —quite a Dutton, and "the Duttons are all clever," as Lady Andover says in her cool way. Her landscape drawings are in the best style of the old Masters.

Lady Andover arrived to-day in tolerable plight. Lord Southampton's[1] marriage with Miss Stanhope (Harriet) is quite true, made up by Lady Tavistock at Oakley. Majesty issued his Mandate to-day that no more pheasants are to be shot. The Duchess of Bedford has miscarried.

Majesty had a letter yesterday from Lady Wellesley[2] denying the report of her being *en famille* and also of Lord Wellesley going to India, but I believe the latter is certain. I hear Lady Hervey never leaves her sister's presence without making a regular *cheese* curtsey down to the ground!

Captain Greville is here again to-day. Digby grown immensely fat. Lord Hastings has gained his case.

HOLKHAM, *January 27th*, 1826.

All is for the best, and much as I feel your absence it is probably a blessing in disguise, as Captain Greville yesterday all but shot my father

[1] Charles Fitzroy, 3rd Baron Southampton, born 1804, married first, 23rd February, 1826, Harriet, only daughter of the late Hon. Henry Fitzroy Stanhope, who died 1860.

[2] The eldest Miss Caton, who married, first, Robert Patterson (whose sister was the wife of Jerome Bonaparte), and married her second husband in 1825, the Marquis Wellesley, Viceroy of Ireland. See *ante*, pages 32-33.

dead, though providentially he did not hit him—Majesty indignant, as you may imagine.

Poor Sir Walter Scott has lost either £30,000 or £60,000 by the bankruptcy of Constable, the Bookseller. Majesty, I believe, goes next week to stay at the Birches near Wretham.

It was probably on this occasion, since it was some time during the year 1826, that Coke of Norfolk, having paid a visit to his great friend and political ally, Mr Wyrley Birch, of Wretham Hall, bethought himself, as he was leaving, that he would offer to take back with him on a visit to Holkham Mr Birch's son, Peregrine, then a boy of nine. The offer was accepted, and much awed with the prospect, the boy entered the coach and drove off tête-à-tête with Mr Coke. As the big carriage rolled on its way Mr Coke, absorbed in his own thoughts, did not attempt to break the silence, and his small companion, an exceedingly shy lad, became more and more alarmed at the duty which he felt incumbent upon him of originating some polite conversation. For a time, he vainly racked his brain for something to say, but at last, as his glance rested upon the postillion in front, he screwed up his courage and in a meek voice gave utterance to the remark, "Oh, Mr Coke, I should not like to be a postillion!" Mr Coke answered not a word, and his young guest, terribly abashed at the failure of his venture, lapsed into discomfited silence, so that the drive continued for a distance of between thirty and forty miles without another word being uttered on either side.

Arrived at Holkham, Mr Coke got out, and paused

on the steps of the house looking at the steaming horses; then, as though continuing the conversation begun by his small companion some hours before, he replied civilly, "No, and *I* should not like to be a post-horse!"

Not long after this, the climate of Yorkshire having proved too damp for Mr Stanhope during the winter months, he took a house about four miles from Holkham called Quarles, which, proving a veritable temple of the winds, was usually known to his family by the more appropriate name of *Squalls*. In 1826 another daughter was born to him named Eliza Anne, and with his wife and children he now passed the greater part of the year in the country. Meanwhile, in the great house in Langham Place, life flowed on in an uninterrupted round of society. Balls, routs, dinners, and an incessant stream of visitors as of yore continued to fill the days of Mrs Stanhope and her daughters.

Mrs Spencer-Stanhope to Mrs John Spencer-Stanhope.

LANGHAM PLACE, *May* 16*th*, 1826.

Mrs. Beaumont is greater than ever. At Sir R. Glyn's the other day, when she dined there, she told Lady C. Stuart that she had, at the time of the run upon the Banks, ordered £200,000 to be ready for her "good friend Sir Richard" if wanted. Lady Glyn was saying how handsome in Lord Fitzwilliam to offer (she believed) £100,000 to assist Wentworth; Mrs. Beaumont announced that she had offered more.

> Last night we were at the opening of Sir J. Astley's new house. Fine rooms but too low, and the great room has no windows and is lighted from the end room which has both a window and a sky-light. It was the fashion to admire the fitting up; the walls are quite plain, of a light drab colour, the Glasses are fine, but, except them, there is nothing to break the plainness, not even lights. Lustres of lamps were the only lights except on the chimney pieces, which I did not like. The curtains, blue damask, like yours. The dining-room so low that I think a moderate-sized man would touch the lustre.

"I sat last night till nearly midnight by the French window," replied Eliza, from Quarles; "the air was so fresh and I watched the moonlight on a bank of primroses, thinking of you in your stifling ball-rooms in London. How thankful I was that I was not there!" And shortly afterwards there came to her so graphic a picture of that gay life with which she no longer cared to mingle, that it served to intensify her satisfaction at her severance from it.

Towards the close of 1826, a novel named *Almack's*, by an anonymous author, made its appearance, and instantly roused an unparalleled sensation. This book, its writer stated, was "originally commenced with no other intention than that of amusing a family party in the country with recollections of the various scenes of dissipation which the previous winter had supplied." But by December 5th of that year the *London Literary Gazette* announced that "the whole world of *ton* is astir about the identities, and at the West End of the town nothing is heard of in the upper circles but "*Do you know who so-and-so is in*

Almack's?" Thenceforward, in the gallery of portraits produced by that unknown but witty pen, each member of a powerful social clique recognised and delighted in the foibles of her neighbour, or cringed as the relentless searchlight was turned upon herself. For, while the nameless author "disclaimed all personal allusion," she did not deny that "many of the follies described were taken from life, as well as several of the anecdotes related"; and she threw down the gauntlet boldly to her critics by the announcement:—

> Few can have forgotten the attacks made upon an Administration composed of "All the Talents." Who then can wonder if a Cabinet, though distinguished by "All the Beauties," should yet fail to please everybody?

At the date of the appearance of this book, its anonymous author, Marianne Stanhope, was forty years of age. For years she had gone in and out among the smartest and gayest set in London. For years, with her quick wit, ready tongue and cynical outlook, she had marked the limitations, the mannerisms and the shallowness of the clique of which she formed part. The sum total of the impressions thus stamped upon an observant brain she had now reproduced with a vividness amounting to genius, if only because of the extraordinary restraint of the delineation—because in no one instance did the likeness ever degenerate into a caricature.

> "These volumes," pronounced the critic, "are extremely satirical, extremely personal, very clever, very applicable to dashing characters (though not very readily to be applied by the uninitiated) and

present the best picture of the gayest, fashionable life that has ever issued from the press.

The writer (evidently one of the set) knows the people who are described—their manners, their frivolity, their heartlessness—and the picture is one of painful truth. . . . Selfishness, scandal, vanity, the slang of fashion, and the trifling nothingness of fashionable life, are the themes on which the novel of Almack's dilates. . . . It is bitter enough in its satire."

One can picture that "family party in the country," during the long, uneventful evenings at Cannon Hall, while their father was yet alive, listening with pleased attention to the reminiscences of the gay doings in which they had taken part, and making merry over each recognition of the characters which passed in review before them. To-day, of necessity, the scathing wit of that portraiture is no longer apparent. In the seemingly commonplace conversations of many of the *dramatis personæ* the modern reader must fail to detect the pungent realism which once made of each triviality of phrase and action a living and a biting satire. Only perhaps in the thinly disguised representation of Madame Beaumont with her charming daughter, as Lady Birmingham (Brummagem) and Barbara, is it still possible to appreciate the subtlety of the delineation, since the anecdotes which have survived respecting this remarkable woman yet render her familiar to posterity.

But if it is no longer feasible to trace the likenesses which once roused such a mingled storm of amusement and of anger, the value of the novel *Almack's* as a piece of history remains unassailable. It is a picture of bygone social life, of an obsolete phase of existence

which is unique. The merry bands of that gay ball-room have long since been silenced; the feet which trod so daintily to their measure, the bright eyes which shone and languished, even the mighty conclave which tyrannised over the miniature kingdom—all have long since been dust, mingling with the dust of those whose lives they made or marred; yet each separate entity lives for us once more, the strains of music arise, the dancers trip, the laughter rings, the very atmosphere in which they coquetted—the rudeness, the hauteur, the petty jealousies, the pettier ambitions—are re-created for us by the facile pen of the woman who mocked them.

The keynote of the book is struck in its dedication :—

To that most distinguished and despotic
CONCLAVE
THE LADIES PATRONESSES OF THE BALLS AT
ALMACK'S
The Rulers of Fashion, the Arbiters of Taste,
The Leaders of Ton, and the Makers of Manners,
Whose sovereign sway over "the world" of London has
long been established on the firmest basis,
Whose Decrees are Laws, and from whose judgment
there is no appeal;
To these important personages, all and severally,
Who have formed, or who do form, any part of that
ADMINISTRATION
usually denominated
THE WILLIS COALITION CABAL,
Whether Members of the Committee of Supply,
or
CABINET COUNCILLORS
Holding Seats at the Board of Controul,
THE FOLLOWING PAGES
Are, with all due respect, humbly dedicated by
An old Subscriber.

"This institution," explains the author, through the mouthpiece of one of her characters, "has now existed ten years;[1] and six self-elected female sovereigns have, during that time, held the keys of the great world, as St Peter was supposed to do those of the kingdom of Heaven. These ladies decide, in a weekly committee, upon the distribution of the tickets for admission: the whole is a matter of favour, interest, or calculation; for neither rank, distinction, nor merit of any kind will serve as a plea, unless the candidate has the good fortune to be already upon the visiting book of one of these all-powerful patronesses. Not to be known to one of the six, must indeed argue yourself quite unknown. But the extraordinary thing is that all the world of fashion should submit patiently to such a tyranny. What will not *ton* do?"

"Qu'est-ce que la gloire!" exclaims another of her characters, "il n'y en à donc plus! Quand on a vu le Conquérant d'Austerlitz mourir à St Hélène, et son vainqueur content de se mettre sur la liste des élégantes d'Almack's, on peut bien dire, 'Il n'y a plus de gloire!'"

But apart from the rulers of fashion, whom the author depicted with an unerring touch, those over whom they ruled are portrayed with equal realism. "Here,"

[1] Almack's, as originally instituted, was held to date from February 20th, 1765; and Walter Stanhope, the father of Marianne, had been one of the earliest Members of this Society. See *Annals of a Yorkshire House*, Vol. I. pages 327-8. A ten-guinea subscription then entitled the Members to be present at a ball and supper once a week; but from about 1816 the privilege of admission was vested arbitrarily in the power of the six Lady Patronesses; and such bitter jealousy existed with regard to their decrees, that Lady Elizabeth Stanhope did not dare to let it be known that she had the entrée to any dance at Almack's whenever she chose to go.

quotes the contemporary critic, "is fashionable life drawn with spirit:—

> How was the morning spent? Of course in the usual style of the fine lady's morning. The London Season had yet scarcely commenced, but the preliminaries were already *en train.*
>
> A thousand cards a day at doors to leave,
> And in return a thousand cards receive!
>
> is one great employment of all women of fashion. And then there is always that delightful resource—shopping, to occupy every idle hour. So many lounges, *pour passer le temps*, and to empty the pockets. That ruination shop in Waterloo Place; the various bazaars; and afterwards some new novel to inquire for at St Andrew's, though that tiresome man has never got the thing at home you most want. Boosey's classical foreign music-shop probably comes next. Then, after shewing yourself in Bond Street, St James's Street, and Pall Mall, drive off, post haste, to the dear enchanting Park, as the last and best resort; where, if the crowd will permit, you may see your friends, at least, though without any chance of speaking to them; and be choked with dust, if you escape being broiled by the unintercepted rays of the sun. Oh! it is a rational life at the very best, this same interesting mode of passing time in London; and we of the nineteenth century are a most philosophical sort of people, in very truth. What with the busy lives of the very idle and the idle lives of the very busy, it would seem almost difficult to determine which is best—"*ne rien faire, ou ne faire que des riens.*"

"The *Macédoine* of London talk," the author

exclaims in another place. " . . . 'twere needless to relate:

> 'The numerous questions, that no answer wait:—
> How vastly full!—Ar'n't you come vastly late?
> Isn't it quite charming?—When did you come to town?
> Ar'n't you quite tired?—Pray, can't we set you down?'"

and all pretty nothings that are discussed with such apparent importance by those who are, or would be, fashionable. Polite society, in the nineteenth century, may indeed be characterised as *le triomphe de la fatuité*."

A bitter recognition of that life of emptiness mingles with the promptings of a merry philosophy, and leaves one with the impression that the writer was a jester who wept at the very hollowness of her jest. Yet reading *Almack's* to-day, and reading therein the daily existence lived by that family both at Cannon Hall and in Langham Place—descriptions of the very parties which they attended, of the actual conversations in which they took part—two things cannot fail to strike the modern critic, which, of their very familiarity, failed to arrest the critic of a bygone age. On the one hand, the astonishing insolence then considered a necessary adjunct of all belonging to the *haut ton*; on the other, the sparkling wit which then permeated, perforce and without effort, the most ordinary conversations of the most ordinary individuals. Like her counterpart, the dandy, the fine lady of that day was thought all the finer if she could lash and sting her equals by a bitter *bon mot*, or crush her inferiors by the undisguised rudeness which was accepted as the privilege, if not the token of her status. Thus we

find the great Patronesses of *Almack's* frankly dissecting and belittling the qualifications of friends who desired to attend the balls, totally unrestrained by the actual presence of those whom they discussed, or that of the relations of their victims who must inevitably resent such criticisms. Yet the crudeness of their behaviour was mitigated by the fact that high and low in that bygone generation alike possessed that indefinable gift of *esprit* which has vanished from our midst. Not only the amenities of the unimportant but the studied impertinence of the "very fine" were redeemed from vulgarity by the brilliance which glittered through their most unpremeditated speeches or the inimitable *finesse* with which they gilded each biting, arrogant cynicism.

None the less, the most representative coterie of their day met with but scanty mercy beneath the pen of an unknown jester. "*Almack's*," she pronounced, "is a species of tyranny which would never be submitted to in any country but one of such complete freedom that people are at liberty to make fools of themselves." And the manner in which she had portrayed that clique was too faithful, the portraiture too realistic for the anonymous author to dare to disclose her secret. Marianne indeed awoke to find herself the most discussed, the most famous woman in London—with a fame at which she dared not grasp. As she went her way in and out among the people whom she had depicted, on all sides the one topic of discussion was the identity of the characters in her brilliant satire—the identity of its unknown author. "The author of *Waverley* never roused half

the curiosity which has been caused by the author of *Almack's*," wrote a correspondent innocently to Eliza Stanhope at this date; and in her retreat at Quarles Eliza laughed as she thought of the quiet woman verging on middle age whom none suspected and whose secret was so well guarded, that while it was entrusted fearlessly to her sister-in-law, it was withheld—even to the grave—from many members of her immediate family circle.

Two years after the publication of her novel, and while the *furore* which it had created was still at its height, in March, 1828, Marianne became the wife of Mr Hudson of Tadworth Court, Epsom, a cousin of Lord Aveland to whom the property passed at his death. A man of suitably mature years, worthy, commonplace, unimaginative, there is something tragic in the thought of the brilliant, cynical woman consenting to be linked, at such a juncture, to such a partner. That there was no romance in the union, that she even preferred another is evident from her letters to her sister-in-law at this date; and Eliza in the flush of her happy wifehood, shuddered at the prospect of that loveless marriage and spoke of the wedding as "the day of doom." But for Marianne the illusions of youth were ended. "I shall be very happy with this kind, courteous gentleman, whose one aim is to please me," she stated; and the event proved as she had anticipated. The only one of that vivacious sisterhood who ever married, she passed many happy years with her matter-of-fact companion and had no reason to repent her choice. "Only think of Huddy never having had the curiosity even to read

Almack's!" wrote Eliza Stanhope many years afterwards. "It is to be hoped Marianne will not put him in her next book!" But the author of *Almack's* never wrote again. In that witty satire she had vented the pent-up experience of a life-time, and for the future her pen was dumb. The only other document of her composition which has survived is an autobiography—surely the strangest ever penned—"*A History of my illnesses from the age of twelve years.*"

CHAPTER X

1826-1841

LETTERS CONCERNING LIFE UNDER THREE SOVEREIGNS

IN December, 1826, the Duke of Sussex was prevented from going to Holkham by a summons to attend the last moments of his brother, the Duke of York.

Time had long since softened the feelings of the public with regard to the past conduct of the Commander-in-Chief, and he appears to have been sincerely mourned. At the date of his demise, the Duke of Sussex wrote to his chaplain, Archdeacon Glover, who had remained behind at Holkham :—

> No event since the death of Princess Charlotte has produced so great an effect throughout the country as the death of the Duke of York. Viewing him as a private individual, he was an amiable man, and considering him as Commander-in-Chief, he was a most faithful, independent public officer of the State. On all occasions when his heart had to decide a question he acted right, but alas, when the head is wanted to act, I fear that sometimes he was betrayed into discussion which should have been avoided, as people judge often from matters of fact without the possible consideration of the *peculiar education of the individual.*

This kindly criticism was followed by a letter from an intimate friend of the Duke[1] to the Archdeacon, which throws an interesting light on the relations subsisting at that date between the Royal brothers. Owing to the Duke's past championship of the Princess Charlotte, open animosity had at one time existed between them, which on the accession of George IV. had been succeeded by a reconciliation, apparently of a temporary nature. As formerly the friendly offices of Lady Hertford had been employed to effect more amicable relations between the Prince and his Consort, so now the services of a later favourite, Lady Conyngham, were enlisted to bring about a better understanding between the King and his brother.

SAVILE ROW, *Jauuary 9th*, 1827.

The death of the Duke of York has thrown our illustrious Friend into deep affliction. The conduct of the Duke in his attendance upon his Brother is beyond all praise & it has made the most powerful impression on the whole of the Household of the late Duke. Mr MacGregor (the Duke of York's personal surgeon & friend) told me that they were all delighted and astonished—that they did not believe there was any other member of the Royal Family or any other Individual in the country who united so much fortitude with the most affectionate sensibility & who could have gone through so distressing a scene in the manner the Duke of Sussex did.

You will rejoice to hear that the reconciliation between the King and the Duke is now almost

[1] The signature to this letter is lost.

certain. In confidence, I tell you that, living on terms of great intimacy with the brother of Lord Conyngham who is a great favourite of the Marchioness's, I had some time since engaged upon him to prevail upon Lady Conyngham to endeavour to effect a reconciliation, & her ladyship who is very clever and very persevering, & who is very anxious to do everything in her power that may promote the popularity, comfort or happiness of his Majesty, undertook the task. She availed herself of the most favourable moment, and now that she is seconded by every member of the family, there surely can be no doubt of success. The Duke himself, without advice from anyone, & ignorant of what I had done, wrote to Lord Conyngham to condole with the King on the Death of the Duke, and a very civil answer was returned. When the funeral is over, I am sure the Duke of Sussex will be sent for to Windsor.

The month following this event, a death of less social importance, but accompanied by more remarkable circumstances, is mentioned by Mrs Stanhope, who since Christmas had remained at Holkham.

HOLKHAM, *Saturday, Feb.*, 1827.

Since you went John Ransom has lost both his father and his mother, I believe of Typhus fever . . . . and this morning poor William, the tall white footman, fell down in a fit from drinking. The extraordinary thing is that Lady Anne had a dream last night of seeing a dead man quite naked, and the poor footman was found quite naked. He had the fit, I suppose, before he put on his shirt.

They say the Jack of Ale is always going into the pantry, which occasions Majesty to thunder with indignation.

Feb. 28th.

Sentimental attachment prevails in the village, as the poor footman's wife was brought here in the carriage this morning to see her husband's corpse, and John Ransom's father and mother were buried together in the same grave.

March 1st, 1827.

Poor Lady Anson, the other night, writing half asleep, put in her letter that she had written to Nebuchadnezzar. It puts me in mind of my Aunt, Lady Hunloke[1] who used to write to her Lawyer on the back of the white service leaves, and expect in sober sense to gain her cause. She used to run after the geese to make them drop their feathers to stuff her own pillows, and go *sticking* in my Father's Hessian boots, with the tongs to prevent her stooping. Would such things be believed in any book?

The poor footman who died on Saturday is not yet the least changed, and I really believe some of the servants expect him to come to life again. What a scampering there would be if it were to happen!

I wish you could have heard Lady Anson this morning when I said that I should not trouble

[1] Margaret, daughter of Wenman Coke, Esq., married Sir Henry Hunloke, Bt., and died in 1821 after a period of mental derangement. Four years before her death Lady Granville met her in Paris and writes: "Lady Hunloke was at the play, looking very handsome. She is just as childish and harmless as ever" (*Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville*, vol. i., page 114, pub. 1894).

myself much with visiting — she thought I was right, "as half the people would not know who Mrs Spencer-Stanhope was, or where on earth she came from—as Miss Coke I *might* have had some chance!"—So, dearest, shall I send out my cards as Miss Coke? To be sure that good sister of mine sticks to the Scripture text in wishing *other people* "not to think too highly of themselves but to think soberly." I do not always take the hint either with temper or humility, and I much fear love your sisters better than my own.

On December 21st, 1827, there was born to John Stanhope and his wife a son and heir, who was named Walter Thomas William. This event, by a curious coincidence, took place on St Thomas's Day, the anniversary of the birth of Wenman Coke, the father of Coke of Norfolk. The health of the new babe and the memory of his great-grandfather were therefore drunk jointly, with acclamation, at Holkham, and on December 24th, Coke wrote to John Stanhope his congratulations and his wishes for the future of his grandson.

May he increase in wisdom as he grows in stature! May he be a Sidney, a Hampden, a Russell, a Fox. May he unite the attainments of both Bacon and Coke! May he emulate and equal the virtues of his eminent father! May you live, my dear Stanhope, to see him become the man you could wish him to be. May you have another son; or two, according to your wishes. The toast of my grandson and my father was drunk with joy and affec-

tion at the table yesterday, when a bumper was proposed by the Duke of Sussex, in the most flattering and handsome manner to you and yours.

On the previous August 8th Canning had died, and Lord Goderich had become head of the Ministry, only to resign the Premiership five months later to the Duke of Wellington. Throughout this period the country was divided on the question of Catholic Emancipation, which, for a time, threw that of the Reform of the Commons into abeyance. In April, 1828, the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed, and in May the Government was reconstructed on a Tory basis.

Philip Spencer-Stanhope to Eliza Spencer-Stanhope.

May 29th, 1828.

London is now all confusion with the changes in the administration — five Cabinet Ministers out. The Duke of Wellington bringing in his own staff, intending to try his own strength with a Tory Administration. Everyone speaks according to his wishes. Sir J. Lowther says it will do very well; the Hamonds and all the Canningites are of the contrary opinion. The Session will be a never-ending one.

The gay world has been very much engaged with the Royal Ball, where there must have been disappointments without end. Report says Lady Londonderry is gone to Brighton to avoid being questioned why she was not there. The invitation which surprised me the most was the Ridley

family[1] — why were they selected as he has generally been in Opposition? Lady R. would not let her daughters go, therefore *he* went alone. Sir J. Lowther told me that his son was the only one of that family invited. However, the papers mentioned Lord & Lady Lonsdale tho' he assured me they were not asked. To those who were favoured it was perfect & the King walked about & remained till four o'clock in the ball-room.

But in her retreat at Quarles, Eliza Stanhope recked little of the turmoil of the busy world. Even the increasing prospect of financial loss consequent upon the materialisation of the railway scheme affected her but little. "So long as I am blessed with you, health, and competency," she wrote to her husband, "the loss of wealth would be nothing to me — I can only feel too happy." And when John Stanhope was occasionally forced to leave her at Holkham or at Quarles while he journeyed to London to see his mother, or to Cannon Hall to look after his estate, there came to him pretty pen-pictures of his little family, which doubtless hastened his return.

SQUALLS, 1828.

Here we are, thank God, all safe, and well. We arrived at half-past-six yesterday evening, and found my father, Lady Anson and William Anson at the door to welcome us. I was at first alarmed, as Field exclaimed—"If there ain't Mr Coke and a

[1] Sir Mathew White-Ridley, Bt., M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne, born, 1778, died, 1836, married, in 1803, Laura, youngest daughter of George Hawkins, Esq.

whole *beverage* of Gentlemen!" which would have been rather *mal à propos* in the confusion of the arrival—all the three children in the carriage! . . .

I could not have believed the old place would have looked so nice and my room smelling so sweet with violets and sweetbriar. Lady Anne has been full of *petits soins*, rolls, etc., for the children, and the Holkham cow comes up to be milked every day, night and morning, so I have not even the trouble of sending for the milk. They admired my precious baby who is the joy and happiness of my life. In the midst of our unpacking, Toddy exclaimed with dignity—"Such a botheration as this all is." She talks of her mother being "very polite." She is already established on the footstool at my side with her bag of books. Everywhere looks so pretty and cosy, but what would I not give to have you with me to partake my roast pheasant. Majesty brought four. I have got your miniature on the table to console myself.

Tuesday.

I took a walk round the old place to-day fraught with so many memories, otherwise I keep to the resolution I made at first of never going beyond my own premises. I wish you could see me at breakfast this morning with the French window open, the birds singing as if their throats would burst, Lennard's hoe going, and baby cooing in his walk before the house. . . . Manny[1] is growing such a sweet fellow. He may well increase in size as he eats more than a quartern loaf a week. He is now at the window and has always a smile ready for me. Little Eliza throws herself down on the bank to "mell the fowers" and breaks two or three with

[1] Her eldest son, Walter.

her fat person. The lilacs are coming into full bloom and are so beautiful. I hope you will not be too late to see them. There is nothing but cooing here from morning to night with the turtle doves, they follow me in the garden, and fly on my shoulder and on my bonnet. I have not heard Anna Maria her lesson since I have been here. I do hate plaguing her, poor little thing, and having engaged *Mlle. Baton* as governess I excuse myself. I hope you have told your mother what a promising name she has, as she begs that she will not be too strict.

May 12th.

Tissy Anne,[1] as she calls herself, is so thoroughly naughty and mischievous—the dearest, wickedest thing that ever lived! Manny has his father's own perfect temper—sweet fellow! He grows every day and is such a merry laughing creature. I took the bairnies to walk in Lady Anne's garden yesterday, and wished for you to hear the nightingales who were singing so delightfully at four o'clock in the evening. Far more enchanting than Mlle. Anstay, whom I suppose you have been to hear at the Opera. Papa's darling, little Anna Maria with her bright eyes, has been saying her lesson to me, she is in words of three letters. Bring down any book of stories (*rational* stories) to tell her, as she will do anything to hear a story, and I tell her one the last thing at night. Majesty's adoration of her increases.

Wednesday.

Anna Maria looks so very pretty at this moment, feeding the robins at the French window in her brown Holland Joseph, drawn full round her tiny

[1] Mrs Stanhope's second daughter, Eliza Stanhope.

person, quite in the fashion. If she has that Fairy figure when she grows up, *qu'en suivra*? She talks of the flowers being *born*, and insists that my ivory shuttle is the *toothpick of an elephant*. She informed me yesterday that I had *purple* eyes. She is always giving orders in the house which I shall have to check, but her dignity nothing can shake.

Mrs White has made such a beautiful walking hat for my little man to match his pelisse. I can fancy Field's triumph at taking him into Blaikie's room, the dark eyes literally sparkled. He bids fair for a Courtier, always laughing and crowing at Blaikie, who in return proclaims him to be the forwardest and what Field calls the most *intelligible* child he ever saw. As to Majesty, he is enchanted with their good looks, and tells everybody that such exquisitely lovely children never were seen!

Then comes the reverse side of the picture—

Feb. 28th, 1828.

I see plainly that both my sister (Lady Anson) and Lady Bury envy me, though in fact neither of them could endure my existence here. . . . Dress seems the order of the day, and my eyes were dazzled on Sunday by Lady B.'s bright cerise pelisse and Lady Anne's embroidered merino, for nothing but a family party. One of the late advertisements in the paper for taking up money was Lord Bury's. They are to return again in September. . . . She looks ill and wretched, but not so wretched as I should be in her place. She is a pleasant person and one you would like.

The Ellenborough child is to be christened Arthur after its godpapa the Duke of Wellington.

Majesty accosted Stephenson with, "Your boy

won't live a month, it has never breathed the fresh air!"

A sister of Lady Anne Coke, Lady Mary Keppel, had, in 1826, married Henry Stephenson, reputed son of the famous Duke of Norfolk.[1] President of the Beefsteak Club, he was a well-known figure about town in his grey clothes and Hessian boots, which earned for him the nickname of "Booty." A clever man, witty, popular and possessed of powerful influence, he acquired some valuable sinecures, amongst others that of Commissioner of Customs, Private Secretary to the Duke of Sussex, and sub-ranger of Hyde Park. While in possession of the latter post he lived in the Ranger's Lodge and had the right of pasturing his cows in the park, a privilege, none the less, shared by others, so that in those days the public could procure excellent syllabub and curds and whey at the various lodges.

The following year another sister of Lady Anne Coke, Lady Georgiana Keppel, married under sad circumstances. Having, when little more than a child, fallen romantically in love with a man in a humble station in life, her father sternly insisted on her making instant choice of a husband from one of three men whom he invited to the house for the purpose. Lady Georgiana, caring little at that juncture what became of her, declared that she would marry the first who arrived. This proved to be Captain Hill, to whom she thus became engaged without having seen him. The union was a singularly unhappy one, as was like-

[1] Charles, 11th Duke of Norfolk, nicknamed after his ancestor "Jockey of Norfolk."

wise her second marriage with her husband's friend, Mr Magan.

QUARLES, *Friday.*

My sister came here yesterday with her work, and talked over many grievances, bringing at the same time two old newspapers to study. Mr Hill writes word to Lady Anne that everybody in Dublin "threets" Lady Georgiana as if she was their own child. When somebody asked old Lady de Clifford, who is quite childish, who Lady Georgiana was going to marry, she rang for the footman to tell her, who replied with solemnity, "Mr Hill, my lady, the regiment is now *lying* at York!"

1828.

Lady Cecil Delafield told me an anecdote which will amuse you.

When she was staying at Bretton this winter, Mrs Beaumont drove them over to Cannon Hall to see the place and the children when I was out. Tissy was in wild spirits and admired Mrs Beaumont's buttons on her pelisse saying, "*Pritty blue buttons.*" "*Turquoise*, my dear," at once explained Mrs Beaumont impressively to the unconscious infant! So characteristic!

Jan. 1829.

Lady Andover says that Lord Hertford is left executor to Sir E. Strachey,[1] and sent his servants to attend the funeral in full liveries and bags, taking it, she supposes, for a gala day!—So like her!

There is no chance of the Duke this week, indeed it seems to me as if everybody would fail. Creevy

[1] Sir Edward Strachey, Bt., of Rackheath Hall, Co. Norfolk, born 1772, died Jan. 16th., 1829. Elder brother of Captain Strachey who married Mdlle. de Roche, see vol. i. pages 234-5.

is asked, but it is most unlike him if he is not safely housed somewhere for Christmas.

Only think of that absurd plague Milnes sending you an over-weight packet of 4/2 with his thoughts on railroads. You will be amused to hear that Lord Suffield is going to law with a Parson about a tithe of wood.

HOLKHAM, *Jan. 17th*, 1829.

The Duke of Sussex left us yesterday morning and made his adieux just before breakfast, when he departed in a whole suit of astrakhan lamb, escorted by Mr Brown. I certainly think we do better without him, though everybody must be of opinion that it was impossible for any "simple individual" to give less trouble. I am firmly persuaded he was glad to go, having spent day after day in his room without the slightest amusement and most probably asleep, as he said that without excitement that was invariably his condition. . . . I believe the last battue is to be to-morrow for Edward Digby, who arrived last night.

On January 21st, 1829, a second son was born to John Stanhope and his wife, who was christened John Roddam, and was destined in later life to prove the inheritor of the artistic talent so strongly developed in the families of both his parents. In the following October 28th Mrs Stanhope wrote from Holkham:—

The Duke of Sussex is coming again. The party to meet him are the Darlingtons, young Hamonds, ffolkes, and Gurdons. He has sent Tom a most excellent toy, a miniature printing press. We will have one for Manny when he is old enough. I believe Majesty is more sorry to part with Anna

Maria than with me. He says he *adores* her and seems to have eyes for nobody else. Even our steady old diplomat Adair[1] is struck with her. He is green and yellow with heartburn and cramp.

You must not be terrified if we do not arrive till Thursday, for I shall not risk travelling in the railways, if the roads are the least bad.

Throughout that year the dissensions in the political world had been fiercely renewed. In the spring, Wellington had announced his intention of supporting the measure for giving complete civil rights to all Romanists, and this decision, intended to pacify the country, had created considerable dissatisfaction amongst his immediate followers. To add to the general spirit of unrest pervading the land, great distress was prevalent among the poorer classes. Yet the cost of provisions at that date compares strikingly with those of to-day. Before leaving Holkham, on October 29th, Eliza Stanhope wrote to her husband:—

Majesty is quite dismayed at your getting *only 4d per lb. for your beef*, and says that you had better eat it at home.

Nevertheless even these prices appear to have been considered exorbitant, for, from Brighton, the following month, Mrs Stanhope wrote:—

It appears that everything will reduce. Meat *ought*; as the King has made his butchers lower,

[1] Sir Robert Adair, whose father was Staff Surgeon to George III., and married Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of William Anne, 2nd Earl of Albemarle. Sir Robert was employed on many diplomatic missions of great importance.

I think his subjects may exact the same from theirs. Soup shops will, I hope, be established everywhere for the poor before the pressure of the distress comes on, for there is every prospect, with all these extraordinary joys, of a severe winter, when it may be too late to begin to offer relief for the starving, who will think they have a right to take it.

There are flirtations enough here, but *all* improper ones.

The North of England, however, at this date appears to have furnished more reputable food for gossip than did the South.

William Roddam to John Spencer-Stanhope.

DISSINGTON, *Nov.* 30*th*, 1829.

I must now tell you the news, which is that we are going to Sir Charles Monck's to meet Sir Edward Blackett,[1] who has just disposed of himself to Miss Monck, and we are invited in consequence. It will be amusing.

There is another match to take place on the 8th, Miss Fanny Loraine to young Mr Ord.[2] There was plenty of gossip about it, as the Lady was at Gosford as well as his family. He took advantage whilst riding to surprise her with his request; she begged a little time to consider and said she would give her answer at the ball, she being a little taken

[1] Sir Edward Blackett, Bt., of Matfen Hall, Northumberland, married first, May, 1830, Julia, only surviving daughter of Sir Charles Monck, Bt., of Belsay Castle.

[2] William Henry Ord, Barrister, M.P. for Newport, Isle of Wight, and Lord of the Treasury (Eldest son of William Ord, Esq., of Whitfield Hall, Northumberland, M.P. for Morpeth, afterwards for Newcastle-upon-Tyne). Married, 1829, Frances Vere, daughter of the late Sir William Loraine, Bt., of Kirkharle, Gosford, Haddingtonshire.

aback and having always considered him quite a youngster. He, on the contrary, became nettled, considering himself rejected, therefore *bolted*, and his family, in a tiff, likewise went off at daylight. An express forthwith went off to Charles Bigg, who, with his good humour, soon set them all on the right tack again, and as the lady has next to nothing, and the young gentleman is only son to a man of £8,000 a year, they have lost no more time!

We went over to Gosford the other day; the living rooms are, as at Holkham, on the first floor, nearly as large and most handsomely furnished.

Frances Spencer-Stanhope to Mrs John Spencer-Stanhope.

LANGHAM PLACE, *Feb. 6th*, 1830.

We hear of nothing but distress and starvation; the state of the poor in London is said to be dreadful. Hugh went yesterday to the Mendicity Office and saw a handsome young Lord distributing flannel petticoats to the crowds without, but who he was, he could not make out. The Argyle rooms were burnt down last night, but I have not heard from what cause. I suppose it will be attributed to Chabert, the fire King, who exhibited there.

Philip writes word that the Duke of Argyle[1] is going to marry his Mistress, and to declare his marriage with the Duchess not good. The world is really growing very bad. I wonder how we continue so *immaculate*, but should we find it

[1] George William, 6th Duke, 1768-1839. He inherited from his mother the British Barony of Hamilton. He married in 1810 Caroline Elizabeth, daughter of George, 4th Earl of Jersey, whose previous marriage with Henry William, Marquis of Anglesey, had been dissolved at her suit. She died 1835.

necessary to retire from the world, we will certainly, as we have always promised, apply to John for one of his retreats; tell him that at present we have no *houseless* husbands in view, as he seems to fear.

Eliza Stanhope meanwhile took her own method of dealing with the pressing poverty.

"I am delighted [she wrote to her husband] with your plan of allowing 6d. to every shilling that your labourers put into the Savings Bank—it is the best of all charity. . . . *I have ordered Mitchell to make* 36 *gallons of Elder wine with which I shall supply the parish.*

On March 3rd the King, finding that the Bill for Catholic Emancipation involved an alteration in the coronation oath, refused his consent, but on the resignation of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, he swallowed his scruples in haste, and on March 5th the Bill passed its third reading in the Commons without apparently creating much excitement in London.

Philip Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope.

March 10*th*, 1830.

At last this great discussion is brought to an end of its first stage. Nothing else has been spoken of this last week; I shall be delighted when it is finally disposed of. The advocates for and against are both equally sanguine, and bets are made even. Much will depend on the degree of enthusiasm out of doors. In London the people take but little interest, and I do not think that any day 20

people have assembled to hear what the results of the discussions are. So very unlike the days of the Corn Bills. The Press, which one cannot believe, states that the enthusiasm is great in the country. How do you find it in Yorkshire, and what do you think of the Bill? There is so much good and evil mixed together that I cannot form an opinion on it. Mr Coke is delighted, of course; he bears the fatigue of the House without complaining.

I dined with Wentworth Beaumont yesterday. He is not near so violent in his politics as he was, and seems at last to have fears of the *Tiers État.* Mrs B. was there, much altered. She, as you know, has purchased Clayton Hill; in short, she has at last lived to acquire all the property she was so anxious to get.

The Russians, I hear, were not over anxious to bring on a general engagement, as they wish to tire out the Poles. I am afraid the poor Fellows have no chance. French funds seem to lower every day. Either they must soon put their army in motion or disband some of them, for their finances seem to be in a wretched condition. War betwixt Holland and Belgium seems inevitable.

The Marriage of the Duke of Rutland to Miss Liddell, which was announced with much certainty from Belvoir, is contradicted—better it should be, I think. . . . I have just been to the Drawing-room—not very full.

Three months later the knowledge became general that George IV. was slowly but surely sinking to the grave. Archdeacon Glover again received and communicated the latest intelligence from his friend, who was one of the suite of the Duke of Sussex.

June, 1830.

I should, ere this, have redeemed my promise of writing to you, had there been anything talked of worth communicating, but the truth is the Duke keeps us in such remarkable good order that there is actually not even any gossip stirring.

The King's illness and rally has of late absorbed everything, but last night the accounts from Windsor were as bad as they could be, and they offered to bet at Brooks's that he would not live through the week. His legs have been cut and healed wonderfully, but, as they expected, the water has again returned. He has a horrible fear of his Dissolution. He took the Sacrament with the Duchess of Gloucester, and said that he looked back with sorrow on his early life, but that latterly he endeavoured to benefit his subjects to the best of his power, and that as he had shown mercy to others it would be shown to him.

But nothing is really known. He sees, and sometimes writes all the Bulletins, so that the real state of the case very few are acquainted with.

Prince Leopold has declined Greece. At Brooks's they say he has a good case, but I rather think this Regency business which is to come on the instant the King dies (to exclude the Duke of Cumberland) has a great weight with him, in fact, through his sister, he would be almost King here, which he considers better fun than losing 50,000 sovereigns to gain *one*, and following the steps of "Fleet-footed Achilles."

On June 26th George IV. breathed his last, and the incident is well known how, after death, upon his heart was found a miniature of the one woman who

had, for a time perhaps, inspired him with the only pure love of which his selfish and dissolute nature was capable. Publicly humiliated by his neglect, and left to face the misconception of the world, Mrs Fitzherbert had yet apparently survived in the remembrance of the man who was in truth her husband; and although in nothing else a remarkable personality, there is a touch of true heroism in the dignity with which she bore an invidious position; and, to the end, by her silence, continued to shield the man who had abandoned her from the consequence of his marriage with a Roman Catholic. And when the last of the four Georges lay dead, while England failed to mourn, the contrast was accentuated between the conduct of that silent woman who had truly loved him and the multitude who had fawned upon him and battened on his folly.

Mrs Spencer-Stanhope to Mrs John Spencer-Stanhope.

This great town has been in an extraordinary state, & except that all the shops are partially shut, has more the appearance of rejoicing than mourning; but such must be the case owing to the necessity of proclaiming the new King immediately upon the demise of the late, but there is something very revolting in it, &, owing to some neglect, the order for the Court Mourning was published before the general one. Scarcely anybody is in mourning yet, even the Guards have no crape round their arms.

When the Duke of Gloucester drove out of town on Saturday, he pulled the blinds down of his carriage. I cannot get over the theatres being already open again, and what say you to Lady

Jersey[1] who filled her end of Berkeley Square with carriages last night. My daughters, who drank tea in Audley Square, saw them, and said, *except there*, scarcely a carriage was to be seen in the streets. I wonder what part she will take! She has made two unsuccessful visits to Bushey, one when our poor old King was first taken ill, and was not admitted; and the other day (Saturday) the Queen was not at home, or probably not visible. I expect the exclusives will lose some of their consequence when there are Drawing-rooms, as they will have to pay Court, instead of being always courted.

Lady Conyngham has taken her departure. Lord Errol is appointed Master of the Horse to the Queen. Sir H. Taylor, Private Secretary. You will be glad to hear that Lady H. Hoste has apartments in Hampton Court; however, I trust too much haste will not be made in giving.

Report says there will be a Levée a day or two after the last duties are performed, and a Drawing-room the next day, in deep mourning; and a short time after, one to congratulate, in colour.

The story has been told elsewhere,[2] how, on the accession of the Sailor king, Coke of Norfolk offered his congratulations to his old friend and new Sovereign, William IV., in characteristic fashion. But his own account of the incident, sent to his daughter, contains an implied jest at the Tory proclivities of her husband.

[1] Sarah Sophia, eldest daughter of John, 10th Earl of Westmorland, by Anne, daughter and sole heir of Robert Child, Esq., married in 1804, George Child, 5th Earl of Jersey. Unlike her predecessor, she was a violent partisan of Queen Caroline, hence her rejoicing at the death of the King.

[2] See *Coke of Norfolk and his Friends*. Ed. 1912, page 527.

Thomas William Coke to Eliza Spencer-Stanhope.

July 24th, 1830.

I have received a letter this morning to say they shall be able to carry Brougham for Yorkshire. This will indeed be a splendid reward for public service, and for great talent; it should be a stimulant to others that will work a great good. . . .

It is very true that I went to the King *in boots* & shook him heartily by the hand instead of kissing it, to the great amusement of the Duke of Sussex who made a great joke of it afterwards, & told me they would drink my health together the following day for being so hearty and frank.

Don't tell it to a Tory or I shall be out of their good graces!

Following upon the accession of the Sailor King and under Lord Grey's Ministry, the Reform Bill was again introduced by Lord John Russell on March 1st, 1831, and after a debate of seven nights, in which no fewer than seventy-one speakers took part, leave was given to bring in the Bill. Many weeks of stormy discussion and obstruction ensued, during which the unrest in the Commons found a counterpart throughout the country, where riots and destruction of property became universal, due partly to the political crisis, partly to the bitter resentment caused by the substitution of machinery for manual labour, which had then thrown numbers of the poorer classes out of employment. To add to the general depression, Mrs Stanhope wrote word on July 2nd that in London no fewer than 49,000 persons were suffering from influenza, and many people remained in the country for fear of

catching the infection; among the latter being Eliza Stanhope, whose daughter, Louisa, was born in the following September.

CANNON HALL, *October 2nd*, 1831.

Charles arrived to-day to baptise little Squeaker, Louisa Elizabeth, and was affected to tears during the ceremony—*why*, I know not. Such a gallant letter from Majesty saying that though no believer in the beauty of an infant, "to judge from my present daughters, he feels safe she must be handsome." He is enchanted with your calling on his relations and adds, "He is so great a favourite with me that I cannot but feel deeply interested in all that relates to him."—Somewhat Royal! Baby is very pretty, I assure you, and looks as sharp and cute as Roddy himself, who, by the way, is the most ingrained *espiègle* I have ever seen.

October 3rd.

I had a letter to-day from Lady Andover full of religious consolation, and saying that "if a family *is* to be too large," she thinks girls preferable.

Only think of Lady Rosebery's Housekeeper, the good-looking woman you remember at Dalmeny (whom she took as having been formerly her nursery-maid), having destroyed herself by laudanum —I suppose in their house, in consequence of Lady Rosebery having given her warning for excessive drinking.

It blew what Anna Maria calls a *hurricade* last night.

The following month the Reform Bill passed the Commons, but was thrown out by the Lords on

October 8th. The day previous to this event Eliza Stanhope writes to her husband :—

CANNON HALL, *October 7th, Monday*, 1831.

Majesty had gone to London on Sunday to vote on Monday, and returned on the Wednesday. I had *such* a letter from him yesterday, inquiring into my safety at this moment of dangerous excitement, vowing vengeance against the Lords and Tories, and then ending with a prayer of Christian charity for their forgiveness! So delighted with O'Connell saying that "it was of no use for a Tory to read History as they never profited by it." He ends the letter with an affectionate inquiry after you, as he "never can feel otherwise than interested in all that concerns so good a man."—Royal and satisfactory! I answered by assuring him that I did not feel the least alarm as you were so generally popular that I really believed that this house was one of the last that would ever be attacked.

I, even I, actually read the Debates for my amusement, they are so ineffably absurd. Poor little Lord John ready to cry, quoting Johnson's Dictionary in his defence; Sir Charles Wetherell requoting Dr Johnson's assertion that he believed "the Devil was the first Whig"; and that vulgar Hume, in a rage, assuring them that he "had *forgotten* more Latin than any of the honourable Members had *ever learnt*." It really is too disgraceful to have both Houses of Parliament wrangling like a set of silly schoolboys at such a moment. They require some ladies to teach them dignity.

Anna Maria is at this moment heart and soul in a garter she is knitting. She is *undertaking* the copy of a letter to you, but as it is to be all her own composition, and as I make her hunt out the

spelling of the words for herself, it will be a work of time. She has hardly any idea of spelling, though she can read so fluently, and told me *you* was spelt *hu*, and *are*, *har*, to my great dismay.

Undated.

I have just had a letter from Lady Anson. The burnings in Norfolk are worse than ever, inasmuch as they have destroyed the stacks and new buildings of one of Majesty's own tenants at Weasenham, to the ground. (None of his tenants suffered last year.) And the paper mentions two fires at Walsingham and near Sir Jacob's.

October 9th.

Majesty is going to town about the Reform Bill which he expects will be lost in the Lords, and says that the House of Commons ought to make a declaration of their sentiments. I dread some violent speech.

The other morning I had a visit from Miss Beckett[1] full of her political correspondence with Sir John Beckett[2] who writes in a most desponding key, and says that O'Connell is to be Judge

[1] "Mrs Beckett had a good house and garden, just at the entrance of Barnsley. She had one son and three daughters, the eldest of whom, Eleanor, the grenadier of the family, was a thorough character. Very tall, thin and masculine-looking with spectacles and a strong Yorkshire accent, she knew everyone's business, and what everyone *ought* to do, which she was always trying to make them do: but she was kind and helpful in any difficulty. In Barnsley it was said that Miss Beckett governed England: *i.e.*, she governed Barnsley, Barnsley governed the West Riding, the West Riding governed Yorkshire, and Yorkshire governed England."

See *Memoirs of A. M. W. Pickering*, page 171.

[2] Sir John Beckett, Bt., married Anne Lowther, daughter of the Earl of Lonsdale.

Advocate of Scotland. She had been enquiring the Character of a cook who had had three misfortunes. *I* should have thought one enough.

Nov. 5th, 1831.

I had a letter again yesterday from Lady Rosebery, saying they had been a fortnight at Dalmeny; they were going to have a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at half past nine for Charles X. and the Dauphin, who were to shoot at Dalmeny that day, and Lady R. was to have an audience of the Duchesse d'Angoulême at Holyrood House.

Meanwhile the riots still continued, and the price of provisions had apparently increased.

1831.

All is quiet here, but I believe the Sheffielders were preparing to walk to Wortley when Lord Milton harangued them in favour of Lord Wharncliffe, and his eloquence prevailed. I have no fear, as a Sheffield mob is not likely to walk twenty miles unless they bivouac all night first.

Miss Beckett desired me to tell you that "mutton is walking about at 8d. per lb." It is singular that an abundant hay-time and harvest and green crops should make such a remarkable rise in the price of cattle.

Another letter from the Duchess of Leeds thanking you for the game you sent to Lord Carmarthen.

All the bairnies are well. Anna Maria as usual very naughty, excepting with me. When I asked her yesterday what was the use of my getting so many good books for her to read if she did not profit by them, she said, "Why, you know, in the

books they all *begin* by being naughty and *end* by being good. It is all the same thing over again. How can I end good, if I don't begin bad?" So much for the result of my carefully chosen literature!

Yesterday when she was reading to me, she came to some very difficult words which she could not master. She at once accounted for this with great dignity, by informing me that she supposed the book was translated from the French—as the words in question were certainly *not English*. She reads with such rapidity that I cannot supply her with books fast enough. She is a delightful child, so very quick and sensible. I have entire power over her mind, and she prefers being with me to anything else. She is in raptures with ancient History which I have begun with her, and repeats the four Monarchies in bed.

The other day when Walter was out with me in the carriage, Field asked him if we were coming home the same way. He reflected for a minute, then announced, "No, I don't think it is the same way, *acause, you see, the 'orns of the cows is different*!" —There is a queer fellow for you!

A reminiscence of Toddy, which dates from about this period, may still be seen at Cannon Hall, and has had a sequel sufficiently curious to deserve mention. An oak tree in the pleasure ground was apparently dead, and was ordered to be cut down. But in its hollow interior Toddy had been used to play with her dolls, and she begged piteously that at least the trunk of the tree might be left for her to make use of as usual. The request was granted, and her mother further ordered that a little bench should be placed across the inside of the tree, thus fashioning

it into a tiny arbour just large enough to seat the child. Great, however, was the general astonishment when it was found that the drastic treatment to which the old tree had been subjected had unexpectedly renewed its life. Fresh branches sprouted forth, and, with the coming spring, fresh foliage shrouded the mutilated trunk; indeed, so great was its restored vigour that to-day, eighty years afterwards, still green and luxuriant, may be seen the dwarfed remains of the old oak, condemned as dead in 1831; and still across its hollow centre is the tiny seat on which once reposed Toddy's Fairy-like form.

As the children grew older, two governesses were provided for them, a French and an English woman, with the not unnatural result that the two instructresses were eternally at enmity, and when their small pupils were in disfavour with the one they were in special favour with the other. A punishment instituted in the school-room for minor peccadillos was that of the culprit being condemned to sit during meal-times with his or her chair turned with its back to the table; but since to a lonely offender such a situation was disagreeable, while to a party of offenders it became a jest, a bond of honour was established among the children that if one of them was thus punished, all should behave in a manner to incur the same disgrace. Thus it was no uncommon sight in the school-room at Cannon Hall for the two governesses to be seated in profound silence, the one at the top, the other at the bottom of the table, while their charges, arranged round it in curious guise,

were cheerfully devouring their meals with their backs turned to the festive board.

A few weeks after the birth of her daughter Louisa, Mrs Stanhope writes word that she has refused to journey to Holkham on account of the unsafe condition of the roads :—

> The party there are Sir Charles Clarke[1]—quite enchanted with his new honours—the Braybrookes (Lady B. is the most *tout-de-bon* person, and I am sorry to miss her), the Suffields, Sam Whitbreads (no loss), Lords Gosford, Acheson, Ducie[2] and John Russell, General Ferguson and his son. The whole Astley family to go there next week. Lord Ducie sends me a message to say he hopes I shall not forget him when in Gloucestershire. His place is Woodchester. If you have any opportunity do become acquainted with him, he is one of my oldest friends and would be delighted to know you. He is one of the most good-natured, jolly people possible, at least he was.

Sir Charles Clarke, who is mentioned in this letter, was an *habitué* of Holkham. The most fashionable physician of his day and in great request socially as well as professionally, on one occasion he undoubtedly had the good fortune to save the life of Lady Anne Coke when she was *in extremis*. None the less, according to the decisive methods then in vogue, he had but two remedies for every ailment.

[1] Charles Mansfield Clarke, M.B., LL.B., F.R.S., 1782-1887, Physician to Queen Adelaide ; created a Baronet, September 30, 1831.

[2] Thomas Reynolds, 1st Baron Ducie, born 1775 ; created Earl Ducie and Baron Moreton of Totworth, 1837 ; married, 1797, Frances, only daughter of Henry, 1st Earl of Carnarvon ; died June 22nd, 1840.

THOMAS, 1ST EARL OF DUCIE
From a water-colour done by his daughter the Lady Emily Dundas

One was bleeding, the other was a black dose of great potency. Even in the case of a broken leg he had been known to resort to the former and prescribe the latter. Yet since any remedy, if steadily persisted in, must in some instances prove efficacious, honours had gilded the career of the successful physician, and were a source of innocent satisfaction to him, until tempered by a recognition of their shallowness. Later, burdened with his very popularity, he wrote to Eliza Stanhope :—

> I had an old Uncle who was, nevertheless, a very hospitable man, who used to welcome his guests with these words—"How d'ye do? I'm heartily glad to see you—hope you will stay a long while—how long *do* you mean to stay? Fix your time and keep to it!" Now all this seems very odd and almost repulsive, but it was very intelligible when coupled with the fact that my uncle had only two spare rooms. . . .
>
> I am often reminded of an explanation given of the word "home" in a work published some years ago—"*HOME—everyone's house but your own.*"

Respecting two of the other names mentioned in Eliza Stanhope's letter, certain curious stories are referred to in her correspondence, both of which, apparently, have reference to a supernatural occurrence.

Lord Ducie, who was so approved by her but at that date had not made the acquaintance of her husband, had, none the less, for long been the intimate friend of his brother Philip, then Captain, afterwards General Stanhope, and had shared with

him an experience which made a profound impression upon both.

It appears that, journeying together in the stage coach *en route* for Edinburgh, where Captain Stanhope was quartered, the two young men were much struck by the appearance of one of their fellow passengers, a youth whose air of profound despondency was remarked by all present, and who wore conspicuously upon his middle finger an iron ring of curious workmanship. As they travelled together, hour after hour, Captain Stanhope entered into conversation with their melancholy companion, and finally drew from him a confession of the cause of his depression. It appeared that it had been foretold that he was to die upon his twenty-first birthday, and as the date was now imminent, he felt an alarm which he could not conquer, and which was not diminished by the fact that a gipsy whom he had consulted, although confirming the prophecy, had given him a ring which she assured him, so long as he wore it, would act as a talisman, and be calculated to avert the danger that undoubtedly threatened him.

Much amused at so ridiculous a story, Captain Stanhope, who was singularly kind-hearted, set to work to reason with the young man upon the folly of such superstition. He was ably backed in his efforts by Lord Ducie, and so well did they succeed in their appeal to the young man's common sense, that ere they arrived at their destination they had completely restored his confidence and cheerfulness. Before parting from him, Captain Stanhope extracted from him an assurance that he would think no more

of his absurd fears: "You had much better give the ring into my keeping," Stanhope urged, "and come to dine with Ducie and myself on your birthday. I will invite some other officers and we will have a cheery evening. Then when the clock strikes twelve we will drink your health and long life to you, and you can take back your ring!" The youth willingly acquiesced, and left them promising to appear on the festive occasion.

When the evening arrived, a party of nine officers assembled at the invitation of Captain Stanhope and Lord Ducie, although none present, save the two hosts, were aware of the peculiar circumstances under which the dinner was being given. The hour for the meal, however, came and passed, but still the twelfth guest, the traveller of the stage coach, did not put in an appearance. At length, much annoyed, and believing that the youth had forgotten the engagement, Captain Stanhope decided to wait no longer; the food was placed upon the table and the company were in the act of seating themselves, when the door opened and the missing guest entered hurriedly. As the annoyance at his unpunctuality had been general, so now unusual attention was drawn to the delinquent, and the eyes of all present were therefore resting upon him as, unnaturally pale, strange both in appearance and manner, without greeting his hosts or apologising for the lateness of his arrival, he walked up to his vacant place at the table, was seen to stand there an instant, looking around him with a curious expression, and then—*vanished!*

The feelings of those who were witnesses of this

extraordinary occurrence were indescribable. For some moments, believing that the man they had seen must, in some inexplicable manner, again have left the room, they searched for him in the corridor and the adjacent apartments, but no trace of him could be found ; and it was subsequently ascertained that, long ere that hour, the fate which had been so dreaded by the unfortunate youth had overtaken him, and he had been found dead in his lodgings. The remarkable part of the occurrence requires no insistence that the vision appeared in a room brilliantly lighted, that it was seen simultaneously by eleven young men, the greater number of whom were unacquainted with the peculiar circumstances connected with the invitation which had been given to the deceased, and all of whom were undoubtedly sober. So profound an impression did it make on those present, that they all signed a statement attesting what they had seen, and the paper bearing an account of the incident and the signatures of all the men who witnessed it was kept by General Stanhope till the day of his death.[1]

The other story is of a different character. Samuel Whitbread, the grandson of the famous brewer and son of the well-known politician and friend of Charles James Fox, was once, when a young man, on a visit

[1] Unfortunately the papers attesting this story and giving the name of the youth to whom it referred, together with the signatures of the officers who were present at the dinner party, were destroyed after the death of General Stanhope in 1881 in Harley Street, and the story can therefore only be related, as it has been preserved verbally in the family. The above account is repeated precisely as my mother heard it first-hand from her Uncle, General Stanhope, on one of the rare occasions when he could be induced to speak of an event, the recollection of which always filled him with a profound horror.

to Lord and Lady Strathmore at Glamis Castle. The conversation not unnaturally turned upon the subject of the traditional mystery connected with the house, and Sam Whitbread expressed his complete scepticism with regard to there being any foundation for the legend or in the existence of anything supernatural on the premises.

In those days men sat long over their wine, and as midnight approached, the rest of the company challenged Sam Whitbread to go down a certain long passage which bore a ghostly reputation, and then return to them. He at once accepted the wager, took up one of the silver candlesticks and departed. Time passed, and as he did not reappear, his friends decided that he had merely agreed to their proposition in order to slip off quietly to bed. Finally, they determined to verify their suspicions, and sallied forth in a body to look for their missing companion. Before visiting his room, they first made their way to the long passage, and there to their dismay they found stalwart Sam Whitbread extended in a dead faint upon the floor. Picking him up, they carried him to his bed, where, by the aid of restoratives, he regained consciousness; but both then and to the end of his days he steadfastly declined to relate a single word of his adventure during that midnight expedition in Glamis Castle.

Lady Mary Whitbread, however, who used to relate the story, on being pressed for her own experience at Glamis, had but one rejoinder—"I have been at Glamis scores of times and have never seen, heard or smelt a ghost!"

It may be added that, at the date of Mrs Stanhope's letter, Samuel Whitbread was visiting at Holkham with his first wife, Juliana (daughter of the 1st Lord Dacre), and with a pretty little daughter named after her mother, who was the constant companion of the young Cokes and Stanhopes. This did not altogether meet with the approval of Toddy, who, having an immense idea of the importance of "Miss Stan," as she called herself, and having gleaned from her nurses that Miss Whitbread's father was connected with a brewery, lost no opportunity of showing her displeasure when forced to associate with the unoffending playmate whom she contemptuously called "Miss White Bread." The two small people, who were thus at daggers drawn in their infancy on a question of precedence, were in after life the firmest of friends; and when, in course of years, Juliana became Mistress of Holkham, no one welcomed her as a relation with greater affection than did her nursery enemy of former days.

The root of the disagreement between them, however, may be said to have had its counterpart in a famous quarrel between Mr Whitbread's father and Sydney Smith. "Sydney Smith," mentions Mrs Stanhope in an earlier letter, "being engaged to dine with the Whitbreads, was afterwards invited to a dinner at the Duchess of Norfolk's. He wrote briefly in reply to the latter—"Dear Duchess, sorry I can't; engaged to dine with the fermentarian." He then innocently misdirected the letter to the Whitbreads, who were, not unnaturally, furious!"

Not until long after those days when Juliana Whitbread was an inmate of the nursery at Holkham, not,

indeed, till two years before she was laid in the grave, did the romance of her father, Samuel Whitbread, see its conclusion. He had been the youthful lover of Lady Mary Keppel, who married in his stead Henry Stephenson, before referred to, but after the death of the latter, Samuel Whitbread, having become a widower, in 1868, at the age of seventy, married his first love. Henry Stephenson, it may be added, had been buried at Quidenham twenty feet deep in the ground in order that his wife, Lady Mary, might one day repose in the same tomb; but upon her death this fact was forgotten, and she was laid in a grave of ordinary dimensions close to his.

In the two following letters, romances not dissimilar in character are referred to :—

Mrs Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope.

BRIGHTON, *January 17th*, 1833.

We are not asked to the Pavilion party, probably not intended, tho' there were many mistakes, and the time before, 30 cards were found afterwards which had never been sent.

Lady Anson's cough is very bad. Mrs Okeover[1] is in high spirits. The King congratulated her at the Pavilion and said he knew Mr Ward very well. *He* was there also. Mr Okeover is arrived and yesterday business was to be settled.

One day the Duke of Gloucester asked Talleyrand, to whom he talked above an hour, if Napoleon

[1] Robert Plummer Ward, Esq., of Gilston Park, Herts, married as his 3rd wife, in 1883, Mary Anne, widow of the Rev. C. G. Okeover and dau. of Sir George, formerly Col., Anson, G.C.B. See vol. i. p. 307, vol. ii. p. 207.

was fond of Whist. The other bowed and answered he thought Napoleon preferred *Hazard.*

I think I told you Lady Albemarle said she supposed Pozzo di Borgo[1] came to England to hear the *Truth*, as abroad he only heard the lies of the *Tories.*

The Same.

Mr Coke sat some time with Isabella one morning when I was out. He had intended calling on Lady Wellesley, but seeing a fine carriage with two footmen in blazing liveries at the door, he came on here, whilst Lady Anne went to the Zoological. He was in good spirits, tho' croking at the times and the Birmingham meeting. Mr Hammond says the House of Commons is improving in conduct. At the Review, after the Duke of Wellington, at the head of his regiment, had saluted the Duke of Orleans, he rode off towards home, followed by a great mob, all cheering him, upon which he looked up at his own windows with the iron bars which had been put to protect him from that same mob and said—"So much for popularity."

Lady Andover I found the day before yesterday looking better in every respect than I had seen her for years; but she was very uneasy about Lady Anson. However, as Dr Clarke ordered her chicken and port wine, and as she was well enough to go into the drawing-room, I have no doubt he treated her right.

[1] A Corsican, who in early life became intimate with Bonaparte, but having quarrelled with him became his lifelong opponent and contributed to his fall. In 1803 he entered the service of Russia. Upon the termination of the war he was appointed Russian Ambassador in Paris, where he remained till 1835, when he was transferred to London. He died in 1842.

> Fanny was, I hear, frightened at doing the honours to the Duke of Gloucester. . . . as to *her* affair, I am told that upon its being renewed at Almack's and her being told, as usual, why consent could never be given, she fainted away. Edward Digby says it will, however, be; upon which one of my daughters said she was sure William would lend Roddam on that occasion.

Fanny Anson,[1] mentioned in the above letter, was the niece of young Mrs Stanhope, and was exceedingly pretty. For many years she was in love with Ambrose Isted of Ecton Hall, Northamptonshire, but there existed what her family considered an insuperable objection to the union. Legend related that before his birth his mother, Barbara, a daughter of the famous Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, was one day gathering roses in the pleasure ground at Ecton when she was accosted by a gipsy beggar woman who bore in her arms a child that was deaf and dumb. Barbara Isted, indignant at the intrusion of a vagrant into her private garden, refused the alms for which the woman pleaded and peremptorily ordered her off the premises. The gipsy went, but ere she did so cursed the house which had denied her the succour she craved for her child, and swore that the proud lady should one day bear a son afflicted as was the unhappy boy she carried. Possibly this incident weighed upon the mind of Barbara Isted, for when eventually she gave birth to a son, although it was a beautiful and a healthy babe, she found, in course of time, that he was deaf and dumb.

[1] Frances Elizabeth, 3rd daughter of Viscount Anson and Anne Margaret 2nd daughter of Thomas William Coke.

Only one other child was hers, a little girl, who died before it could be ascertained if her hearing was similarly affected; and Ambrose Isted, the last of his race, grew up a solitary child, sole heir to his father's property, good looking, attractive, and, strange to relate, an exquisite dancer, but incurably afflicted.

Fanny Anson, who used to meet him at the balls at Almack's, was long attached to him, but unable to combat the opposition of her family, she eventually married Charles Murray, a son of Lord Mansfield, whom she subsequently nursed with devoted unselfishness through many years of an invalid life. After his death, however, she and Ambrose Isted met once more as widow and widower; the romance of youth was renewed, they married and spent happily together the remainder of his days.

In 1834 there was again great unrest in the political world. In July, Lord Grey resigned, and was succeeded by Lord Melbourne, but on November 15th following, the latter was suddenly dismissed by the King. Mrs Stanhope writes :—

> When Lord Melbourne went to the King & stated all the alterations & appointments which would be required, his Majesty said, "Then it appears to me that further concessions will be required from the Church?" To this Lord Melbourne assented. "For that I am not prepared," was the Royal answer; "and therefore the Ministry is at an end!"
>
> This conversation was so private, that nothing

AMBROSE ISTED, ESQ. (WITH A VIEW OF THE PALACE OF FROGMORE)
From a picture in the possession of Mrs. Sotheby of Ecton Hall, Northamptonshire

transpired when Lord Melbourne left the Pavilion, & when the Duke of Wellington arrived the next day (Saturday) no one thought anything of it. At the dinner the King & he were both so cheerful & disengaged, that till they were closeted together afterwards it was considered to be only a visit of ceremony. But when their private conversation took place there was nothing but bustle & curiosity all over the Palace.

As to Lord Melbourne he returned to London on the Friday night, but made no communication to any of his Colleagues till the next morning, & the first intimation Lord Lansdowne & Lord Holland had of it was from the *Times*. Lord Holland, in spite of Gout, jumped up and exclaimed—"Good G—d! *What's all this here!*"

It was not known even at the Foreign Office the next morning till a Gentleman there likewise took up the *Times* and read it aloud, remarking, "This of course is not true, for the Ministry were *never firmer!*"

I cannot conclude without sending an extract from a letter which I had yesterday from Mrs West, who says:—

"Northamptonshire, as you know, is a highly Conservative county, &, as such, has been strangely misrepresented by Lord Althorp and the Lords Milton. Lord Althorp, till he became Minister, was respected in private life for his social & domestic qualities, but I well remember hearing four years ago a person who is anything but violent in his politics say he would make the worst Chancellor of the Exchequer England ever had. By his vacillating conduct, even more than his hostility to the Agricultural interest, he is become extremely unpopular in his own neigh-

bourhood, and Sir Charles Knightley's canvass is greeted with such cordial enthusiasm as renders his success certain. He has never met with a denial. . . ."

So much for Northamptonshire politicks! and should there be a dissolution, I trust in Yorkshire we shall not be less active, for I am sure all lovers of the old Constitution of their country should, in one point, follow the Destroyers of it—I mean in activity, and not remain supine as the Conservatives are too much inclined to do, trusting in Providence who will not support those who do not make use of the Abilities bestowed upon them. Their lamps must be trimmed, or they will not gain admittance—even into Parliament.

The dissolution to which Mrs Stanhope looked forward took place in the following December, and Sir Robert Peel formed an Administration.

Isabella Spencer-Stanhope to Eliza Spencer-Stanhope.

January 1835.

You ask for some Political chit-chat. Frances met Mr Barrow, Secretary of the Admiralty, and other members of different Government Offices, who were all in the highest spirits and said that Sir Robert Peel is quite satisfied with the result of the elections. They scout the idea of any Opposition, of consequence, to the Nomination of the Speaker, as the Whigs have all expressed their opinions so strongly upon Sir C. M. Sutton's fitness for the office. There is to be an amendment to the Address. They were all rejoicing at Lord Palmerston's defeat, and they were full of

the shameful manner in which business was conducted, or rather left undone, by the late Cabinet. Barrow said that when Lord Melbourne went down to the King at Brighton they had not even settled in the Cabinet whether to propose Littleton[1] or another, to fill up Lord Althorp's place.[2]

But the most important intelligence he announced, which I can scarcely credit, is that her Majesty's *Grossesse* will be announced. Such intelligence cannot be disapproved at *Holkham*, however the Whigs generally may object.

London looks dull and gloomy, open carriages are all the fashion; but Sunday driving will soon be a thing of the past, for the mob assemble in the park on that day now and hoot or hiss all the equipages, which they seem to consider should not be used upon any but a week day. The papers to-day announce the illness of the Duke of Wellington. It is to be hoped that his valuable life will be spared to the nation.

The hope of King William and his Queen for an heir was doomed to disappointment, and two years later, on June 20th, the brief reign of the Sailor King ended, and the long reign of Queen Victoria was ushered in. One of the first acts of the young Sovereign was to bestow a peerage upon Thomas William Coke, who, since the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, had retired from any active participation in political life.

In the ensuing festivities of the coronation, Eliza

[1] Irish Secretary in Lord Melbourne's Ministry.

[2] Chancellor of the Exchequer; he was succeeded by Sir Robert Peel.

Stanhope took no part; none the less, various accounts of the gay doings reached her from her relations who had participated in them and which were occasionally retailed by her in a characteristic manner.

Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope to Mrs Wentworth, of Woolley Park, Wakefield.

July 3rd, 1838.

Of course you have heard private details of the Coronation, which must have been a most magnificent spectacle, both within and without the Abbey. Now that it is over, I heartily wish that we had both of us seen it. My sister writes word that the dresses of the pages were frightful, white waistcoats, white *shorts*, scarlet coats, bound round with gold, and open, falling lace collars. Only fancy what our friend Lord Morpeth must have looked in this mixture of boyish costume with the old prints in the *Gentleman's Recreation*. The clapping on of the coronets was perfectly absurd, as no one Peeress could put it on without the help of her neighbour; and the Duchess of Somerset and Lady Shrewsbury increased their troubles by having mounted edifices of green leaves and gold berries on their heads in addition to their diamonds and coronets.

A Russian Countess, who said she had lost her daughter, Governess and carriage, begged Sir Henry Digby to take her home from the Abbey, as she knew they were "apt to take diamonds in this country," adding that she supposed the lady he was talking to—his poor harmless sister, old Lady Ilchester—was "*apparemment La Conygham, amie de George IV.*"

Lady Chesterfield found herself seated between

Lady Harrington and Lady Essex, and not chusing to talk to either, took refuge with an old-looking, ugly woman behind her to whom she expended herself in offering sandwiches and civility. On looking at the ticket on her friend's seat she found it was no other than Lady Portman, who had been one of the most improper people possible.

Since I wrote my letter yesterday we have had a most awful scene here which I trust you have escaped. A most tremendous storm and flood, the hailstones literally as big as marbles, and the poor people at Cawthorne dragged through the windows of their houses for fear of being drowned. In one coal pit, Clarke's at Silkstone, 26 boys and girls were drowned, besides other lives lost elsewhere, and glass broken at Wentworth Castle to the amount of £500.

This unparalleled storm, which occurred, somewhat ominously as many thought, on July 4th, six days after the coronation of the young Queen, caused an extraordinary damage to property and loss of life. It swept the southern part of Yorkshire with terrific force. In the valley to the south-west of Dodworth, the water rose to such a height that it reached the entrance of a coal pit in the hill-side, and as related by Mrs Stanhope, the flood, rushing in, drowned twenty-six persons who were working there, eleven of whom were women and girls. In the neighbouring village of Silkstone it was estimated that damage to the value of £300 was effected; the place was a complete sheet of water from one side to the other, and was impassable for seven hours. Cattle, timber, furniture, farm houses, walls and bridges were swept away, while at Went-

worth Castle all the glass of the hot-houses was destroyed and four thousand yards of walling laid prostrate, besides the destruction to the pineries, frames, flowers and shrubs. In the August following, another terrific storm devasted the whole of England, though less violent in its effects locally than the first; but shortly after this, during an interval when the elements were more peaceful, Lady Elizabeth paid a visit to her husband's brother, Charles, now Rector of Weaverham.

Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope.

September, 1838.

Our visit to Charles is proving very pleasant. The bairnies fetched me this morning from Greenbank, Lady Amelia Kaye's,[1] where they were much admired. . . . The party there was very pleasant, consisting of the Wilbrahams, Lady Brooke and her daughter, the Dow. Lady Egerton, Sir Philip's mother and her daughter, etc. The three Kayes sang magnificently in the evening. The younger, Maria, I think a much finer person than Georgy, very like Lady Lothian; I think Georgy much more taking than at Cannon Hall, as she is quieter and more interesting-looking. I was almost fascinated by her. . . .

She told me a capital story of Mr Irvine, which

[1] Sir John Lister-Kaye, of Denby Grange, Co. York, created a Baronet 1812, married, in 1800, Lady Amelia Grey, 5th daughter of George Harry, 5th Earl of Stamford and Warrington, and had four sons and five daughters, of whom Maria and Georgiana were the youngest and very handsome. The latter married William Ford Hutton, Esq., of Hutton Park, Co. Lancaster.

I can believe. Some girl (I should imagine no better than she should be) defied him to hide in her room, without her discovering him. He asked her if she dared him to do it, and on her saying that she did, he waited till night, and rolled himself up in the bolster. Further the story says not.

Lady Maria Stanley said she knew on authority that all the stories about Dr Hook and the Queen were utterly false; the only thing that passed on the Queen's leaving the Chapel was somebody observed that it was a warm day! to which she answered, "Yes, and I think we had a warm sermon too."

Certainly fashions differ in every house, but one of the oddest I ever saw is that at Tatton of clearing away the breakfast the moment you have swallowed it, and while everybody is sitting at table. My gown was nearly sacrificed, as the footman let fall a knife covered with orange marmalade in my lap.

Tuesday is our Liverpool expedition, and Charles wants me to set off by one of the steam barges down the Weaver at six o'clock in the morning, but that I shall fight off, as the railroad and sight-seeing will be quite enough.

Mr Wilbraham has asked us to go again to Delamere House.

Apparently the railway journey on this occasion afforded a novel experience for Lady Elizabeth which she found more than satisfying, and which was followed by an unexpected sequel—her first initiation into the practice of table-turning.

Charles will have told you the delightful society we went in the railway with. It certainly was a new insight into life, and to be looked upon as a *wholesome dose of democracy.* The carriage was of

the half-open description, with benches, and held 36 individuals, chiefly *Navvies*. There was one *select* party of 12 who all rushed in together with their pickaxes and various implements, and the noise they made was rather marvellous, and plenty of *scuffling*. The only chance was to appear as if one was used to it, though it was certainly not pleasant when we were in the depths of that endless tunnel to hear them skirmishing together and making every sort of uproar. I expected them to come tumbling over the benches upon *us*, and the conversation was not *profitable*, though as long as there was no fighting we had to find it tolerable.

In the evening I witnessed for the first time the *ponderous table* in the Reading-room made to spin round like a tee-to-tum by the curate, Freddy[1] and Mr Heath. I was determined not to believe it till I saw poor Freddy looking so frightened when she had actually to run after it, knowing all the time that it was almost an impossibility even to push it on ordinary occasions, it is so heavy and the castors so stiff. Charles looked almost as disconcerted as she did. The effect of the frightened quartette springing round after the frisky old table with a profound expression of awe upon all their faces was too absurd!

Miss Frederica Goodenough who, on this occasion, followed the mysterious manœuvres of the ponderous table, became the wife of Charles Stanhope in 1840, a year which was signalised by another wedding, that of the young Queen to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. On June 10th following, as the Royal bride was driving with her husband in Hyde Park, a youth of seventeen

[1] Frederica Mary, second daughter of the Rev. Robert Philips Goodenough, Prebendary of Carlisle, by Cecilia Markham, his wife, daughter of the Archbishop of York.

deliberately fired two shots at her and her consort, who happily both escaped injury. On June 18th Mrs Stanhope wrote to her daughter-in-law :—

> What a horrid attack upon the Queen, who behaved with all the coolness and bravery of her family, and immediately drove to the Duchess of Kent to give her the first information, and has continued to show herself since. She has been cheered wherever she has been seen.

A renewal of the violent thunder-storms, from which the country had been suffering, led to yet another romance, at which Lady Elizabeth, in common with many others, was greatly entertained.

June, 1841.

> Have you heard that Lord Ebrington, the Viceroy,[1] is engaged to Lady Somerville? It is a curious story.
>
> Sir William Somerville proposed to this lady when a Miss Geale; but she refused him and afterwards became the wife of his father, Sir Marcus. When she was left a widow, Hugh Fortescue, the son of Lord Ebrington, proposed to her and was rejected. Some time afterwards she was present at a *fête Champêtre* at Bray, when one of the violent thunder-storms we have been having came on. The lady rushed for shelter to a thick oak tree near at hand, and there, also, it happened that Lord Ebrington fled from the storm. For the best part

[1] Hugh, Viscount Ebrington of the Co. of Gloucester, and Baron Fortescue of Castle Hill Co. Devon; born 1783, succeeded his father June 16th, 1841, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from April, 1839 to September, 1841; died 1861. Married, as his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Piers Geale, Esqre., and relict of Sir Marcus Somerville, Bt.

of an hour, during which there descended a steady cataract of rain accompanied by alarming thunder and lightning, the Viceroy strove to lessen the alarm of the lady, and with so much success that at the end of the storm she had consented to become his wife.

This rejection of two sons and acceptance of two fathers on her part has given rise to much amusing comment in society in Dublin.

To one woman, however, who was little disposed to quail before forces human or divine, the disturbed state of the elements, by a strange inconsistency, presented a very actual terror. This was the redoubtable Lady Holland, wife of Edward Vassall, the 3rd Lord Holland, one of the cleverest as she was certainly one of the best known women of her day.

The half-brother of Lady Elizabeth, the eldest son of Coke of Norfolk, now fast approaching manhood, was, about 1838, allowed to travel abroad with Lord Holland and his renowned spouse. The experience was singularly interesting and one to which he used often to revert in later life. In such company he was invited everywhere, and met all the most celebrated men of the day, among others, at Madame de Lieven's Salon in Paris, being introduced to Guizot and Thiers. On another occasion he was taken to see Louis Philippe at Versailles, a visit which was rendered memorable by the following circumstance. Lord and Lady Holland drove thither in their landau-and-four, while young Coke followed in another landau-and-four with the valet and maid; but, arrived at their destination, Lord Holland, who was crippled from gout, was

HUGH, VISCOUNT EBRINGTON, M.P., ETC.
From an engraving by S. W. Reynolds, Senr., after a painting by S. W. Reynolds, Junr.

lifted, as usual, into a wheeling chair. On entering, however, they found that Louis Philippe, probably from the same cause, was likewise seated in a wheeling chair, whereupon Lady Holland, although perfectly well and able-bodied but determined not to be outdone in dignity and importance, at once insisted on having a similar conveyance for herself, in which she was pushed about in the society of her husband and his Royal host.

The existence of Lord Holland was, in fact, a prolonged martyrdom from gout, but he was, none the less, one of the most amiable of men, whose equanimity and cheerfulness were imperturbable. When Lady Holland was tired of his presence or considered that his conversation was interrupting her own, she used to issue the mandate, "Wheel Lord Holland away," and Lord Holland— still struggling vainly to finish his remarks—was promptly wheeled from the room by the footman. But although subjected to such ignominious treatment, he was far from being a cypher in his own house, as many imagined; on one point he exercised an authority which was arbitrary, he was an epicure in drink and diet; while among other peculiarities he introduced the custom of having a censer swung about the room by a page at the conclusion of meals, sometimes nearly suffocating his guests with the fumes. Yet everyone adored Lord Holland, as everyone disliked his wife; indeed, it is doubtful whether she would have retained a friend in the world had it not been for the excellence of her cook, and the fact that, under the auspices of her husband, her dinners were without parallel, so that people submitted to the lash

of her tongue in order to profit by the delicacies of her table.

Despite this inducement, however, the stoutest hearts quailed before her, and it was universally recognised that only one thing could make her speech soften or shake her indomitable will. This was the arrival of a thunder-storm. Then, only, was the personality of the imperious woman transformed; her voice shook, her dignity forsook her, and she fled, in haste, to the cellar, where, in darkness, she would wait the departure of a force which she felt to be superior to her own. Unfortunately she did not like to spend this vigil in solitude, and someone was invariably condemned to share it. Owing to the prevalence of thunder-storms during the tour in France, Tom Coke found himself incessantly obliged to accompany his trembling hostess on these occasions, and once on being asked whether he had minded having to do this, his answer was decisive. "It was not a question whether you *minded*, she was a most masterful woman. She just told you you were to go, *and down you went*."

Meanwhile, in England, the storms which during the early years of the young Queen's reign continued to devastate crops and wreck orchards were not the evil most feared by the agriculturists of the day. Coke of Norfolk and John Stanhope, amicably at issue in their politics, were of one mind in their unqualified disapprobation of a threatened disaster of which they recognised the magnitude, and in which, indeed, was involved the very life-work of the former.

The curious fact had been more than once pointed out to John Stanhope that to his father and his father-in-law were to be attributed the two strongest forces which had saved England from the tyranny of Napoleon. To Walter Stanhope, as we have seen, had been largely due the organisation of an efficient volunteer force which gave pause to the plans of the invader; to Coke of Norfolk was attributed the merit of having, ere the advent of Napoleon, made England self-supporting and independent of the foreign supplies which an enemy could arrest and by so doing dictate terms to a starving nation. Now, at the close of a long career which had been dedicated to the promotion of the agricultural interests of England, Coke saw the outcome of his work threatened and his achievement about to be minimised for posterity. In the rapid headway which was being made by the advocates of Free Trade, in the approaching repeal of the Corn Laws, he foresaw an evil which he held would swiftly strike at the very root of the agricultural prosperity of England. For with a market flooded by foreign produce it could no longer be profitable to the British farmers to sustain the level of production to which under his auspices they had attained, and when once again England was not self-supporting, she would again be at the mercy of a foreign foe.

In a similar manner Francis Blaikie, the old steward of Holkham, was alarmed at the signs of the times. He had by now retired to end his days in Scotland, but he continued to take an active and intelligent interest in those schemes, to the promotion

of which, in conjunction with his former master, the best years of his life had been devoted. Thus a letter addressed by him at this date to John Stanhope, containing his observations upon the early effects of the progress of Free Trade, is deserving of attention.

Francis Blaikie to John Spencer-Stanhope.

ST HELEN'S, MELROSE, N.B.,
December 22nd, 1840.

It is more than full time that the two greater parties in the State should unite to resist the awful encroachments of Democracy. Free Trade in agricultural produce is now operating greatly to the disadvantage of the landed interest. I said from the first the Cattle Tariff would injure the farmers more than even the repeal of the corn laws—that is now proved to be the case. The London market is quite glutted with foreign foods—both live and dead, and the importation rapidly increasing every year. My theory has always been, if we are not recuperated by feeding cattle, we cannot grow corn.

The value of landed property in this country is much depressed at present; a great many Scotch estates are now in the market and offered on sale at prices greatly below the estimated value of two years ago. These sales are principally owing to much Railway speculation. Yet the *rents* of land are still advancing; notwithstanding the very unfavourable prospects of farmers. This is owing to the great competition from foreigners, not only by regular-bred farmers, but by others who have made money in trade, and are anxious to become farmers.

The fine farm of Redden near Kelso, upon the

Roxburgh estate, was let last week to a *Railway Contractor*, on lease of 19 years at the rent of £2,400 a year, that is a little lower than the present rent, but another large farm on that estate was let at the same time at 40% advance upon the present rent. The average advance of rents upon Farms let in this district in the present year is about 15%, but judging from present prospects these rents cannot be maintained. Indeed, there is no calculating upon the depression in agricultural produce under the Free Trade system if that depression continues—as I fear it must do—as markedly as it has begun.

CHAPTER XI

LETTERS CONCERNING AN EARLY VICTORIAN FAMILY

1842-1847

THE winter of 1841-2 was spent by Lady Elizabeth with her family at Holkham, a fact on which she was destined to look back with peculiar satisfaction since it proved to be the last of her father's long life.

Toddy now, like her young uncle, Tom Coke, had left the nursery and the school-room far behind and was about to be introduced to the world.

She had grown up striking in appearance, with a mass of dark hair and beautiful violet eyes of a peculiar intensity of colour, and thenceforward the nickname of her childhood was often exchanged by her mother for a more dignified sobriquet—that of "Little Madam," the Princess Royal of her family.

Early in the spring of 1842 Lady Elizabeth moved to London where she was busy furnishing a house in Harley Street with a view to bringing her daughter out.

Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope.

I am going on most successfully, and you may depend upon me not spending a shilling in vain, for, believe me, I am much gratified about this perfect house, to which I really feel as much

attached as if I had lived in it for years. I suspect, between ourselves, that poor Lady Andover is really *jealous* of it, for in spite of herself she cannot name it without colouring.

I must now tell you of our gaieties. Anna Maria is at the height of felicity. Yesterday we dined at the Rosebery's where the party was a capital one, and she most thoroughly enjoyed herself. To-day we go to the French Play to see Perlet (how I wish you were with us) in *L'Avare*, with the Rosebery party, in the Queen's box, the only way in which we could have gone, no stalls being to be had. To-morrow is a small party at Lady Wharncliff's. Todd will *faire fortune* (*sic*), I can tell you, for such perfect manners I never yet saw in a débutante.

When we arrived at the Roseberys yesterday they told us that "my Lord and Lady were summoned only that morning to dine at the Palace" and were dressing for dinner. When they appeared, Lady Rosebery implored me to do the honours, as otherwise the dinner must have been put off, which accordingly I did, assisted by Lord Acheson. The party consisted of Col. and Mrs Cornwall—she is Lord R. Kerr's daughter—he was about the Court; a very little agreeable girl, Miss Drummond, I suppose some of the Bankers, who have a fine house in Stratton St. (her sister came in the evening); young Liddell, who is charming, so fresh and natural, and as fond of dancing as young Astley —Anna Maria got on capitally with him; Mr Dalrymple, heir to the present and the future Lord Stair; Archy,[1] who devoted himself to me as usual,

[1] Sir Archibald Keppel Macdonald, of East Sheen, Co. Surrey. Born 1820; High Sheriff of Hants in 1865; succeeded as 3rd Bt. on the demise of his father in 1832; married in 1849, Margaret Sophia Coke,

and for whom I have got an invitation to Lady Wharncliffe's where I am to introduce him. Lord Dunmore was to have come, but was prevented by the dinner at the Palace.

Nothing could enjoy ourselves (sic) or be more *dégagé* than we all were, the whole set under mine and Lord Acheson's chaperonage; not a man stirred before a quarter after eleven when the R's returned; but there is a capital joke against me which I expect to hear all over London. Being put in charge of the five young ladies, when the carriage was announced, which came, as I had ordered it, at *ten*, I forgot them all, excepting my own, and was setting off in an absent fit when Lou[1] rushed up to me saying, "*You are not going, Aunt? You can't go out of the house leaving us with all these men!*" Of course the joke became known and will never be forgotten.

Lady Macdonald came in the evening; so delighted to see me, and so enchanted with Toddy.

Entertainments followed in swift succession. Lady Elizabeth gave a very successful ball, where for the first time in London the polka was danced in public, and people stood upon the chairs and rout-seats to watch it. Her father, now eighty-eight years of age, came up to witness the *début* of his favourite granddaughter, and Lady Leicester afterwards accompanied the latter and her mother to Court when "Little Madam" was presented. But after these visitors had

daughter of Thomas William, 1st Earl of Leicester of the second creation, by his second wife, Anne, daughter of William Charles, 4th Earl of Albemarle.

[1] Lady Louisa Primrose, second daughter of Archibald John, 4th Earl of Rosebery, by his second wife, *née* Anne Anson, who was niece to Lady Elizabeth Stanhope. Lady Louisa died unmarried in 1872.

returned to the country, and just when the season was at its height, news came to Lady Elizabeth of the serious illness of her father in Derbyshire. By June 30th all was over; "Majesty" lay dead at Longford; and John Stanhope hastened to Holkham to attend the interment which subsequently took place in the family vault at Tittleshall.

Of that wonderful funeral procession which extended, apparently without limit, through the sunny Norfolk lanes, he used afterwards to give a graphic description; indeed, at Tittleshall and its neighbourhood so great was the number of people which assembled that provisions ran short and starvation threatened. Yet, while the whole county mourned, John Stanhope used to relate that the mutes upon the hearse were dead drunk, while the poor old Sexton, Raby, is said innocently to have contributed a note of bathos to the mournful proceedings. At that part of the burial service when the coffin is lowered into the grave previous to its being besprinkled with earth, the usual procedure was perforce to be reversed by its being raised upon one of the shelves in the vault, locally known as "ovens." Raby, having learnt to his dismay that it was actually to be lifted so high as the third shelf, hastened to the Rector, Mr Digby, in great perplexity, and put the case before him thus forcibly: "What muddle me is how I shall hull (throw) the dirt on to him after we ha' manufactured him up into the oven!" The problem was subsequently solved by placing the coffin on the ground, and the "manufacturing up" was performed afterwards, in private.

Mr Ellice, more usually known as "Bear Ellice," and Lord Spencer, formerly Jack Althorp, had been left joint guardians of the dead man's family, but the following April, when only twenty years of age, young Lord Leicester married his former nursery playmate Juliana Whitbread. Meanwhile the deep mourning into which Lady Elizabeth and her family were plunged necessarily precluded them from all gaieties; and she employed the interval in a more improving manner.

1843.

This morning we are going to see the old pictures, which will be quite a relief after the glare of the others. *Turner's are really too disgraceful, and quite an insult to the public. He must be mad.*

None the less, she was destined not to escape all frivolity, for at the close of the season, and when Mr Stanhope had already preceded her to Yorkshire, she was suddenly dismayed by an unexpected event.

Saturday.

Get out your Court-dress directly, and put yourself in the train, and come up to obey the Queen's command for her ball on Monday next.

Seriously speaking, fancy my surprise, not to say my annoyance (excepting on Todd's account, who is in ecstasies), on coming home last night from Langham Place and finding a card as big as a pamphlet with the Queen's command to "Mr John and Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope and Miss Stanhope" to attend the ball *on Monday*. And here we are with only *two days to prepare*, everything of

mine, excepting my deep mourning, sent off, and Todd without a dress that she could possibly wear! However, that point is easily settled as of course you will give her her dress as you would have given her her Court dress, and I am setting off this morning to Laure's[1] to order it. Provoking enough after I had boasted only at dinner yesterday that I had not left a bill unpaid.

Later.

I am just returned from Laure's, dead tired, having been walking all the morning. I have ordered a beautiful pink crêpe of a new fashion for Anna Maria, embroidered with silver bullrushes; and have been obliged to order a magnificent brocaded black satin for myself, and a black velvet head-dress with white feathers to wear with my diamonds.

It is so strange our being asked when we had not been to Court this year! I had congratulated myself on being quite safe. However, Mitchell has found the solution—"No doubt, my lady, as you did not go to the Drawing-room, the Queen got in a fright that you was affronted with her, and sent off this card in a quandary!"

July 25th, 1843.

Our ball is over and I am much too done up with fatigue, mental and bodily, to write a long letter, even to you. Laure kept us waiting a whole hour for our dresses, so that Lord Suffolk and his daughters, after waiting for us half an hour, were gone when we called. However, we had, in fact, a good riddance, as the poor old soul was very lame with a stick, and very cross, insisting that it was

[1] Madame Carson (Laure), a celebrated modiste.

not the least necessary to go up and make our curtsies to the Queen, which, however, I equally *persisted* in doing, and a most formidable business it was, worse than Court, as we had to make five or six curtsies all in a row to each of the Royalties, with a dead pause between each. However, the Queen smiled very graciously, and I assure you Todd's curtsey was perfect.

I wrote your excuse to the Lord Chamberlain, saying that you were not returned from Yorkshire where you had been summoned on the Grand Jury.

The ball was magnificent, and rather a *choisi* one, not at all crowded, and quite like fairyland, and Todd very happy and contented, though she did not dance, which I did not much regret, as the Queen's quadrille was quite an ordeal, and, after that, reels and Scotch quadrilles which would not have done for her. There were very few young men.

Lord Sherborne (who as Lady Sherborne said looked like a quack doctor in a suit of the deepest black), when he saw our dress, said, "Well you *have* done it well, now! You *have* done it!" And "well" it ought to be, for Laure's bill for Anna Maria's dress is just come—£17! She would not have made any dress for that occasion under £12, but I think this is exorbitant, and I shall tell her so. My own bill is £15, 17s., and included neither lace or blonde. In such a hurry they will not let one bargain. . . .

Mamma asked us to dinner to-day, and Todd will go, but I shall have two mutton chops at home, as I shall be fit for nothing but my bed. It is *too* fashionable our separation, dearest.

I must end now, for I am quite finished. Nothing but pay, pay, pay. . . .

P.S.—I saw Mr Ellice last night in his Grand Marshal costume; in such a state about the young Leicesters who were expected to be *presented* last night (which certainly would have been unusual, and if they *were* asked, they have been very rude!) The Governor went about vowing that Leicester was grievously hurt by a cricket ball! As Archy and I suspect, one lie more or less did not signify. As they are to come to town on Wednesday, he will have nothing left for it but to declare that he is come up for surgical advice.

I am going to write down our names at the Palace, that we may do what is proper.

Last night in the ball-room a message was brought me that Lord Rosebery wished to speak to me particularly. This was to ask whether I knew the real character of Lord Dalmeny's "present flirtation."—"Who?" I said—"Miss Farquhar?" "No—No—your *own* name—Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope." I answered, I *did* know, I *liked* much, and knew nothing but good. "Has she a good temper?" I answered that I had never heard otherwise. "Well," he said complacently, "be sure not to mention it!" So I suppose there is something in it!"

This supposition was verified the following September when Lord Dalmeny[1] married Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, one of the most fascinating, as she was one of the most beautiful women of her day; indeed, there were few who did not endorse the verses which Lady Emmeline Stuart-Wortley

[1] Archibald, Viscount Dalmeny, M.P., son of the 4th Earl of Rosebery, born 1809, married 20th September, 1843, Catherine Lucy Wilhelmina, daughter of the 4th Earl Stanhope. She married, secondly, in 1854, Harry George, 4th Duke of Cleveland.

had written upon her portrait and which doubtless depicted her as she appeared to Lady Elizabeth that night at the Queen's ball.

"Oft have I seen thee in the halls of light
Dance down the starry hours of purple night,
With wreaths about thy fair young forehead bound—
More proudly far by its own beauty crowned.

Those gentle sisters of thy youth among,
Amid the living stars of that glad throng
Match me those opening morning charms of thine—
Soft-dreaming—pure; oh! bright-haired Wilhelmine."

Before Lady Wilhelmina's wedding took place, however, London entertainments were at an end, and Lady Elizabeth was paying a series of country-house visits in which Mr Stanhope again did not accompany her, since the late hours and hot rooms invariably affected his health. On August 1st, Lady Elizabeth went to stay with Sir William Cooke[1] at Wheatley, where, amongst other guests, was staying Richard Monckton Milnes, the eldest son of Robert Pemberton Milnes. During the latter part of 1842 and spring of 1843 he had been visiting the Levant and Egypt, and had spent two months in travelling up the Nile, the fruit of which expedition he afterwards embodied in his book, *Palm Leaves*.

The party here consists of Mr Ramsden (George), the one whose mother is dead, the "Cool of the Evening," who is capital, and *Miss* Lumley, as he is called, for I mean her brother, who is far

[1] Sir William Bryan Cooke, 8th Bt. of Wheatley, Co. York. An officer in the Foot Guards. Born 1782; died 1851. Married Isabella Letitia Viviana, youngest daughter of Sir William Middleton, 5th Bt., by whom he had issue two sons and two daughters.

J. Ross pinxt *Engraved by W. H. Mote*

THE LADY WILHELMINA STANHOPE
MARRIED, IN 1843, ARCHIBALD, LORD DALMENY:
AND, IN 1854, HARRY GEORGE, 4TH DUKE OF CLEVELAND

more feminine than she is, and as conceited as he is high. However, Todd, who never chuses to see that people are fine, is amused to the greatest degree, and he appears to admire little Madam as much as he can admire anything but himself. You have no idea how charming she looks, so very ladylike, really quite striking, with her beautiful-shaped head and her brilliant eyes.

The Cool of the Evening was very amusing about Thebes and his late Oriental tour, and sang beautifully various songs in the evening.

Witty, agreeable, and universally popular, Monckton Milnes was invariably known as "London Assurance" or "the Cool of the Evening," a nickname for which different reasons are assigned. Some say that it originated in his habit of coolly dropping in to parties where he had not been invited, but with his usual *bonhomie* believed himself certain of a welcome; while a more flattering interpretation traces its origin to the immortal jester, Sydney Smith. One very hot evening at Holland House, Lady Holland and a large party of friends were suffering from the stifling atmosphere which produced a general lassitude and dullness, very unusual in that brilliant circle. Conversation had flagged and the guests generally were looking bored, when suddenly Milnes was seen to enter. "*Ah, here comes the Cool of the Evening!*" exclaimed Sydney Smith, and the appropriateness of the remark was instantly recognised by all present, for under the witty, genial influence of the new guest, heat and languor were alike forgotten and new life seemed infused into the party.

From Wheatley, Lady Elizabeth went to stay with her friend Mrs Scott Murray at Danesfield,[1] and since, with a young and pretty daughter, it was inevitable that she should form wishes for her child's future, she could not help viewing the son of her hostess in the light of a possible son-in-law. At no time guilty of an attempt at match-making, Lady Elizabeth was yet greatly attracted by Charles Scott Murray, and naïvely expressed her hope that an attachment might spring up between the two young people.

DANESFIELD, 1843.

We had a most prosperous *trajet* here with Philip. The Bishop of Rochester,[2] Lady Sarah Murray and their two daughters going by the same train.

Our party consists of them, Miss Knox and her brother, a gentlemanlike, sensible young man, great friends with Todd; her partner Mr Melville Portal[3] who thought her so agreeable at the Scott

[1] Charles Scott Murray, Esq., of Danesfield and Hambleden, Co. Bucks, married, 17th May 1815, Augusta Eliza, daughter of John Nixon, Esq., and widow of John Buller, Esq., M.P., of East Looe. Dying 24th April 1837, he left a daughter, Eliza Augusta Anna, and a son and successor, Charles Robert Scott Murray, afterwards J.P. and M.P., born December 1818.

[2] George Murray (1784-1860) Bishop of Sodor and Man (1814), was elected Bishop of Rochester, 24th November 1827. On March 19th, 1828, he was nominated Dean of Worcester. He died in London, 16th February 1860. He was second son of Lord George Murray, Bishop of St David's (1761-1803). He had married, 9th May 1811, L. T. Sarah Hay Drummond, second daughter of Robert, 9th Earl of Kinnoul.

[3] Melville Portal, Esqre., of Laverstoke, Co. Hants, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for North Hants. Born 1819. Son of John Portal, Esqre., of Freefolk Priors and Laverstoke, by his second wife Elizabeth, only daughter of Henry Drummond, Esqre. of the Grange, Co. Hants., and granddaughter of Henry, Viscount Melville.

Murray dinners in London; Sir H. Harrington, a nephew of Lady Bury's, a young Mr Dawson Damer, besides two other young men who dined here yesterday, Lord John Manners,[1] Mr Gordon and two or three more are coming; so the haunch was most acceptable.

The place is certainly very pretty, but too villaish in my opinion for a real country place, and apparently very small, but everything made of it that is possible, and a perfect luxury of flowers and neatness, with Swiss seats, etc., in all directions, and pretty peeps of the Thames and the picturesque surrounding country, but not to be named with Cannon Hall, even without the deer. As the woods are all beech and so little in extent, I do not see where the money comes from, but Philip says he has another place the other side of the river. The house very much what I expected, with quantities of gilding, damask, magnificent tables, etc., in not over-large rooms, the library very nice and comfortable with quantities of his own books very handsomely bound with the double crest.

I never saw a better manner as master of the house, and I was particularly pleased with his manner in what he called "housing" me yesterday, without the slightest ostentation.

However, when I hear that dear, merry laugh of our little pet (at this moment so thoroughly happy), I feel it almost sinful to form wishes or hopes of any kind. I leave her entirely to herself, knowing how thoroughly I can trust her. We are decided favourites of his, and he has no other

[1] John James Robert Manners, born 1818, son of the 5th Duke of Rutland by his wife Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of 5th Earl of Carlisle. Succeeded his brother as 7th Duke of Rutland in 1888; died 1906.

object—I do not believe he has a thought of marrying at present. I fairly own to me he is peculiarly gentlemanlike. I *could* be so fond of him, but there is no use in wishing, at least at present.

But in the midst of her contentment Lady Elizabeth was confronted by a sudden danger which threatened. At that date waltzing was still in serious disfavour with the majority. Since the day, in 1807, when Mrs Stanhope and her daughters had, with extreme amusement, first watched this curious new German dance at Ramsgate, the waltz had gradually acquired a dangerous notoriety. In 1812, it attracted universal attention and roused a storm of opposition. General Thornton of the 1st Regiment of Guards, who was one of its earliest advocates, having ventured to praise it at a fête given that year by Albinia, Countess of Buckinghamshire, was violently attacked by Mr Theodore Hook, who declared that the obnoxious dance was "calculated to lead to the most licentious consequences." The result was a duel between General Thornton and Mr Hook, on account of which the former was forced to resign his commission. Subsequently in the *Sporting Magazine* a correspondent who signed himself *Hop*, denounced in unmeasured terms the dance which "to the disgrace of sense and taste, has obtruded itself into the whole circle of the fashionable world." It was, he pointed out, "a will-corrupting" dance, it was "a compound of immodest gesture and infectious poison . . . and while no Englishman would refuse currency to German music, this disgusting interloper must be

dismissed and exported again to the soil whence it came duty free." Even though the Czar Alexander made it fashionable amongst a certain set at Almack's, so great was the horror with which its growing popularity was regarded, that the practicability was even discussed of getting up a petition to Parliament to prohibit an innovation which might be viewed as a national danger, since it was considered to threaten most seriously the whole moral tone of the social world.

By 1843, however, the first alarm at the new dance was long past, and at most balls hostesses ventured to introduce an occasional waltz among the quadrilles and *galopades* which formed the entertainment of the evening. None the less, only certain people ventured to take part in so doubtful a performance, and those were not amongst the best bred or best conducted members of society.

DANESFIELD, *Tuesday.*

Todd had dancing last night to her heart's content, and you would have laughed at seeing me start up on seeing Mr S. M. standing with his arm round her waist, as I thought *setting off to waltz*! from which, to my relief, I had heard her *very prettily* excusing herself. On my assuring him she *could* not waltz, he said, "Oh, only just a *Galopade*, and in the country it is so different!" I assured him she could neither waltz nor *Galopade*, and with the best possible taste he changed it immediately to a reel, which, however, not succeeding, as the men could not dance them, they ended with a right merry Sir Roger de Coverley, in which Todd's manner was perfect, as it always is.

DANESFIELD, *Wednesday*.

I could not help being a little amused last night by the inconsistency of human nature, even in the best. I was sitting with the Bishop in the inner drawing-room and therefore could neither see nor hear what was going on among the young people, indeed, I took my book that I might appear not to do so, as it has been my plan to leave dear Todd entirely to herself, and fully has she justified me in doing so, for in the middle of all her innocent, heart-felt glee, her manners have been *perfect*. At her age it is really quite extraordinary. However, there seemed to be a great demur about the dancing last night, and I could not help being gratified by Mrs S. M. coming to me and saying, "Lady Elizabeth, I am come to ask you if you won't allow Miss Stanhope to waltz with Charles. Here, a quiet party in the country, it is so different." I simply answered that she had never learnt and really did not know how.

However, in spite of this, Mr S. M. came up himself to beg to know "if he might not be allowed to teach her." This I parried by telling him laughingly that I thought she had been taught quite enough during her visit here, for that I never expected to have her in proper order again. However, he declared he had been refused, and should turn sulky, and not dance till someone asked him; when (I rather suspect at Todd's suggestion) the ladies made up a quadrille by themselves and the gentlemen danced one afterwards, and so admirably and with so much real humour did our host perform the part of *figurante*, dancing beautifully, that I went to fetch little Madam to look at him. With that long aristocratic face, he is full of fun and so

very pleasing and gentlemanlike, that I really try to see as little of him as possible, for it is too tantalising. I was, however, not a little amused (after hearing the Bishop tell Mrs Fitzroy that *he would not have a daughter of his waltz for the world*) at seeing them *both* set off twirling with the greatest satisfaction with Mr S. M., Lady Sarah looking on all the while and praising Todd for not doing so, telling her how right she was.

And *right* I am sure we have been in your only effectual manner of prevention, not allowing our girls to learn, as that answer at once precludes all difficulty.

Mr Knox danced nearly all the evening with Todd. His sister is a remarkably nice girl, indeed, I never saw any party in a country house, with such constant fun and merriment, so totally free from anything objectionable. Just before 12 o'clock, I saw Mr S. M. getting a table and taking it into the drawing-room, when he came up to me and said, "This table is for Miss Stanhope and her *grubbage*, she is really grown so troublesome." I laughed and asked "Who had made her so?" All this is completely *sans conséquence*, but it will please you, as showing that the little pet is made much of, and our visit not thrown away. He told her last night that she was to finish her education here.

DANESFIELD, *Undated.*

Thank God all the party are well. I am sure *my* little pet is so, and the happiest of the happy, such a general favourite. This visit will spoil her for everything else, with its constant succession of young men and every sort of amusement. She enjoys everything to her heart's content and has not a thought for anything beyond. Unless he

should ever fall in love, which I think very problematical, I have little doubt that if he ever should marry, it will be for some great political connection. They are all such really kind, excellent, and perfectly unartificial people, that independently of every worldly consideration, I feel myself excused for my *S. M. fever*, while I thought there was a shadow of a chance. Now there is no question of an attachment on either side, I am perfectly quiescent.

Our additions yesterday were Mr Antrobus, rather a fine gentleman, Lord John Manners, very pleasant and gentlemanlike, Mr. S M.'s particular friend; Mr Gordon, a brother, I believe, of Lord Aberdeen, and some Sullivans, also Mrs Marley, Lady Charleville's daughter.[1]

We are going off to-day to lunch under some beeches.

It is curious that Mr Scott Murray always ends with dancing with Anna Maria, Sir Roger de Coverley. They are excellent friends.

DANESFIELD, *Friday.*

I will begin my letter to you as usual before breakfast, as the day is fine and I believe we are to have another picnic to Dropmore, which I am anxious to see.

Our expedition yesterday was very gay and enjoyable. We went to Park Place, which belonged formerly to Lord Malmesbury and is most beautiful, and had a capital collation in the Swiss Cottage; some of the party went in boats, and afterwards we all ended at Hambleden, where Mrs Scott Murray

[1] Charles William Bury, Esq., of Charleville Forest, in the King's Co. (1764-1835), was created Viscount Charleville in 1800, and Earl of Charleville in 1806. He married, 1798, Catherine Maria, widow of James Tisdall, Esq., whose daughter married, in 1828, Lieut.-Col. Marley.

gave us a handsome supper, and as Mr Osborne, the pianoforte player was there, we had some beautiful singing and they danced. In short, as usual, it was past one o'clock when we went to bed. This, every night, is too fatiguing.

DANESFIELD, *Saturday.*

Except for being away from you, which I always think so much of my life lost, I did not think I could have enjoyed my visit as much as I have done this. It was quite worth staying for, and you would think so if you could see how very, very happy Todd is, and the general favourite she is with all, and really looking so pretty in her perfect gowns. I leave her entirely to herself, for though nothing can be merrier than all are here, it is perfectly innocent and ladylike fun and I know how entirely she is to be trusted. All the men are remarkably gentlemanlike, and the Miss Murrays (Lady Sarah's daughters) and Miss Knox the best acquaintance she could have, they are the only girls, excepting Miss Sullivan, with her very high-bred, agreeable father. I like that dear little amiable, unselfish Miss Scott Murray more and more, and that lovely Miss Nixon, though the life of everything, is quite a woman of the world, and knows exactly how far to go.

Yesterday we went an immense party to a picnic luncheon under a magnificent wilderness of such beeches!

I went with Mrs. Scott Murray, Mrs. Fitzroy, who is here, and Miss Nixon, and did not know what had become of Todd, till Miss Nixon who sat backwards called out—"Oh, here comes the pony-carriage and there is Charles driving Miss Stanhope!" On which Mrs. S. M. assured me that I

need not be afraid as *Charles was very careful.* On looking back I saw little Madam seated by his side looking very pretty, and apparently deep in conversation. I own I felt a twinge of my old *complaint*, "S. M. fever" coming upon me, and on setting out again after luncheon was over, he took her up again and as the drive was eight miles there and back I *did* feel pleased. However, it began to pour, so all the ladies were obliged to get into the close carriages much to the annoyance of our widow, Mrs. Marley, Lady Charleville's daughter, a decided coquette, though not young, who is the laughing stock of the party, and who declared they must have a man in the carriage. "The idea!" said Todd, very indignant, "as if I was going to turn out in the wet that she might have a man in the carriage!"

The library is a delightful room, and when I look round at all his *good* and *standard* works of every kind, beautifully bound with his double crest, I could wish . . . but it is no use. All is in the hands of Providence, and at least our little pet has been happy here. I never saw her look so pretty with her merry laugh ringing thro' the house.

It is without exception the most agreeable house I ever was in, and the only drawback, sitting up every night till one or two o'clock in the morning. I wish you could have seen little Madam last night, at half-past-one, with her eyes as brilliant as diamonds, the gentlemen all round her teaching them grubbage (a game at cards), but so prettily and innocently that I had nothing to say, except that I told Mr. S. M. that I thought her mind past redemption!

After I had carried her off, they dressed up the dogs and Lord John Manners made speeches for them.

I have asked him, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Melville Portal, Mr. Dawson Damer, Mr. Knox, and Mr. Antrobus all to Cannon Hall. But don't be frightened—none of them can come!

I have just been *pumping* Todd about the pony-carriage yesterday, but can get nothing out except —"Oh, I don't know, we were all disposed of somehow!"

The Bishop of Rochester, who is a most delightful person, and generally sits by me, preaches to-morrow.

DANESFIELD, *August*, 1843.

We left Danesfield at half past eleven this morning, amidst kisses and almost tears (not our host, of course) and found ourselves too late for the carriage to be put on the train, and when we arrived at Maidenhead, being Election Monday, we had 200 Eton boys, the longest train that ever was known and such a row Royal, six Eton boys with us in the carriage—but such nice, gentlemanlike fellows. I will leave all further description of Danesfield and its amusements till we meet, I had no idea that I *could* have enjoyed myself so much *without you.* And though with great fun, there was such perfect propriety that, being quite done up last night, I actually went to bed, leaving Little Madam downstairs.

But the "S.M. fever," as Lady Elizabeth termed her predilection for the attractive Mr Scott Murray, was doomed to be extinguished in an unexpected manner by the sudden news, a few months later, of his conversion to Roman Catholicism.

Henceforward, determined to convince herself that that which was unattainable had not been worth

attaining, she philosophically belittled the man who had previously so charmed her.

April, 1844.

We must make up our minds to give up *all* thoughts of the S.M. concern. The other day Little Madam told me she was afraid he was very weak, as most of his friends, even those who liked him best thought so, indeed *she thought so herself* at Danesfield.

Somebody told her that two years ago Mrs Scott Murray was told at some ball of his great friend Mr Douglas being turned Roman Catholic, on which she was so much affected that she burst into tears and went home immediately! What must she feel *now*,—poor woman!

There is an absurd story in the papers about Mr Douglas having left his umbrella at St. Peter's, and that he applied for it to some superior, delightful priest who converted him, and had the same effect on Mr S.M., who never rested till he got acquainted with him on his return from Malta.

In the spring of the same year, Lady Elizabeth writes from Escrick:—

ESCRICK, *February 20th*, 1844.

We have no adventures for your amusement, as nothing could be more straight-forward than our *trajet*, arriving at Ochinshaw half an hour too soon, and having the railroad carriage entirely to ourselves to York, when we found Mr Braithwaite himself in waiting for us, with a very decent scarlet *cotton*-velvet-lined small coach for us, in which we arrived in perfect time at Escrick.

Great lamentations from Lord and Lady Wenlock[1] at your non-arrival, more particularly as Lord W. is very anxious to show you his beautiful pigs of mixed breeds and his acres of rhododendrons. I have no doubt they will want us to stay till Friday as they are *hard set* for someone to meet the Roseberys. Not a creature here yesterday but old Miss Lawley, Lord Wenlock's unmarried sister, young Bland, who was bored to extinction with the singing, and a young Mr Creke, whom we met here before, I suppose the son of Col. and Mrs Creke, who has a magnificent voice and keeps the foxhounds. Lady Wenlock had asked 17 young men, but this is the result!

Lady Wenlock was in ecstasies with Tod, and Lord W. declared himself *dazzled* with her magnificent eyes. She *does* look very pretty by the side of other girls.

HARLEY STREET, 15*th April*, 1844.

To-morrow we dine at Elysium,[2] as I had a most affectionate note from Lady Leicester asking us all there to a small dinner to meet the Edward Keppels and "perhaps a man or two," so I suppose the Bear is beginning his paternal operations. He nearly *hugged* us the other day. She is looking very drawn with a dreadful cough.[3] Lord Bury was in the room and nearly set me off with *such* a look as

[1] Paul Beilby Lawley Thompson (1784-1852) raised to the peerage as Baron Wenlock, 1839, married, 1817, Caroline, youngest daughter of Richard, Lord Braybrooke.

[2] On October 25th, 1843, Lady Leicester had married her son's guardian, the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, M.P. (Bear Ellice). He had a charming house in Arlington St., overlooking the Green Park, which Lady Elizabeth and her daughters called Elysium, and where he gave frequent dinner-parties.

[3] She died on July 22nd following.

much as to say "Here we are at another scene of the drama!" She took us upstairs directly to see all the trousseau.

I will consider about the supper and remember about the champagne. That impertinent Todd says—"Papa need not look reduction boldly in the face, for he has been staring at it for years past."

Another ball was in process of contemplation at this date, for Lady Elizabeth's second daughter, Eliza, was coming out, and it is not without interest to compare the cost of such an entertainment, at which a stand-up supper was given, with the prices prevalent to-day.

I have just seen Gunter's man who says that the season having begun so soon after Easter, chickens, etc., would be expected, He calculates 36 fowls, besides hams and pies, the whole extra expense for doing the thing *very* handsomely would be £25, which would bring the ball to £80. The last was £56.

But although the expense of entertaining at that date was apparently a fraction of what it is at present, the duties of chaperonage were singularly arduous. With two daughters out, Lady Elizabeth complains bitterly that she is worked to death merely accompanying them in their daily walks, for, as she observes, it would not have been considered correct that they should walk "the length of the street" without her. It may be mentioned that Eliza Stanhope did not care much for society, and that when the third daughter, Alice, came out, she and her eldest sister usually went about together, their good looks being rendered the

more striking by their remarkable contrast in appearance. For Alice was as fair as Anna Maria was dark, and although perhaps devoid of the animation which distinguished her sister, was, none the less, unusually handsome, with an exquisite complexion, golden-brown hair and large, placid blue eyes.

In October 1844, the family party visited Fryston, which had outwardly undergone little transformation since another generation of Stanhopes had formed one of the noisy, merry group beneath its hospitable roof in 1807.

Mr Pemberton Milnes, at the age of sixty, still retained the good looks of his earlier years, but Mrs Milnes, the pretty Miss Monckton of former days, about whom the beaux of her youth had made verses and invented charades, was now much changed by failing health.[1] She was well known to the younger generation of Stanhopes, for whenever she had stayed at Cannon Hall, she had visited the schoolroom party and good-naturedly regaled them with songs before she went to dinner. The recollection still dwelt with them of her merry voice singing, "A frog he would a-wooing go!" and a vision—which they may now have found it difficult to re-conjure—of her as they had seen her in her younger days, clad in the extreme of a bizarre *mode*. A very short and very narrow gown had usually then formed her attire, fashioned of flaming red or orange brocade. It was made like a sack, perfectly straight and terminating in a thick ruche at the bottom, whence had protruded her slim

[1] She died in 1847.

ankles and bright coloured shoes; while upon her head reposed an immense turban surmounted by a striking edifice of snow-white plumes.

Her son, Richard Monckton, the "Cool of the Evening," now assisted her to do the honours at Fryston, with a charm and an efficiency which collected about him all the remarkable men of his day. During the Victorian Era his home was the haunt of Carlyle, Thackeray, Swinburne, Rossetti, Herbert Spencer, Robert Browning, Wordsworth, Landor, Sydney Smith, Vassall Holland, Melbourne, Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone and many others whose names live in the page of history.

The brilliant conversation of the younger Milnes, his wit and the charm of his curious personality, sufficed to attract all the genius of his generation. Carlyle has, indeed, left on record his first impression, in 1840, of this host whose society he afterwards keenly appreciated. "Conceive the man. A most bland-smiling, semi-quizzical, affectionate, high-bred, Italianised little man, who has long olive-blond hair, a dimple, next to no chin and flings his arm round your neck when he addresses you."—"Never lose your good temper," Sydney Smith wrote to Milnes, "it is one of your best qualities and has hitherto carried you safely through your startling eccentricities. If you turn cross and touchy, you are undone." But the advice was unnecessary, for the amiability of Milnes was never-failing, from the moment when, astir before any of his guests in his desire to promote their comfort, he descended, while they slept, to inspect each detail of the household management, till the hour when, still

unwearied with his duties as host, he parted with them in the early hours of the following morning.

Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope.

FRYSTON, 1844.

We had a most prosperous *trajet* with hardly any wait at Wakefield.

The party here last night were Mr and Miss Banes, she is rather handsome and clever with plenty of commonsense, not very young. Miss Milnes, Mr Milnes' sister, who partly looks after the house and is certainly agreeable. Mr and Mrs Duncombe—she has beauty enough to justify the mistake he has made; though rather under-jawed, her hair and complexion are the most beautiful I ever saw. I suppose she is fond of him as she told Miss Milnes she believed she was the happiest woman in existence. There was an uncle of Mr Duncombe's, Lord Feversham's brother, here last night, the Gaskells, Lady Galway,[1] and last, but not least, D'Israeli and Mrs D'Izzy. I sat by him at dinner (at least between him and Mrs Milnes) and was really *charmed*, not with any brilliancy of conversation but with his singularity and good-nature which he exerted in dressing truffles for me. His manner is half foreign. I had not been introduced to him when, in the middle of dinner, a very soft voice said—"Does Lady Elizabeth drink Champagne?" He asked if you were not Minister at some foreign Court, and won my heart by the real regret he expressed at not meeting you here.

On the whole, however, he is rather silent and

[1] Henrietta Eliza, married, 1838, to her cousin, George Edwards, 6th Viscount Galway.

subdued, and has spent all the morning in correcting his dying speech, which was so badly reported.

Mrs D'Izzy was in a lace dress, looped up on each side, over pink satin, and a wreath on her head, though I should think near fifty. However, she is very amusing and off-hand, saying everything that comes uppermost and unfeignedly devoted to her D'Izzy. She does not give herself airs and seems very good-natured. This morning she has been giving us an account of the scenes between Sir Lytton Bulwer and Lady Bulwer, and her own ineffectual attempts to reconcile them; and then to my great amusement went off in the most violent eulogium on Mrs Duncombe's sweetness of temper, and the admirable manner in which she had been brought up!

The fare here is sumptuous; turtle soup, salmon, four woodcocks in a dish, and a dish of fine truffles, which must have cost a guinea. The rooms would have been too hot for you and the hours too late.

Disraeli had at this date been seven years in Parliament, although only since 1842 had he become the recognised head of the "Young England" party. The story is well known how, when his maiden speech on Irish Election petitions provoked shouts of laughter, he exclaimed angrily—"I have begun several things many times, and have often succeeded at last; ay, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you *will* hear me!" To this Milnes had rejoined, characteristically and soothingly,—"Yes, old fellow, so it will." It was probably during his visit to Fryston in 1844 that Disraeli took notes for his portrait of Milnes as Vavasour in *Tancred*, published in 1847, and Lady

Elizabeth mentions how hearty was his amusement when watching some amateur theatricals in which Milnes distinguished himself as Mrs. Gamp.

FRYSTON, 1844.

I am most thankful that you are better, but I do not think that you could have stood this house. Last night, from excessive fatigue, what with the heating and late hours, poor Mr Duncombe actually could not be roused by the butler from a deep sleep into which he had fallen on the sofa, at nearly 2 o'clock in the morning, during which I believe Lord Galway blacked his face.

Mrs D'Izzy I like quite as much as her husband, and think her *equally* clever *in her way*; she was obliged and very civil about coming to Cannon Hall, but as they have not time to go to Burleigh, of course they cannot come to us. She would idolise you for your admiration of her D'Izzy, as she calls him, for only my simple and *sincere* tribute this morning brought tears to her eyes. We have spent the whole morning nearly *tête à tête* and most amusing she has been, but I must keep all the good stories to make myself agreeable on my return. I will say everything from you to D'Izzy himself.

They had *mackerel* and boiled turbot here yesterday, and a dish with ten snipes. On my saying something about the cuisine to Mr Milnes, he said it *ought* to be good, as he had Lord Galway's cook—a first-rate man-cook from London—and his own woman-cook, all I suppose for D'Izzy, as it is certainly far better than last year when Mr M. Milnes superintended. I made D'Izzy, who always sits by me at dinner, laugh

heartily at our Boulogne stories of Brougham, with which I regaled him in return for some he told me at breakfast this morning.

Lady Elizabeth's eulogy of Disraeli is endorsed by her son, Walter, who wrote from Fryston at the same date to his father :—

> We have had some good fun here and there is a large party coming and going—to wit Galways, Moncktons, Duncombes, Bartons, Walkers, F. Fawkes, Gaskells, Rowland Winn, Mr Edwards, etc., etc.
>
> The *great man* seems a very unaffected good sort of fellow, and of more importance in his appearance and features than one would suppose from the caricatures.
>
> Old Milnes is very hospitable.

On August 12th, 1845, the foundation stone of a public monument in memory of the late Lord Leicester was laid at Holkham, and Mr Stanhope went down to attend the ceremony. It was said that thirty-thousand people were present in the park on the occasion and so lavish were the refreshments that champagne flowed like water. Not long afterwards, Lady Elizabeth's daughter, Eliza, wrote :—

> We met Edward Digby[1] this morning, arm in arm with his Pylades, Colonel Porter.[2] Really his

[1] Edward St Vincent, born 1809, succeeded as 9th Baron Digby in 1856; married, in 1837, Lady Theresa Anna Maria Fox Strangways, eldest daughter of Henry Stephen, 3rd Earl of Ilchester.

[2] Henry (afterwards Major-General in 9th Lancers), son of John Porter, D.D., Bishop of Clogher, by his wife Mary Porter Smith, of Norfolk.

whiskers nearly reached across the street. He had just returned from Holkham. He says that Leicester is *on his pony* at half-past five every morning. They breakfast as the clock strikes eight; and after he has written his business letters, he is off again for the day, with a pouch slung round his waist which carries his luncheon.

The following Christmas Lady Elizabeth made up her mind to visit the house where she dreaded to miss her father's presence. When she did so, the warmth and affection with which she was greeted went far to obliterate any painful recollections.

HOLKHAM, 1845.

Though it is past midnight, I must begin my letter to you, not having had an hour to myself in the day, what with my sad interviews with the few old servants who are left, and my having entire charge of the whole party here—no easy task.

However, I have the comfort of giving satisfaction, as old Lady Astley was bitterly lamenting that I had not married her dear Jacob; and Mr Saunderson, who has Lord Suffield's place, gave me a cordial invitation there!

To-day was the Audit, and Leicester gave great satisfaction by desiring the tenants to take their own line, though at the same time owning himself a Free-trader. A politic measure to *give* what they are sure to *take*.

Little Lord Hastings is going to fight Cobden manfully in the County, and means to send you a Norwich paper with his speech, for your comfort.

Meanwhile, fancy the 300 guinea grate in the

gallery without an atom of fire and every door left studiously open to show the suite of rooms (Even you need not be afraid of being too hot)—So much for vanity and vexation of spirit, and comfortless magnificence.

To-morrow the Waterparks[1] and George Ansons[2] arrive, and on Friday the Roseberys. . . . Lady Teresa [Digby] is delightful, she does all she can to make it pleasant, but actually asks my leave to poke the fire, and Leicester always gives *me* the word of command.

It would please you to see your lady in her old place again, and I see it has given the greatest satisfaction to all the old family friends and servants. It seems such a comfort and relief to poor dear Julia, that she declares she will hardly be able to do without me. The Digbys are all in all here, and there could not be a better influence.

Tuesday.

Lady Leicester came out to dinner yesterday, but was so tired that she did not even come into the drawingroom. I shall be very fond of her, nothing can be more amiable, or purer in mind and feeling. Yesterday she begged me to come into her room, and in the prettiest and warmest manner thanked me for my kind letters and my great kindness

[1] Henry Manners, 3rd Baron Waterpark, born 1793; married, 1837, Eliza Jane, niece to Lady Elizabeth Stanhope, afterwards Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria. She was the daughter of Thomas, 1st Viscount Anson, by his wife Anne Margaret, second daughter of the first Earl of Leicester.

[2] George Anson, see *ante*, page 26, nephew to Lady Elizabeth Stanhope, Major-General in the Army; Commander-in-Chief in India. Born 1797, he died in India in 1857. His wife died the following year at Ecton Hall, Northamptonshire, from accidentally drinking a dose of laudanum.

in coming to help her, saying that she should look up to me for everything. So that I am doing all for her that I can.

I cannot express the gratification of finding myself the rallying point for the whole county—all so delighted to see me!

Yesterday arrived the Sondes, Lord Sondes,[1] a strong *Protectionist*, that is the right word, so you would have had some comfort, if you had been here. To-day we have the Tom Brands, she was Lady Catherine Cavendish's daughter, and the Henry Brands, she was a Miss Ellice; also fat Mr Cavendish, the young man.[2] I shall be curious to see if they make him dance, as Leicester talks of having dancing in the Audit Room, but alas! no young men to dance with. However, Mrs Tod is perfectly happy and contented with the Primroses, and poor dear Tissy goes on puking and mooning in her own way, very contentedly.

Lady Sondes told me that she expected Lady Dorothy Walpole[3] would marry young Duncombe.

Wednesday.

Last night the Saloon was made into a ball-room and I believe they all danced till near one o'clock, though, alas! almost all married men, excepting Archy and the fat boy, "Cavendish Square,"[2] who dances most beautifully and towed Eliza down the middle very good-naturedly.

I believe there is to be a dance in the Audit Room to-morrow as Leicester delights in dancing,

[1] George John, 4th Baron Sondes, born 1794; died 1874; married, 1823, Eleanor, 5th daughter of Sir Edward Knatchbull, 8th Bt. of Mersham.

[2] William George Cavendish, afterwards the 2nd Lord Chesham.

[3] Dorothy Fanny, second daughter of the 3rd Earl of Orford.

and divides himself very properly between the ladies. Anna Maria got great credit last night dancing a Perpetual Jig with Cavendish Square.

The following summer was spent in the usual round of society in London, of which, before the close of the season, Lady Elizabeth became heartily weary. Her husband had preceded her to Yorkshire when she wrote :—

July 12*th*, 1846. HARLEY STREET.

We went last night to a party at Lady Carew's where there were many enquiries after you and Toddy. It was so hot that we only stayed half an hour.

Mrs Whitbread[1] told me how much the Leicesters had enjoyed their dinner with us, which certainly did go off very well. Sir T. Neave sat by Lady Leicester and was *transfixed* with her beauty. She is certainly now lovely and so animated and pleasant. . . . And now my dining troubles are at an end, thank Goodness!

Her next letter contains a reminiscence of an evaporated romance :—

I think I shall go crazy with the servants. Imagine the new house-maid having just declared that she will not go down to Cannon Hall as she is a Roman Catholic, objects to the morning prayers, and has found out that there is not a priest or

[1] Harriet, daughter of the Rev. R. Sneyd, of the Isle of Wight (see page 214), married, November 1845, William Henry Whitbread, Esq. of Southill, Co. Bedford, brother to Lady Leicester, J.P. and D.L. Born 1795. High Sheriff in 1837, and subsequently M.P. for Bedford in six Parliaments.

chapel at Cawthorne! I had better send her to Mrs Scott-Murray. By the way, Lady Ranfurly says *that* marriage[1] has been settled by the priests, as she heard on January 7th it was to be, and they did not then know each other.

We had a delightful dinner yesterday [at Lord Ranfurly's]. They are such charming people Lord Northland, as if he had known us all his life, and Lord Ranfurly roaring and chuckling over your journal.[2] We had Lord Pontefract and young Lord Mark Ker.

At this date in the political world a momentous event was taking place. In 1845 Lord John Russell had failed to form a Cabinet, and Sir Robert Peel had resumed office. Shortly afterwards, at a great meeting of the Anti-Corn Law League at Manchester, £60,000 was subscribed in an hour and a half, and early in the year Sir Robert Peel proposed the gradual repeal of the Corn Laws. This was vehemently opposed by all Protectionists and by some Free Traders who shared in the opinion formerly expressed by Coke of Norfolk that in such a measure lay the death-blow to the future prosperity of agriculture in England. None the less, during the very time when a monument was being erected to commemorate the life work of the man who had made agriculture pre-eminent in England, the Bill was carried which was to undermine that work. A complete free-trade in foreign corn was

[1] Charles Scott-Murray, Esq., J.P., married, September 17th, 1846, the Hon. Amelia Charlotte Fraser, daughter of Thomas Alexander, Lord Lovat.

[2] The Journal of Mr Stanhope's expedition to Greece and detention by Napoleon, on which Lord Ranfurly, then Thomas Knox, had intended to accompany him. See Vol. I. page 200, *footnote*.

determined upon, to come into operation three years subsequent to that date; and on June 26th, 1846, this Bill received the Royal assent, Peel ascribing its success to "the unadorned eloquence of Richard Cobden." Three days later Peel resigned, to be succeeded as Premier, on July 13th, by Lord John Russell.

Lord Braybrooke[1] *to John Spencer-Stanhope.*

July 22nd, 1846.

We are all in a strange state here, two thirds of every party so disgusted with Peel's Cobdenite conversion that like myself they seem disinclined from taking any political part whatever.

Meanwhile, Johnny will form an unopposed Government, having his own way in Cabinet and Place filling, and a good chance of loaves and fishes for one year at least, certain.

Long live the Bishops, say I.

O'Connell, when Peel sat down, said, "I suppose I shall have to give the fellow's health in Conciliation Hall."

Two months after this momentous episode in the political world, Anna Maria Stanhope again visited Doncaster Races, which she had not attended since her first appearance in public there, when but three weeks old.

[1] Richard, 3rd Baron of Braybrooke, 1783-1858; married, 1819, Jane, daughter of Charles, 2nd Marquis Cornwallis.

Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope.

September 17th, 1846.

Mr Fullerton[1] has set his heart on getting up a sort of Ball which Lord Fitz[2] also wishes, as the Yeomanry band is to play then. Little Madam is in a peck of troubles and difficulties and indecision about her plans, as she does not at all like to give up the chance of the two balls, the yeomanry ball being fixed for the 28th of this month and the Hunt Ball the 7th. Still she cannot make up her mind to give up her visit to Roddam. . . .

We all liked our day very much yesterday, notwithstanding the great fatigue and intense heat, which would have quite knocked you up. I sat in my favourite place at the end of the stand, and saw plenty of people, and Todd and Eliza enjoyed it immensely. I never saw anything like the excitement of Sir Tatton Sykes[3] while the bets were being shouted, when Scott was actually mounting, as he was quartered between a drunken Clergyman and a Lawyer on each side, for fear of his getting too drunk to ride. They say he will win from £9,000 to £10,000. Sir Tatton Sykes himself led his horse round amid the deafening cheers of an immense crowd.

George Anson must have lost thousands, but as usual bore it very well. He and Mrs Anson came

[1] John Fullerton, Esq., of Thrybergh Park, Co. York; born 1803; married, in 1827, Louisa, 4th daughter of Sir Grey Skipworth, Bt. of Newbold Hall, Co. Warwick. Mr Fullerton succeeded his father in 1847.

[2] Charles William, 5th Earl Fitzwilliam, 1786-1857.

[3] Sir Tatton Sykes, 4th Baronet of Sledmere, Co. York, born 1772; married, 1822, Mary Anne, second daughter of Sir W. Foulis, Bt. of Ingleby Manse; died 1863.

into the Stand to see me, and she made such a point of my going to see her after the races that I set off and was near having a frightful accident as a drunken gig ran right against the horses and carriage, and might have smashed both, but, thank God, neither were at all the worse, and the coachman being sober managed very well. Of course I gave up the visit and went home directly.

Anna Maria Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope.

I was very much amused yesterday with the races. We were very well placed at the window where we could see all that was going on, *in* and *out* of the Stand. All agree that never was known such excitement at the St Leger. I thought the cheering and tossing up of hats never would cease when the winning horse was led in triumph by Sir Tatton Sykes himself, Scott being on his back.

The ball was great fun, the only drawback being the music, which was not superior. There was plenty of room for dancing, and only too many partners, a larger proportion of gentlemen than ladies, At the end they had two waltzes and a polka successively, which was a shame. I consequently lost two quadrilles. I was quite sorry to come away, and was only a little sleepy which a good sleep has set quite right, and I am very bright this morning, in spite of all night and day yesterday.

Mrs Hudson to Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope.

MARINE PARADE, DOVER,
December 21*st*, 1846.

Certainly the love of fashion and connection is the vice of England—the shadow of a shade. Sir

James Graham told me he was staying with Mr Tottie of Leeds, his agent, and he called at the Becketts' Bank, where Bill Beckett[1] with much affectation invited him to his villa to meet Lord and Lady Essex, and Lord and Lady T. (illegible). Sir J. refused, saying such fine people were too grand for a plain man like him; which much delighted old Wilson who was sitting by the fire listening. Lady Essex wrote word to one of her friends —"That she had much pleasure in visiting her old friend Miss Meynell, and that really Bill Beckett was a more humanised Barbarian than she had expected."

Sir James told me another story. Just after Mrs Okeover was introduced to Mr Plummer Ward[2] she asked Lady Graham, at a party at my mother's, *what sort of a man he was?* "Oh, a horrid man!" exclaimed Lady Graham. "Killed his first wife with his vile temper." Within a week Mrs Okeover wrote to announce her intended marriage to him, and two years afterwards Lady Graham was taken by a friend to call at Gilston. Mr P. Ward received her with much ceremony, handed her out of the carriage and through a suite of large rooms, and took her up to Mrs P. Ward whispering—"You see, I have not killed her *yet*!"

[1] William Beckett of Leeds married Miss Meynell Ingram, who owned Temple Newsham, a fine old place in the vicinity of that town. Subsequent to this he became too fine, both in his company and his mode of living, to please his former friends. On one occasion Mr Granville Vernon related: "I went to my old friend Bill Beckett, expecting a good plain dinner, and a few old Yorkshire friends; instead of which I found, to my surprise, a very fine London gentleman as my host, with a number of fine London people as guests, and a dinner of the most *recherché* character, with the finest of wines."—See Memoirs of A. M. W. Pickering, page 172.

[2] See *ante*, page 151.

In September 1847 Lady Elizabeth went to the Norwich festival, staying for a week at Burlingham Hall with Mrs Burroughes. The latter, as Jane Hoste,[1] had been the greatest friend of her girlhood, and this was probably the last visit paid to her by Lady Elizabeth, for Mrs Burroughes died three years later. The occasion was made memorable by the singing of Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, in the Oratorio, who created a *furore* by her exquisite voice, as well as by the singular charm and simplicity of her character.

BURLINGHAM HALL, *Undated.*

We dined yesterday at 4.30 and set off exactly at six for the concert which was such a serious business that two o'clock struck before we got to bed. It was very fine, but much as we enjoyed it, we are most thankful not to be going again to-day, having had enough of music for 24 hours, and I think our young Ladies will have enough to satisfy them for some time to come.

We had very good places as we sat immediately behind the Palace party. I had a special and very civil bow from the Duke of Cambridge, and most cordial enquiries from all my old friends; Edmund Wodehouse, Lady Stafford[2] (who regretted most warmly and no doubt sincerely that she had not a hole to ask me) Lady Buxton[3] looking wretchedly ill and as *précieuse* as ever, wishing we would come

[1] Jane Sarah, daughter of the Rev. Dixon Hoste and niece of Sir William Hoste, Bart., married, 1818, Henry Negus Burroughes, Esq., M.P. for East Norfolk, High Sheriff, 1817.

[2] Formerly Elizabeth Caton, see page 32, who married George William, Baron Stafford, in 1836.

[3] Mary Augusta Harriet, wife of Sir Robert Jacob Buxton, 3rd Bt., of Shadwell Court, Co. Norfolk.

and see her in her "poor house," which Mrs Burroughes says is beautiful, as well as the place. Her dress was very like a wedding dress, quite as magnificent, and as to her *entrée*, sublimity could not go beyond it.

I must say Lady ffolkes was most warm in her endeavours to persuade us that we could take them on our way home, "as we must go by Lynn."

Who should be at the Palace, probably self-invited, but Mr Monckton Milnes, who gave me a patronising grip last night. You would delight in Randall Burroughes[1] who is here, with the very best countenance I ever saw, so open hearted and spirited, and very good-looking.

St Andrew's Hall lighted up was very magnificent, and well worth seeing. We are to go to the Oratorio to-morrow and Friday, which is all I shall do. I am thankful that the ball is out of the question, as the 10 miles drive home at night is such a fatigue. I wish that the Gardeners could see the black Hambro' grapes here, they are quite magnificent.

Thursday Night.

We are off to the Oratorio so early in the morning that I will write you a line to-night.

I must say that our day has been most enjoyable as nothing could be more beautiful than the music and the choruses this morning, and really without any fatigue as the day was cool and the crowd much less than I expected, though St Andrew's Hall filled was a magnificent sight.

Mrs Stanley asked me to luncheon at the Palace and we all went. The Duke [of Cambridge] had

[1] Randall, third son and heir to Mr and Mrs Burroughes, his elder brothers having predeceased him.

made such a point of bowing to me that I begged Mrs. Stanley to take me up to him, and we shook hands, when he immediately asked me *which* Mr. Stanhope you were, and on my beginning to explain, he called out—"Yes, yes, Spencer Stanhope, Spencer Stanhope—his father had *two* sons, Colonels in the Army!" On which I told him your brother Colonel Stanhope had had the honour of being page.

Lady Stafford amused me afterwards by telling me that he had asked all about me and she had told him that though I was Lord Leicester's daughter I had married a strong Tory myself. Certainly I had reason to be satisfied with my reception in my old county, as if I were to accept all the invitations you would not see me this side of Christmas.

The Duke of Cambridge, only son of Adolphus Frederick, seventh son of George III., was, as evinced by his conversation with Lady Elizabeth, apt to be slightly forgetful or absent-minded. For instance, when present at divine service, upon the clergyman saying, "Let us pray," H.R.H. was occasionally heard to respond genially—"*By all means!*" while during the reading of the Commandment "Thou shalt not steal," it was no unusual occurrence to hear him observe with immense satisfaction—"*That* is a sin of which I have *never* been guilty!"

Meanwhile the Norwich Festival of 1847 was made memorable by the fact that Bishop Stanley, in order to show his high appreciation of the beautiful character of Jenny Lind, had invited her to stay at the Palace. But although her life was one of unalterable purity and goodness, and although the sums

which she devoted to charity were immense, the prejudices of many narrow-minded people were offended by what was in those days a most unusual alliance between the Church and the stage. After Lady Elizabeth had left for a visit to Dalmeny, she received from Mrs Burroughs a copy of verses which had been published in defence of the attitude of the Bishop.

LINES WRITTEN IN REJOINDER TO CERTAIN REMARKS MADE ON THE INVITATION OF THE BISHOP OF NORWICH TO JENNY LIND, OCTOBER 2ND.

If the swallow hath found without reproof
  In Jehovah's Courts a nest,
Then why 'neath a Christian Bishop's roof
  Deny to the Nightingale rest?

And if the talent which God hath given
  Has never been ill applied;
If the fire of Genius lighted by Heaven
  Be to Mortal worth allied;

Then the Church may cherish those pure bright rays,
  Without or shame or danger;
And honour to him who so frankly pays
  Meet honour to the stranger!

Jenny Lind subsequently visited Norwich on more than one occasion, and was again the guest of the dauntless Bishop; while in 1849 she gave her services gratis at a couple of concerts at St Andrew's Hall in aid of local charities, when the sum cleared was £1859. An instance of the unqualified enthusiasm which she evoked among the lower classes may be traced in the fact that some years later when Lady Elizabeth was engaging

a kitchen-maid on behalf of Mrs Hudson, for "£18 a year and her tea," she discovered that the girl's Christian name was Jenny Lind!

Meanwhile anecdotes of the autumn tour of the great songstress, in 1847, pursued Lady Elizabeth to Dalmeny.

DALMENY, *September 27th*, 1847.

Here I am, writing to you in the same room in which I used to write so many years ago. . . .

Yesterday I walked with Lady Rosebery to call on Lady Torphichen whom we found at home. Such a beautiful old lady, quite a picture of a Scotch lady of rank, and as entertaining as ever. She gave a capital account of one of the Managers of Jenny Lind's concert. In spite of the great crowd, Lady Hopetoun was obstructing the passage, and he requested her several times, in vain, to move; thereupon he exclaimed in extreme disgust, and in a voice audible to all present: "Aweel, I'd ony day rather have to do wi' seven common weemen, than ane sic a fearsome mannerless gran' leddy!"

We are going a picnic to-day, which requires as much arranging as marrying a large family. As provisions are likely to run short, I am filling my pocket with ginger-bread biscuits.

I must tell you of two marriages, the first *declared*. Lord Walsingham[1] to Miss Thellusson, Lady Rendlesham's daughter, and that proper young man, Mr Henry West, is said to be going to marry Lady Dorothy Walpole.

[1] Thomas, 5th Baron Walsingham, married, October 25th, 1847, Emily Elizabeth Julia Thellusson, eldest daughter of the 2nd Lord Rendlesham.

DALMENY, *September 28th*, 1847.

Yesterday I did wish for you, as we went the most delectable expedition across the Firth to Aberdour, where is the old ruined Castle which was burnt down, and the situation of which is splendid. In short, both the day and the scenery were Italian.

In the evening arrived the jolly widower, Mr Tufnell,[1] who is certainly too jolly for a man who has lost two wives, and one recently.

Lady Dalmeny who is *charming*, and who I like more than ever, jumped up after dinner and began Scotch Reels and made them all dance,—Tuffy, who is very fat, and all. She is the greatest addition, very agreeable, and totally free from any flirting manner or drawing any admiration to herself, and then those peculiar, intellectual, melancholy eyes have such a charm for me. She is *wonderful*, and considering the spoilt child she was, behaves indeed to perfection here . . . . people do not half appreciate her, or her power of conversation. I expect she will thoroughly enjoy your society when you come.

To-day Lord and Lady Belhaven come, Mr Strangways and some country neighbours, and Henry Coke[2] has offered himself for the end of the week. Lady R., who is all kindness and affection, has given me such a beautiful plaid.

[1] The Right Hon. Henry Tufnell, M.P., of Tufnell Park, son of Colonel George Foster Tufnell of Chichester, M.P. for Beverley. He had married first, in 1830, Anne Augusta, daughter of Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, Bart.; secondly, in 1844, Frances, daughter of General Lord Strafford, who died June 1846.

[2] The Hon. Henry Coke, half-brother to Lady Elizabeth Stanhope; third son of the 1st Earl of Leicester by his second wife, Anne, daughter of William Charles, 4th Earl of Albemarle.

Friday, October 1st, 1847.

I told you that Lady Belhaven wants us to pay her a visit—you would delight in them. Tuffy is still here, but I believe goes to-morrow. I like him very much—he is a most honest, good-tempered, jolly soul and full of fun. Lou is decidedly inclined for him.[1] Lord Elphinstone went away this morning, he was chiefly devoted to Lady D., but very high bred. Black Stanhope[2] Mr R. Sneyd, Mr Rich and Henry Coke come to-morrow, so we shall not want for variety.

October 8th.

Walter has written to Henry Coke to meet him at Cannon Hall to help him with the grouse. Henry drinks no wine, so he will signify less than anybody.

Yesterday, we took home Freddy[3] and saw Wardie, in which I was much disappointed, as it would be to me more like a bathing-machine with a fine but too expansive view of the sea without woods, to the North, a railroad going through the tiny garden, so that you cannot get down to the beach. However, it is full of children, love and happiness.

Last night we had an addition of Lord Aberdour,[4]

[1] He married her elder sister, Anne Primrose, on May 30th, 1848.

[2] James Banks Stanhope, Esq., of Revesby Abbey, Lincolnshire, M.P. for the Northern division of that county from 1851 to 1868. Born 1821, son of the Hon. James Hamilton Stanhope, third son of 3rd Earl Stanhope by his wife Frederica Louisa, daughter of 3rd Earl of Mansfield.

[3] Frederica Sophia, sister of Thomas William, 1st Earl of Lichfield, married Bouverie Francis, second son of the 4th Earl of Rosebery.

[4] Sholto John, Lord Aberdour; afterwards 20th Earl of Morton; born 1818, died 1884.

Lady Milton's brother, to dinner, and Mr Sinclair, Lord Caithness's brother, who is a mixture of Sir A. Macdonald and a German Student.

November, 1847.

Did you hear that Lady Dorothy Walpole is to marry Mr Nevill, a cousin of Lord Algernon, a Reginald Nevill[1] of seven or eight thousand a year? I am heartily glad the poor girl has done so well for herself at last.

HOLKHAM, *December*, 1847.

Fancy our arriving here yesterday in the open carriage at about 4½ o'clock, which we deserved to do, having left Sleaford at half past seven. I was up at half past five. Never was a more prosperous journey. I do not think we waited 10 minutes anywhere for horses. I am sure it must have saved hours in the two days having them ordered.

We were most affectionately received by Julia, who came to our room to welcome us, but she is looking more delicate than ever, and the least thing exhausts her.

The party were Mrs Wodehouse,[2] Archie, Henry, Collyer, Mrs W. Whitbread with the two girls, who are all good nature to Anna Maria and Alice, and Augustus Stephenson. . . . To-day, Lord[3] and Lady Colborne and Miss C. come, as

[1] Dorothy Fanny, second daughter of the 3rd Earl of Orford, married, December 2nd, 1847, Reginald Henry Nevill, Esq.

[2] Anne, only daughter of Theophilus Thornhaugh Gurdon, Esq., of Letton, Norfolk, married Henry, eldest son of John, second Baron Kimberley. He died on April 29th, 1834. A month before his father succeeded to the title on May 29th of the same year.

[3] Nicolas William White-Ridley, M.P., created Baron Colborne, a title now extinct. He was the second son of Sir Matthew White-Ridley, second Baronet.

also Mrs Birch of Wretham with two daughters, so that there will be the fearful number of eight young ladies, and as I overheard Leicester tell Mrs W. yesterday with secret satisfaction—*not a young man coming.*

The portico has been entirely new done, and the house—in my opinion—spoilt on the outside, as it is painted, and a sort of mud colour, so different to the beautiful tone of the bricks. The monument is much too near and *frightful*, the wheatsheaf looking like a vulgar evergreen flower, stuck on the top. The Island is made in the lake, though not planted. It *may* look well, but that is problematical. I really think the cutting down of the side of the lake a great improvement, as it gives space and you see so much further into the wood, at least from the house—but I have seen nothing as yet.

I played at Whist last night with Leicester, Archy and Mr Whitbread, and we went to bed soon after 10. I am sure Julia and Leicester are unfeignedly glad to have me to help with the county people, though I have not a notion who are coming.

Poor Mrs Frank Astley[1] is said to be dying of consumption, after being confined with twins.

I have no time to enlarge on the works in progress here nor the utter destruction of Holkham *as it was.*

1847.

Lord and Lady Wodehouse[2] are gone abroad,

[1] Charlotte, daughter of Nathaniel Micklethwait, Esq., of Taverham, Norfolk, who married Francis L'Estrange, Lieut.-Colonel, third son of Sir Jacob Astley, 5th Baronet.

[2] John, who on 29th May 1846 succeeded his grandfather as 3rd Baron Wodehouse, married, 16th August 1847, Lady Florence Fitzgibbon, eldest daughter of Richard, 3rd Earl of Clare. Lord Wodehouse was raised to the Earldom of Kimberley June 1st, 1866.

as she is in delicate health. Mrs Wodehouse likes her very much, and says she is most amiable, but I hope Walter will not do as Lord Wodehouse did, announcing his intended marriage by telling his mother that she "would consider there were three insuperable objections to her future daughter-in-law; 1st, that her mother had run away; 2nd, that her sister had run away; 3rd, that she was an Irishwoman.

I will now begin to describe the improvements, half of which I have not yet seen.

The Portico is entirely new done and the balustrade taken away.

Fancy Anna Maria's astonishment at going into the hall and seeing the balustrade on one side vanished, and all the plaister casts descended from their niches and placed between each pillar, looking, as Collyer says, like Madame Tussaud's exhibition, with the large Apollo at the bottom of the steps and Chantrey's busts of my father and old Lord Leicester on each side.

This is by way of experiment, but I will not answer for its not being carried into effect—such is the rage for innovation. Mr Baker tells me the new doing the stone on the outside of the house alone was £12,000.

Two Islands have sprung up in the lake, looking at present, of course, like huge whales, the lake walk totally destroyed—the monument appearing above the house and cutting it in half. In short, it is like nothing but "The Groves of Blarney."

It must be half a century before the proper effect can be given.

Mr Baker tells me there is a house to be built for the Architect, who he is I know not and a

steam engine put up that is to cost £6,000, in short £100,000 will never complete the whole.

Leicester is in high good humour and seats me at his whist every night, at which he is as deeply interested as if it were for thousands. Last night Lady Colborne played and he danced with his usual energy charging Alice and knocking down both her and himself; neither were hurt, and the party, though merry, was very *safe*.

We always dine in the north diningroom, which is far pleasanter and quieter than the gallery.

Sunday, HOLKHAM, 1847.

Lady Dorothy Nevill spent her honeymoon at Burnham, and they took the firing of the Holkham guns for poaching.

I cannot help adding a line between the Churches and the Christening of Lady Gertrude[1] who is a most darling baby, looking wonderfully wise, with a head of hair which might be dressed. She was christened *sans cérémonie* as usual.

At first I was dismayed at the demolition of every shrub round the lake, and four Islands in preparation, however, I really think when completed it will be very handsome, certainly more magnificent in effect. There is to be a walk all round the lake, and the sloping green bank down to the water laid open and regulated. The monument never can be anything but hideous.

Little Madam is such a pet here, and Ally looking so pretty. She is just what she ought to be, very quiet and ladylike, with her large eyes wide open, looking so nice and pretty and very upright.

[1] Third daughter of the 2nd Earl of Leicester, married, 1866, to Charles Adolphus, 7th Earl of Dunmore.

December 20th, 1847.

I will begin by writing to you though I have not as much to say as usual, yesterday being spent in going to Church, and the Christening, and I was so tired that I went to bed early leaving Leicester and the others with Mr Napier[1] engaged in a philosophical disputation on a quantity of bones of men and animals which have lately been found in digging up the walk round the lake, and which really appears as if it might have been a battle ground. Leicester also attacked Mr Napier on his pronunciation of Bethabara, etc., to my great amusement. The evening ended in Anna Maria reading Schiller at Napier's urgent request, as he is German mad, and I believe is coming up to take German lessons of little Madam, who has a regular class of Alice and the Whitbreads. . . She could not be better than here, as there is nothing to be objected to in any way—no cards, and the atmosphere of purity which always surrounds dear Julia is most carefully kept up by Leicester, no objectionable word is ever heard in our presence, indeed there never was any house so radically reformed in all ways, and I must say the comfort is great, and as remarkable as the perfect security from all ill-nature or squabbling and annoyance of every kind.

I might be a Royal personage from the deference with which I am treated throughout the house, and our bairnies are such favourites that little Madam reigns paramount and will be quite spoilt.

Leicester sent up E. Digby to me this morning with the plans of the stables and the terrace, which I really think will be very handsome. There is to be a handsome bridge to go across the stables,

[1] The Rev. A. Napier, Rector of Holkham.

which, by a very trifling alteration at each end and an elevation in the middle corresponding with the Towers of the house, will perfectly harmonise with the architecture. The whole thing will be totally transmogrified and the *objects* multiplied; still I think the plan is very magnificent.

The terrace on the south front is to be beyond the gravel, extending 250 feet; the North front—a lawn, terrace and approach in the style of Dalmeny. The drawings are certainly very handsome.

However, all this will not be done for three years as the next thing to be done is the erection of a large steam engine for the works which will cost £6000.

Edward Digby says that the Alms House entrance, which is now hideous, is to be altered, and an avenue of Ilexes to reach down to the sea bank. In short, it is like a new creation, in which, certainly dear Julia does not seem to take any violent interest, but she is the most utterly unworldly of human beings and so very attaching and affectionate. She also takes more upon herself and actually orders dinner. Leicester referred to her at dinner asking if she had ordered some black pudding.

Meanwhile the continuance of an amusing romance served to divert the company. Mr Collyer, the old Chaplain of Holkham and Rector of Warham, was of a sentimental turn of mind. He had gone through life not so much persuading himself that he cherished a hopeless attachment first for one object of his admiration, then for another, but rather fancying that such victims of his own fascination cherished a hopeless passion for himself. In this conviction he proposed, condescendingly, in turn, to various members of Lord

Leicester's family; and although distinctly surprised at the firm refusals which he encountered, he, none the less, transferred his suit with alacrity to yet another imaginary victim, and with his belief in its prompt success wholly unshaken. Having, however, failed signally in persuading any one of the Cokes to look with favour upon him, he finally transferred his quest boldly into another family, and became convinced that he had inspired Gertrude Whitbread with the infatuation in which others had been lacking.

We have an amusing piece of by-play, as Collyer is true to his text of "never giving up Gertrude Whitbread," being persuaded that *it will be* in the end, to the unspeakable amusement of us all; and I only wish you could have seen *Sam's* rage and indignation yesterday at dinner when Collyer, who was seated by Gertrude, asked him very condescendingly to drink a glass of wine—a proof of his usual tact!

Mrs Whitbread has, this morning, been giving us an account of his proposals (contained in a letter to Julia, enclosing one to Mrs Whitbread, enclosing one to Gertrude) which began :—

My dear Miss Whitbread,

I hereby offer myself to you in marriage, and beg that you will accord me an early answer.

What he *went upon* was that one evening—he was playing at chess with Gertrude, who, in the course of the game, said, alluding to the pieces—"*If you take me,* I'll take you!" On the top of which Mrs Whitbread innocently asked him what alterations he was making at Warham; in con-

sequence of which question, *before* he proposed, he appointed the architect here to consult with the family what additions *they* would like!

Colonel Porter arrived this evening. The Bulwers, Henry Keppels, our Rajah, of course, and some others come on Monday.

The Rajah referred to in the above letter, was the well-known James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, whose career had been a remarkable one. He was already acquainted with Norfolk, for he had been at Norwich Grammar School whence he ran away at the age of sixteen. For a time, he served in the Bengal infantry, but a life of adventure always attracted him, and on inheriting a comfortable fortune at his father's death in 1835, he had purchased a schooner, in which, two years later, he sailed for Borneo. His object, besides a natural love of enterprise, was to introduce into that uncivilised state, British commerce and British supremacy; but he arrived at Sarawak, on the north-west coast of Borneo, at a moment apparently antagonistic to his scheme. Great local discontent was prevalent, and an active rebellion was in progress. None the less, both then and on his second visit in 1840, he acquired such a remarkable ascendency over the turbulent inhabitants, and so completely gained the confidence of their rulers, that he was finally requested to accept the Government of the country, which he did in September, 1841. The scene of his installation was a curious one, and his subsequent life there remarkable, in that he was, at first, practically single-handed in his venture, his only immediate followers being an untrustworthy coloured interpreter,

a servant who could neither read nor write, a useless shipwrecked Irishman, and a doctor who never succeeded in learning the language of the country.

A strong and extraordinary personality, however, a man of infinite resource, courage and determination, the Rajah, in his unique position, gradually made headway in his task of transforming the savage district into a peaceful settlement. But in achieving this, he had to encounter such odds as few men have faced unaided, and one of the difficulties with which he was eventually forced to contend was the prevalence of piracy, of a peculiarly bloodthirsty character, in the Malayan Archipelago. This was resorted to, not only for motives of plunder, but for the acquisition of human heads, for which there was a passion among the Dyaks and most of the neighbouring tribes.

In the suppression of a practice which dated from time immemorial, drastic measures were inevitable, but while prosecuting his difficult task the Rajah was ably assisted by Captain (afterwards Admiral) Harry Keppel[1] with whom he made acquaintance in Borneo early in 1843, and with whom he then established a life-long friendship.

In 1847 the Rajah visited England, when he was everywhere honoured as a hero, and was invited by the Queen to Windsor. Later, at the Christmas party at Holkham, he and his comrade in arms, Harry Keppel, again met; and Lady Elizabeth's tale of the merry doings of these two companions in adventure is

[1] Sir Henry Keppel, K.C.B., Vice-Admiral of the Blue, fourth son of 4th Earl of Albemarle, married, first, Feb. 25th, 1839, Katharine Louisa, daughter of the late General Sir John Crosbie, G.C.H.; she died, 1859.

of curious interest, as is likewise her shrewd estimate of her fellow-visitors, particularly of the Rajah, who was afterwards so fiercely accused of inhumanity by men incapable of realising the exigencies of the situation in which he had been called to act.

> The Rajah is an ordinary looking man with a clever, practical, searching eye and pleasing voice, with evidence of a superior mind. Mrs. Harry Keppel must have been pretty, but very wild-looking and in ill-health; Harry Keppel is exactly like a Chinese bonze.

The career of Harry Keppel, better known to a modern generation by his affectionate nickname of "the little Admiral," is too familiar to require recapitulation; yet certain anecdotes respecting him, even though belonging to his later life, are sufficiently characteristic to be retailed here. His nephew, Arthur Garnier, relates the following.—

> "When I was at school at Brighton in 1860, the dear old Uncle came to see me and obtained leave for me to go out with him for an afternoon's sight-seeing.
>
> "There was a show on at the Shomburg Rooms, a lecture on 'Ancient Mexico'; and two 'Earth Men' were to be exhibited. We duly arrived. We sat in the front first-class seats. There was a scanty attendance. Two horrible little creatures, all nose and no forehead, appeared on the scene. The lecturer, in order to demonstrate their pigmy stature, said, 'If that Gentleman'—indicating the Admiral, 'will be so kind as to lend me his hat, which I propose to place on the male earth-man's

head, I shall be able to prove to you how diminutive they are, by comparison.'—'I'll see you d——d first!' said Uncle Harry.

"Again my dear old Uncle a few years afterwards, when I was at school at St Mary's Hall, Southsea, came once more and took me out for an afternoon's sightseeing. We sallied forth, arm-in-arm. When about half way to our destination, we encountered a resplendent Post Captain of H.M.'s Navy, epaulettes, cocked hat, sword and orders, all complete! Directly he saw the Admiral he exclaimed—

"'What a pleasure! How are you, my dear Admiral?'

"My Uncle, shaking him heartily by both hands rejoined, 'How are *you*, dear Boy?'

"'I am so delighted to see you, Admiral!' the man exclaimed again.

"'And how is your dear mother?' Uncle Harry replied.

"'Oh, very well, I am glad to say.'

"'Well, my boy,' observed Uncle Harry, 'I have got this youngster out for a treat, so must be off.'

"Fond adieus and warm hand-shakings, and so we parted.

"I was much impressed and overawed by the magnificence of the Post Captain. 'Uncle Harry,' I said, 'Who was that?'

"'My dear boy,' was the astounding reply, '*I don't believe I ever saw him in my life before.*'"

The sense of humour which distinguished the little Admiral was, it may be imagined, not merely a development of his maturer years; and the Christmas party which could boast his enlivening presence was not likely to be lacking in life, even had not the Rajah contributed largely to its cheerfulness.

HOLKHAM, 23*rd December*, 1847.

I only wish you could have seen the party last night, with the Rajah making such a noise that Leicester, who was as usual playing at whist with me, got up to bolt them out of the drawingroom.

Henry has made such a *rout* about Anna Maria's beautiful acting that Julia, who cannot make half enough of her, was crazy for a charade, which of course could not be done without preparation. However, our Rajah who has taken a great fancy to little Madam, called her Miss Hopestan (reversing Stanhope), and desired her to call him Mr Sanywach in which guise they acted some dumb crambo, during which he went into such shrieks of laughing that he was obliged to hold on to the back of his chair. The idea being that Anna Maria was to act something in a school, and on her refusing, he exclaimed, "Why not *you*, who are the cleverest girl in the school?" I delight in him, as though by no means high bred, he is the essence of benevolence and good humour, indeed he is as simple as his book, which I am reading and like extremely.

Mrs Henry Keppel is the most peculiar, foreign, Norman-looking person I ever saw—with the finest brow and eye and head, handsomer really than Julia, but destroyed by ill-health, having had a lump cut out of her side only three weeks ago. She tried the (illegible) for the operation but it had no effect except making her feel as if her lungs would burst.

It is such a wet day that there is no shooting, but to-morrow they are to kill 500 pheasants and 500 hares, which are all to be driven to one spot—a regular massacre. How different to old days!

HOLKHAM, *24th December*, 1847.

You must excuse my not being very bright to-day, as I waited till two o'clock, and even then left them all dancing in the Audit Room; Mrs Tod and Eliza declaring they were not the least tired; Leicester doing the whole extremely well, and most energetically dancing, with such spirit as literally to dance out the soles of his shoes! and finishing the whole with Toddy, who is a great favourite,—a most tremendous Sir Roger, with the whole household.

I wish you had been here to see me dance it with Mr Hamond, who is fatter than ever, and, like Cavendish Square, most beautifully did he dance.

Oh, dear! it is impossible to write with little Madam jabbering the whole time!

Later.

I had a very interesting conversation last night with our Rajah; when I told him I wished he could undertake Ireland, his answer was, "I *would* do it, if they would let me, and I would ride over them rough-shod in the first instance, and shew them the greatest kindness afterwards—but I own my prejudice—I *hate* an Irishman." On which I quoted my Father and the Potato[1] at which he answered "I wish it was even a good potato—but it is always rotten at the core." We had neither of us thought of Colonel Porter, who was reading his newspaper quietly in the corner, but who took our ill-timed remarks with his usual good-nature, and said that he could not defend his countrymen, and that unless some measures were speedily taken, all must go.

The Rajah's character is actually in accordance

[1] A favourite saying both of Coke of Norfolk and of Charles James Fox that every Irishman has a piece of potato in his head.

with his countenance. He is not gentlemanlike-looking, and has a vulgar mouth, rather an animal expression, an overhanging brow and deep-set eyes, yet he has a face at once the most intelligent, acute, searching, fierce and benevolent I ever saw—in short the essence of his character is benevolence, and when he came out from dessert last night, I heard him say, as if to himself—"*Quite abominable*," referring to the massacre in the Game Book and the number of creatures missing and wounded. Luckily the shooters did not understand him, but I did.

Yesterday he walked with Mr Napier, who said he looked at every child he met, and spent some time with a very intelligent-looking donkey. Universal kindness and singularity of character are his leading features. I never saw such a triumph of heart and mind, over lurking vulgarity, which does peep out when he is at his ease, or in the games, etc.

Last night, Mrs H. Keppel, who is more than half crazy, was absurdly pretending to be taken with a fit of admiration for the giant footman, on which the Rajah called him unceremoniously—"*A great, fat brute!*" and expressed his surprise (as well he might) on seeing Leicester nearly *floored* by him in the Perpetual Jig. It would have been some fun and a good reprisal, if, mistaking the situation, the Rajah had knocked the man down in Leicester's defence, as he looked quite ready to do!

Kate Keppel, as they call her, has brought on an inflammation in her wound by actually driving yesterday to and from Creake, when it was forbidden to use her arm. I never saw such an eye and brow, like nothing but Zuleika; and yet she is so silly!

At least, wild as she is, she does not amuse me and all but terrifies poor Julia. However, they depart, Rajah and all, in the coach to-morrow.

HOLKHAM,
Saturday, Xmas Day, 1847.

A happy Christmas to you, my own dearest, and to my Bairnies and to all at the dear old Place. —I have hardly time to thank you for your letters, as it is such a scramble between the two Churches and the Sacrament.

It is quite sad, the only two men at Church this morning were E. Digby and his porter—not a manservant I believe. I am quite glad Walter was not there to see it. Leicester is laid up, the romping and extreme fatigue of the shooting having knocked him up. He is better to-day, but has not appeared. Henry fell off the table on which he mounted in the Christmas Gambols last night and hurt his knee, but nothing very serious.

I asked Mrs Whitbread about Woburn, which she says is very quiet and would be quite harmless for the girls excepting once a year when they have the Newmarket set.

Certainly our visit here, has answered, as Ally has been very happy with her honest, good-tempered, harmless companion Bessie Whitbread,[1] and you would be pleased to see her pretty face looking so nice and soft and ladylike. She is just what she ought to be at her age. Little Madam

[1] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Samuel Whitbread, Esq., of Cardigan and Southill, by his wife Lady Elizabeth Grey, eldest daughter of 1st Earl Grey. Born 1793; married, in 1812, the Hon. William Waldegrave, afterwards 8th Earl Waldegrave; died 1843, leaving issue William Frederick, Viscount Chewton, two other sons and four daughters.

declares she has enjoyed this visit much more than the last, and better than Dalmeny, indeed she has been made much of, being such a favourite with Leicester and his brothers, and Archy, who are delighted to get her to themselves.

The Billiard table is always lighted up for the gentlemen when they come from shooting, and then they sit smoking. Leicester actually gives so much a head to clear off the partridges, and it was off the ground cleared two years ago that he shot the 280 brace this year. He says they are sure to return to the cleared ground in flocks. He was lamenting to me his father having cut down all the firs, as he says that he is obliged to buy foreign timber if he wants a deal box made and that the oaks are perishing from being so exposed.

The Rajah and Henry Keppels take their departure to-day. His Highness has rather fallen in my estimation by not going to Church. In true Royal style he never appears till luncheon time, as I believe he gets up late and has many letters to write. He looks dreadfully ill, and I believe has had a ball through his liver.

Sunday.

We are just returned from morning Church, where neither Edward, Henry, nor Archy appeared, and as usual not an upper servant, and very few under ones. Last night, being Christmas day, we went to bed at 9.30.

Archy told us this morning at breakfast that he had had a Christmas box of £500 from Lady Macdonald. I should not have thought she had the money to give. I can hear of nothing but the Hamonds and Upchers coming, and all to clear

off on Saturday. William Coke came yesterday looking very ill after the influenza.

Mr Napier is in such a state at the gloom in the village, no meat given, or jollity or anything, that he declares he must have apple-tarts for the school boys and a fiddle for the girls to dance. The reason of the charities being stopped was that they most foolishly said that his Lordship was "obliged to give it, as it was left by Will," so he was right to stop it for a year, but it should not have been longer. I believe he gives coals instead. . . . Poor Julia's very charity, which must be great, as the £500 pin-money is certainly not spent on herself, seems to go for nothing. She is very attaching to those who really know her, so true and so gentle, but probably will never be really popular. She listens reverently to every word I utter, like an oracle.

Lord Hastings is as brisk and sparrow-like as usual. He is enlarging Melton, and the Dowager is gone to Torquay to poor Mrs Frank Astley, who is far gone in a decline. Lord H. said at breakfast that there was such a fever in London in White Cross Street in the City, that the thoroughfare was closed up by order of the police.

The seagulls are arrived, so we may expect snow, and it is so cold to-day that no exercise will warm one. I did ask the Rajah if he comes to Yorkshire, but he returns in the Spring to *Saraar-ak*, as that is the proper pronunciation.

Lady Elizabeth was destined never to see the Rajah again, though, long after he had gone back to Borneo, she was told that the admiration he had evinced for her daughter was due to a deeper feeling

than he had ventured to express. Be that as it may, the life of toil and stress with which he had cast in his lot was ill-suited for the indulgence of any of the softer emotions, and as she had rightly conjectured, his health was then in a precarious state. Soon after his return to Sarawak he had a serious illness, and, for long, lay at death's door, while his later years were saddened by continued illness and by the attack made upon his conduct by certain members of the English Government.

Although on his return he had been created a K.C.B., and further appointed British Commissioner and Consul-General of the island, as well as Governor of Labuan, which the Sultan of Brunei had ceded to the British Crown, none the less a series of charges of cruel and illegal conduct in regard to his suppression of piracy were preferred against him in the House of Commons by Hume, supported by Cobden, and in a measure by Gladstone, who considered that the work of destruction had, at least, been too promiscuous. The policy of the man who was strong enough in his furtherance of the ultimate good of a people to "*ride rough-shod over them in the first instance and show them the greatest kindness afterwards*," was unintelligible to politicians who were not in a position to gauge its expediency. The subsequent inquiries were apparently pursued with a certain malevolence, and they handicapped the Rajah considerably in his relations with the natives under his control. Finally, broken with the severe tension of his strenuous life, he resigned his post to his nephew, and returning to England, ended his days, at the age of sixty-five, in 1868.

But he had lived to see the accomplishment of one of his greatest wishes. Sarawak was acknowledged as an independent State; and his life-work survives in the fact that the country which he found a savage territory is now filled with a prosperous and civilised community, where piracy is extinct, trade is expanding, agriculture advancing and Christianity in the ascendant.

His companion in arms, Sir Harry Keppel, long outlived him; and of the last years of "the little Admiral," Mr Garnier relates a touching anecdote.

"When I was in Hong-Kong, in 1894," he states, "I was taken to the Club by Sir William Goodman, the Chief-Justice, with whom I was staying on the Peak. There was one picture in the Club, a portrait, but nobody knew whom it represented. When I saw it, I at once recognised the little Admiral!—a fact which was news to all the members. In a place like Hong-Kong a generation passes away in a very few years, and naval men who have once served their term are very unlikely to revisit the station. The Admiral's service in China dated back to the 'forties, thus it was readily explicable that so many years afterwards no one in Hong-Kong should be able to tell the identity of this, the solitary portrait in the Club.

"But when, on returning to England, I told the Admiral of what had occurred, I could see that he was deeply stirred at the thought that, in a place which had once rung with his gallant deeds, he was so soon forgotten. What was my surprise afterwards to hear that, though close on ninety, he was on his way to

revisit the scenes of his victories in China and British North Borneo. The cause of that sudden determination on the part of the nonagenarian to brave the dangers of a long voyage and bad climate was, I believe, twofold. On the one hand he hoped to fulfil his life-long wish that he might die and be buried at sea. The latter was a desire which he had expressed to the authorities, who had pointed out its impracticability should he die in England, it being, in that case, contrary to law.[1] But the other and greater incentive undoubtedly was that he had been so painfully moved by the evanescence of his fame in the very place of its attainment; and there is a profound pathos in the recognition that age had but served to strengthen the tie which linked him in memory to the long past, stirring scenes of his youth."

[1] He died in England on January 18th, 1904, in his 95th year.

CHAPTER XII

LETTERS CONCERNING THE VISITS OF LADY ELIZABETH

1848-1853

EARLY in 1848 the Orleanist Monarchy was overthrown in France, and while news of the event reached England, the fate of Louis Philippe and his queen was wrapped in mystery.

Isabella Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope.

LANGHAM PLACE, *Feb.* 28, 1848.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I wish I had any comfortable intelligence to send, but from all the reports one hears it seems that nothing can be worse than the state of things in Paris. Our paper is not yet come and it is just eleven, but the amount of the reports Philip gathered at his club yesterday eve are that Paris is in the hands of the mob; a republic declared and an appeal to the country resolved upon, the suffrage to be almost universal. Barricades are built in the streets to prevent communications; the Municipal Guard cut to pieces—the only part of the army which stood firm, as Bugeaud betrayed his trust, wishing to get rid of Guizot, he gave no orders till too late, and the army had fraternised.

Philip saw Mr Mellish at the Club, who said the only intelligence received at the F. O. was from a Courier from Turin who made his way through Paris, over barricades and at the bayonet's point, on foot; that he afterwards got a horse, upon which he rode till he could get on the railroad, the mob having possession of the terminus in Paris. He said Paris was in the hands of the mob who were getting to the wine shops. They were going to attack the theatres, and fears were entertained for the *Banque*.

The Duc de Nemours made his escape, and he and the Duchesse arrived last night in London. What is become of the King and Queen no one knows. It is said they walked out of the Tuileries when it was attacked by the Mob, through the garden, and got into an Omnibus going to Neuilly, where they got into a carriage to proceed to Dreux, and have not since been heard of. They had only 30 francs and no clothes, not even a carpet bag.

The Duc de Montpensier, Governor of Vincennes, is said to have given in his adhesion to the Republic, and given up his Command. The Duchesse d'Orléans with her children has taken refuge in the Invalides. The Duchess de Coigny has made her escape through the cleverness of her servant, who put on a *blouse* and said, *c'était une dame anglaise, et que Madame était enceinte*, hoping they would let her pass quietly with her children through the barricades. But they cried *à bas les Anglais!* However, with much presence of mind she said *Je croyais les Français toujours polis pour les dames*, upon which they took off their hats and handed her through.

The Duc de Montebello and Guizot are said to have made their escape to this country. The tricolor is replaced by the blood red flag. *On dit*

there has been a riot at Rouen and the railway bridges destroyed. The rails near Paris have been torn up. There are reports also of a riot at Brussels. Milan has been declared in a state of siege.

The clubs are full and Philip says the anticipations are most gloomy. It seems the first act of the Revolutionary government has been to send an army to the Rhine under the Command of La Moinière. . . .

Our paper is come and you will see all that it says. There is a report that Prince Albert is gone to-day to Portsmouth to receive the King of the French from Havre, but whether that is true I know not. The Duchesse de Nemours it seems is not arrived.

Best love from all, ever your truly affectionate sister.

I. S. STANHOPE.

P.S.—Mrs Stapleton's dance went off admirably, and they kept it up till 3 o'clock. There are similar entertainments every night.

On March 3rd Louis Philippe and his Queen arrived in England, and subsequently went to Claremont.

Charles Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope.

We saw a letter yesterday from a Mrs Fitzwilliam, a sister of Mrs Ashton, who had visited the refugees at Claremont. The Queen was *triste*, the Duke and Duchess of Nemours much changed. The Queen described her anxiety at being parted from her family and not knowing where they were, particularly the Duchess of Orleans. She had

escaped with the King by a subterranean passage from the Tuileries. She had been separated from him for 24 hours, while he was concealed in a trench.

He travelled 28 leagues in a cart. The driver would take no remuneration, saying "on ne fait pas ces sortes de choses pour de l'argent." When they got on board the steamer a stranger came in and put a bag of £80 in the Queen's lap and escaped without their knowing who it was.

The King came in and seeing them all *triste* rallied them and laughed over his adventures. Mrs Fitz recommended him a man cook—"Oh," said he, "I can only afford a She cook now!" The Queen had secured her jewellery which they want to sell and live upon the produce. The Duke of Wellington advised them much to stay at Claremont. They regretted the want of a Chapel and a Priest.

Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope.

AUDLEY END, *July 22nd* 1848.

I made acquaintance with Lady Harriet Hervey[1] who asked me if I saw any likeness between her and her sister, Lady Wharncliffe, rather a difficult question, as she is as fat as the other is thin. I renewed my acquaintance with Mrs Randolph, (Miss Macdonald). She had a nice girl and two sons here. We had also Mr Romilly. About 80 sat down to luncheon. In the evening Mr

[1] Harriet Charlotte Sophia, fourth daughter of 1st Earl of Harrowby, by Susan, daughter of Granville, 1st Marquis of Stafford; married, 1839, Lord Charles Hervey. Her elder sister, Georgiana Elizabeth, had married, in 1825, John, 2nd Lord Wharncliffe.

Ponsonby and some others acted a charade most admirably, the word Courtship. They were all men. It was something in the style of Bombastes. I like Lady Braybrooke and she always amuses me. Lord Braybrooke says that it is in the paper to-day that Lord Clarendon[1] is coming back, as Ireland can only be governed by a military man.

The Same.

FARNLEY, *October 3rd*, 1849.

Last night when I was looking over a magnificent book of Nash's on Windsor Castle, one of the young gentlemen in their zeal to turn over the leaves for me, knocked over my cup of tea with a triple shot, inundating the book, the new table cover, and my beautiful brown brocade gown. All, however, escaped much damage except my unfortunate gown, which is totally spoilt, at least for daylight.

Yesterday Mrs Fawkes kindly took me to see Esholt, which I admired extremely, at least the woods and glens.—I have just heard of a Norfolk marriage, Miss Hamond, Anthony Hamond's daughter, to Mr Birkbeck,[2] one of the Gurneys. I believe they all like it.

Mrs Fawkes has just given me an acrostic.

The acrostic in question bears reference to a well-known character of the day.

As the railways had multiplied, in connection with

[1] George William Frederick, 4th Earl of Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1847 to 1852.

[2] Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Anthony Hamond, Esq. of Westacre, and his wife Mary Anne, daughter of John Chaworth Musters, Esq.; married, 1849, Henry Birkbeck, Esq. of Stoke, Holy Cross, Norfolk.

the new conditions there arose company promoters, adventurers with colossal plans for enriching themselves and entrapping the unwary, so that gigantic fortunes were made and lost. It was astonishing with what rapidity ghouls of this description sprang into prominence, scintillated for a time in a society which fawned upon them beyond their wildest expectations, and then sank either into luxurious obscurity or criminal fame.

One of the most extraordinary instances of such a career was that of George Hudson, better known as the Railway King. Although he was but the son of a small farmer and began life as a draper's apprentice, all that he touched turned to gold. By twenty-seven he was already wealthy and a partner in the firm where he had occupied such a humble position; thenceforward he rose by rapid stages into prominence and the possession of an immense fortune. With a marvellous capacity for organisation, enterprise and successful speculation, he soon became connected with the railway business. After the opening of the Midland Railway, great depression ensued in the value of the stock, the original £100 shares falling steadily in the market to £30. There was, in consequence, profound dismay among the shareholders, and the directors, with a view to bettering the position of the company, referred their difficulties to George Hudson. As Chairman of the Company he acquired practically entire charge of its affairs and forthwith its prosperity became ensured.

When the mania for railway speculation was at its height, in 1845, in a Parliamentary return for that year

the amount of Hudson's subscriptions to the funds of the Company appears as £319,835. Not only did his capital increase by leaps and bounds, but he was courted by all who thereby hoped to better their own fortunes, and was even presented by his admirers with £10,000 as a token of respect.

Further, in the political world he took a prominent part; he represented Sunderland in Parliament for many years, he fought hard in the Tory interest, and was thrice Lord Mayor of York. During this period he purchased large estates, besides building himself an enormous house in Albert Gate; and although at first received in society somewhat on sufferance, soon all London flocked to the splendid parties which he gave, till he was able to boast that among his acquaintance he numbered even the Prince Consort.

Many, indeed, were the stories current of the great Railway King and his wife, whose love of ceremony was only surpassed by that of Mrs Beaumont. It was related that once when Mrs Hudson was ill the doctor prescribed for her some medicine to be taken every three hours. Thenceforward those visitors who happened to be calling upon the dignified lady at one of the appointed hours were electrified by beholding two pompous servants in powder and plush approach her with measured tread, the one bearing a glass upon a salver, while the other advanced, and, according to instructions, announced to her with awful solemnity—"Madam, your hour is come!"

Another story told respecting Mrs Hudson was that, being bidden to dinner at some great house, she determined to keep her eyes well open in order to profit

by such a valuable occasion. Passing through the hall on her host's arm, she observed a fine bust and inquired who it represented. "Oh, that," replied her host, "is Marcus Aurelius." "Ah, of course," responded Mrs Hudson, seizing the opportunity to show her intimate knowledge of high life—"I saw the likeness *at once*, but, for the moment, could not recall if it was the late or the present Marquis!"

On the same occasion during the evening she remarked a pair of globes mounted upon very handsome stands, and no sooner did she arrive home than she gave her husband instructions promptly to secure a pair, exactly similar. Mr Hudson, who stood in great awe of his wife, lost no time in obeying her behest, and to the shopman favoured with his order he laid great stress on the fact that the globes were to correspond precisely with the pair in the house of his noble friend Lord ——. In due course of time the result of the order was delivered, but the Railway Queen, in her scrutiny of the originals, had failed to remark—if indeed such a thing would have been comprehensible to her—that one was a terrestial globe, the other a celestial. On unpacking the reproductions, therefore, her wrath knew no bounds, and her luckless husband, returning home that evening, was greeted indignantly by his wife—"Well, G., they have done you again! I told you to buy me a *pair* of globes and you've been and bought *odd ones*!"

Unfortunately, the Railway King in his love of ostentation, launched out into boundless extravagance. He lived in a luxury and magnificence which few could rival, and squandered money in a manner which

"THE MAN WOT KNOWS HOW TO GET UP THE STEAM"
A CARICATURE OF ROBERT HUDSON, "THE RAILWAY KING"

even his huge fortune failed to sustain. Probably in the struggle to supply the consequent defalcation, he was said to have been guilty of some unscrupulous transactions in connection with the York and Midland Railway. Legal proceedings were instituted against him, and the large sum he was compelled to refund, coupled with his previous reckless expenditure, completed his ruin. Thus, in the very height of his prosperity, came a crushing reverse, and the decline of his fortunes was even more rapid than their rise. Some of the friends of his prosperity, however, still gathered round him, and through their means a sum of £4800 was raised, by which an annuity was purchased for him, and he was saved from actual destitution. But numbers who had suffered through his speculations and unscrupulous dealings, felt justly indignant with his conduct, and the acrostic with which Mrs Fawkes presented Lady Elizabeth commemorates this point of view.

G o search the Chronicles of Roguish Man,
E xplore all Records of the Charlatan;
O ne then Select from out the Motley Throng
R emarkably to whom it may belong,
G reatest of Feats! the having, (beggaring Fame)
E ntailed on all He victimised His Tantamount of Shame.

H e, who least form'd, 'twould seem, to lead Mankind,
U surped the Functions of a Master Mind;
D eluded Wit—Worth—Pride and Wealth to pay
S lavish Submission to his Vulgar Sway;
O n Honour Stampt the Stigma: TO BE SOLD
N or left Religion proof to damning Lust of Gold.

F. H. F.

Nevertheless, the unfortunate Railway King could boast one recommendation in the eyes of many of his contemporaries. He was a powerful Protectionist: indeed, when elected in the Conservative interest for Sunderland, he had defeated his opponent, Colonel Perronet Thompson, the Anti-Corn Law Leader, by 128 votes, despite the fact that Cobden and Bright both assisted the latter, to the utmost of their ability. And that Protectionists were in the ascendant at that date is evinced by many of the letters which Mr Stanhope received.

Lord Stanhope[1] *to John Spencer-Stanhope.*

CHEVENING, *Nov. 24th.*, 1849.

I very much fear that the present tranquillity of Germany will not long continue, and it may, I think, be considered as a political axiom that no Government can be secure when a great mass of the population is in a state of destitution, and when there is much embarrassment. It is said that notwithstanding the recent sufferings in Baden, the people in the country are quite ready for another Revolution, and are restrained only by the presence of Prussian troops. I know from certain authority that Socialism has made very great progress in France, both in the provinces and in the Army, and that even the Secretary Changarnier himself is a Socialist.

Louis Napoleon[2] seems to be playing a very

[1] Philip Henry, 4th Earl Stanhope, born 1781, died 1855; married, 1803, Catherine Lucy, daughter of Robert, Lord Carrington.

[2] Louis Napoleon became President of the French Republic on Dec. 10th 1848, and subsequently took active measures against the Socialists.

dangerous, and, indeed, desperate game, perhaps in consequence of his pecuniary difficulties, for I heard that he has spent the whole of his fortune, that he is very much in debt, and that he is contracting loans in London.

I was very happy to learn that your neighbours in Cheshire are acting with great energy, that Meetings are to be held in each of the seven Hundreds composing that County, and that afterwards a county meeting will be convened. Some tradesmen and others who were formerly opposed to Protection now attend meetings and make Speeches in its favour, and I heard when I was last in London a very remarkable fact, which is, in itself, a volume, that a former Secretary of the Anti-Corn Law League said recently to a friend of mine—"*If I could have foreseen the consequence of Free Trade I would rather have cut off my right hand than have signed any paper in support of it.*" There is no doubt reaction in every quarter, and I trust it will be duly encouraged.

Very faithfully yours,
STANHOPE.

Sir William Cooke to John Spencer-Stanhope.

WHEATLEY, *Jan.* 13. 1850.

I quite concur with you that no good is likely to come from a county meeting, and that we ought to wait till the ruinous effects of Free Trade are fully developed. Till then, there is no chance of Government listening to our complaints. *There never was such a delusion as that the substitution of foreign labour for English can benefit this country.* I am glad to say that my friend and neighbour, Childers, a red hot Free Trader has had 2 or 3 of his best

farms thrown upon his hands, and no one will look at them, tho' he holds out as an inducement the sacrifice of all tenant Rights, excepting land and labor.

Another *cause célèbre* about this date, besides that of the Protectionist, George Hudson, attracted much attention. Early in 1849, Lady Elizabeth was staying near Norwich while the trial of James Rush was in progress, a case which then roused unprecedented interest, but is now almost forgotten.

At Stanfield Hall, near Norwich, lived a widower, Mr Jermy, with his son and daughter-in-law. He had been Recorder of Norwich, and had married a daughter of Sir Thomas Beevor, the second baronet, who had died in 1820, but was always gratefully remembered by Mr Stanhope as the first person who had introduced him to his future wife. Not far from Stanfield Hall was a house named Potash Farm, which Mr Jermy had let to a tenant, James Bloomfield Rush. The latter did not prove altogether satisfactory; he got into difficulties, and from time to time Mr Jermy advanced considerable sums of money to him, till, finally, his conduct proving more reprehensible, Mr Jermy brought an action against him for miscultivation of the farm.

For this and other causes Rush harboured ill-will against Jermy, and becoming bankrupt, he found himself in great straits with regard to sums which he owed his landlord.

Thus it came about that one evening, the 28th of November 1848, the tenant of Potash Farm made his way carefully disguised to Stanfield Hall. He hid

near the front door in the dusk, and waited. At length Mr Jermy, according to his invariable habit, came out into the porch after his dinner to breathe the fresh air. Instantly a shot rang out in the darkness and he fell dead. Thereupon young Mr Jermy, alarmed at the noise, came running from the dining-room to discover its cause, when a second discharge succeeded the first, and he, like his father, fell murdered. The disguised man then entered the house, and as young Mrs Jermy came forward, horror-stricken at the sight of her husband's dead body in the doorway, the murderer attempted to kill her; she was hit in the arm, while the maid who tried to shield her was severely wounded in the leg.

The disguised man then, apparently afraid of detection, made his escape under the cover of darkness; but suspicion soon fell upon James Bloomfield Rush, all ports were closed to him, and he was shortly afterwards arrested.

A trial of exceptional interest ensued, during which, for six days, the accused man conducted his own defence with marked ability, and never wavered in his imperturbable calm. So able was that defence, that at one time it seemed doubtful if he could be convicted; but at length during the final peroration, by which he concluded a speech of many hours' duration, he made a fatal admission. This clinched the case for the Crown, and he was sentenced to death.

He was hanged in Norwich, and Lady Elizabeth used to relate the extraordinary excitement to which the occasion gave rise, the great crowds which assembled from every part of the county, and the ceaseless

discussion of the case, which for the time precluded all other topics of conversation. To the last, the demeanour of Rush was extraordinary, his dress was scrupulously studied, his appearance calm, his air that of a man upheld by a consciousness of innocence. He had the privilege of ordering his own breakfast on the morning of his execution, and selected roast sucking pig! Even at the last moment upon the scaffold, when the cap was actually over his eyes and the noose adjusted about his neck, he appeared to treat the situation with the same sense of personal detachment. "This does not go easy," he remarked cheerfully, with reference to the rope, "put the thing a little higher—Take your time—don't be in a hurry." These were the last words he uttered. After his death his blunderbuss and pistols were discovered buried in a muckheap near Stanfield Hall.

Young Mrs Jermy, as a result of her injuries, had to have her arm amputated. She eventually married her husband's cousin, Sir Thomas Beevor, the 4th baronet, and is still remembered as a lovely old lady with one arm.

On March 26th, 1850, Lady Elizabeth was staying with Mr Davison Bland of Kippax, in Yorkshire, when an incident occurred which caused her some small anxiety. It is best related in her own words:—

> The party here are the Ramsdens, their two daughters and a younger son who sang "*The Rat-Catcher's daughter*" and comic songs last night, much to my *distraction*, as I was playing at Whist with Mrs Bland for my partner, and the rubbers

lasted so long, from Mr Philip Savile[1] playing so intensely slowly, that, as the game of Pounce did not break up till past twelve, I was actually left *alone*, playing with the gentlemen, after the ladies had all gone to bed. So mind, I have told you, dearest, in case you should hear of me as a professed gambler. Corbett [the maid] was in the utmost annoyance and so mystified at my not coming up to bed with the others that she told Alice—"*Her Ladyship must have lost her way.*" I shall tell her to defend my character in the house, and guard against the same to-night. It shows how cautious one ought to be in believing stories against other people which may, like this, be entirely founded on an accidental circumstance. Don't be alarmed, as we only played shilling points, and I lost five shillings.

Mrs Philip Savile is a very agreeable person and a great friend of Julia Leicester, so I have told her she must meet them when they come to Cannon Hall. She told me that Mrs Arthur Savile[2] has always the ague at Foulmire. Mr Savile said that before it was drained he was actually lost in a bog there, and obliged to call for help to be pulled out.

There is a good name for Lord Wensleydale—"The Lord in waiting."[3] Mr P. Savile thinks that

[1] Philip Yorke, born 1814, Rector of Methley; third son of 3rd Earl of Mexborough, and Anne, eldest daughter of Philip, 3rd Earl of Hardwicke; married, 1842, Emily Mary Brand, eldest daughter of William Hale, Esq. of King's Walden, Herts.

[2] Arthur Savile, brother of the above, was Rector of Foulmire, near Royston.

[3] James Parke, Baron Wensleydale of Wensleydale, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and Baron Wensleydale of Walton, co. Palatine of Lancaster. One of the most distinguished lawyers and judges of his day; a Privy Councillor and previously one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer, he was created a Baron of the United Kingdom in 1856.

Mr Milnes refused the Peerage, he says he *certainly* did once. This going to Court looks like it, as otherwise he would probably have waited till he was made a peer.

This is certainly a very handsome house and place. The drawing-room is entirely new-furnished and very smart. There is a perfect profusion of violets here, and I never saw such fine asparagus and mushrooms.

P.S.—Our playing so late last night was not in the least Mr Bland's fault, as he was quite annoyed about it; but it was entirely owing to Mr Savile pondering over every card he played, which is so tiresome. I believe Lord Scarborough is expected to-morrow.

The Lord Scarborough mentioned at the close of Lady Elizabeth's letter, was John, the 8th Earl, about whom an amusing story was told by Mr Torre, Rector of Thornhill, in Yorkshire.

This Mr Torre was a man of good family, strong character and great determination. In his younger days he was in love with a Yorkshire lady, Miss Hodgson, to whom it was whispered that the Lord Scarborough of that date was also attached. The lady, however, became the wife of the clergyman, and Lord Scarborough very nobly bestowed upon his rival the living of Thornhill, of which he was patron, and which, in addition to a good house with beautiful grounds, was at that time worth £1500 to £1600 a year. The lady, it is true, did not survive to enjoy the home thus designed for her; none the less, in 1826, Mr Torre entered into possession of the

advantages which her charms had secured for him. Later he again married, and in 1851 he buried his second wife.

Meanwhile the aspect of affairs had changed for him. Richard, the 6th Earl, who had presented him with the living, had died in 1832, and his son John, Prebendary of York, who succeeded him and assumed the name of Savile, had survived him only three years. The peerage and estates then descended to the son of the latter, John, the 8th Earl, a man of wild character, commonly known by his significant nickname of Black Jack; and under whose auspices Mr Torre entered upon more troublous times.

For Black Jack, although unmarried, was the father of five children, and since one of his four illegitimate sons was in holy orders, he desired to bestow upon him the living of Thornhill. He therefore wrote to Mr Torre, pointing out that as the latter was well aware that he had originally been presented with the living solely out of regard for his wife, and as she had long since died, Mr Torre would undoubtedly recognise the propriety of resigning it, now that the patron had a relation to whom he desired to present it.

Mr Torre took up his pen and wrote what has been described as the shortest letter on record :—

My Lord,

Would you?

Your obedt. Servt.

HENRY TORRE.

None the less, a further attempt was made to

coerce the luckless incumbent. The story runs that, having vainly endeavoured to compass at the rectory an interview, which Mr Torre diplomatically avoided, Lord Scarborough, one Sunday, sent his London solicitor and his local agent to church with the object of waylaying the rector after the service, and of endeavouring to force or trick him into a concession which it was believed, by a little astuteness, might readily be wrung from an old man of past seventy. But Mr Torre, who had spied the emissaries of Lord Scarborough in their distant pew, recognised that under the circumstances discretion was the better part of valour, he therefore remained in the pulpit for many hours, and obstinately refused to quit that post of vantage until his enemies, wearied out, had taken their departure.

It may be added, that so disgusted was Lord Scarborough with his failure to shake the decision of the determined old man that he sold the next presentation of the living; but Mr Torre held it, in all, for a term of forty years, until his death on Christmas Day, 1866, at the age of eighty-seven.

In London, the following June, Lady Elizabeth was present at a ball given by another Yorkshire friend and neighbour.

June 16*th*, 1850.

Last night we went to Lady Sykes's capital ball. . . . though Ally and I (seated most comfortably in the front room where we saw everybody and were in the most advantageous position for being seen) treated it as an Assembly, Alice making her

mind up to dance—not for lack of partners as five or six asked her, among them three Mr Steuarts, unrelated to each other. Next to Alice sat old Mrs Welch of Lutterworth—I never saw a more awful spectacle, utterly childish, with her head bent down on her chest. Dear Ally could not have had a better foil to her youthful, merry face, for she looked very pretty and was very happy, except for her alarm that the old lady should fall asleep upon her. . . .

Miss Anderson looked very handsome and Queen-like, but she is thought to be supplanted in the silly Duke's admiration by Miss Virginia Pattle,[1] who is, in consequence, the new lion, people getting on the benches at Devonshire House to look at her. It will be curious to watch her rise, as I believe she is *not yet* in good society. They say the Duke has a collection of bouquets ready, which he presents himself to all the young ladies he admires. His florist's bill must be large.

Mrs Weymouth wears a scarf (high time she should) and she looks ghastly, whether from her chaperonage, or want of rouge, I know not.

Miss Birch is giving Eliza singing lessons anatomically, to extract sounds according to the formation of the throat. You may imagine how awful those sounds are. I am really half afraid when the windows are open of the Police hearing the shrieks of agony.

Did I tell you I copied out of *the Times* eight children at a birth and six out of the eight thriving well?

[1] Virginia, one of the five daughters of James Pattle, Esq. (Bengal Civil Service), married, in 1850, Charles Somers, Viscount Eastnor, who succeeded his father as 3rd Earl Somers in 1852 and died in 1883.

June 19, 1850.

I wish you had asked me to do anything *but* sit for my picture which I really could not undertake even in point of fatigue: sitting in that suffocating room, if the weather becomes hot, would make me positively ill. Besides, remember that the smile, or whatever it was that "killed" you is no longer there to paint. I could not call it back even to please you.

Did I tell you that my accounts for last week including many sundries and two small dinners, wine etc, were only £11. 9. 7. and we were 13 in family, so I deserve credit, and the *grande dame*[1] also. I believe her to be perfectly honest.

June 20*th*.

As we find that Mr Penley, the head of drawing at the Cheltenham College, has only 10/6 an hour, and his drawings are certainly clever, and he himself thoroughly respectable (highly recommended by Winsor and Newton) I have written to him to give the girls lessons. I shall make a point, of course, of always being present.

June 21*st*, 1850.

Yesterday we went a dance after Mr Penley, and were delighted with his drawings, which are most masterly, though rather more vivid in colouring than I like. He had just begun a very clever sketch in oils. He is the most merry, tidy, well-conditioned little man possible, so very respectable. It will be everything if we can get him to C. Hall. He showed us an unfinished sketch of Mrs Penley, which he had been obliged to leave,

[1] The cook.

as she lost a child every time she attempted to sit to him, to the tune of *eight*—it was too much for Roddy's[1] gravity, and nearly upset him, particularly as the little man gave the account with twinkling eyes and looking anything but broken hearted.

Roddy is going to establish himself with his easel in the unfurnished front drawing-room, and is quite happy, so we are quite an academy of the Arts. We all only do what amuses us, and the relief of not having those odious dinners is indescribable. I sincerely hope never to give another. We have invitations from Miss Coutts, Sir T. Cochrane (I suspect a ball) and one just come in for the whole family from Lady Bradford.

I had such a pleasant dinner yesterday at the Tufnells, among others there, Mr and Lady A. Wilbraham, Lord Mulgrave (Lady Mulgrave was knocked up with the Drawing-room) Lord Saye and Sele, with whom I made great friends, a delightful person with rather formal manners. He was a clergyman, a cousin of the Leighs, and gave up his living to enable the Henry Cholmondeleys to marry. He told me that the old Duke of Somerset had made up the Gersdorf marriage by telling him that Miss T. was an heiress. There was a round table for 12 and nothing but the entrées on the table, with an old gold bowl of strawberries at one end, and another of grapes and oranges at the other, which looked cool, as the room was over the kitchen and was, in spite of all their endeavours, intensely hot. Nothing was carved on the table. Tuffy looked more refined, having been in *petite santé*, and is what he calls an independent member, (being still kept in though he has resigned) at 6/6 per day, to which he has

[1] Lady Elizabeth's second son, Roddam Spencer-Stanhope.

no objection. He begged me to tell you he *was out.* They talk of going to the Rhine as soon as Parliament is up. He is certainly very good-natured and not quite so pompous. The Whigs are evidently shaken and shaking, and even with their best endeavours they cannot whitewash Lord P.

I am going to call on the Duchess of Inverness,[1] having met her in Piccadilly.

The cellar account last week with the two little dinners was not high, 3 bottles of Marsala, 1 port, and 1 sherry for the whole week.

June 23rd.

Mr Penley is coming at 12 for the drawing lesson. I like *that*, but the singing, or rather screaming, does victimise me. However Alice is much improved and Eliza *will* drag out a voice somehow.

June 24th, 1850.

Now after all your pretty speeches, I am vexing myself about the picture, as it seems so ungracious and unkind in me; but conquering any reluctance on my part to sitting (which is great) where on earth am I to find the time? The morning is impossible with attending Eliza's dancing lessons, and all I have to do, which, believe me, is no trifle, for yesterday on coming home from dinner I was answering notes at 12 o'clock at night, and to-day I actually had not time to eat my breakfast till quite cold. I say nothing of the certain failure of

[1] Lady Cecilia Underwood, daughter of the 2nd Earl of Arran by his third wife, widow of Sir George Buggin, 2nd wife of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, was created Duchess of Inverness by Queen Victoria.

the whole thing for I am *too young* and *too old* to make a decent picture.

There is an invitation just come from Mrs Laurence[1] to the family, to meet the Duchess of Cambridge and the Duchess of Gloucester on the 29th, probably in return for the grouse, which I suppose is best for *them*, as a solitary pine would be lost in her pyramids of fruit. . . . We are going to-day to the Mostyns to see them all dressed for Court. Eliza is very well but the *screeching* of her and Alice with this *anatomical* singing from morning to night is impossible to describe, and drives Roddy and myself distracted. However, they are dear good girls and very happy. Alice enjoyed her first London dinner at the Whitbreads yesterday. She sat between Leicester and Lord Charteris' brother, Mr Waldegrave, a very pleasant, conversable young man,

Young Whitbread, who is very good-looking and natural, did nothing but hand her out on to the balcony to look at the moon and stars. I speedily called her in.

I never saw anything so crazy as Roddy is on pictures. If he perseveres he must make something of it, as it is his sole thought and object, *thank God, a harmless one.*

Yesterday I met Lord Waterpark:—"*Yes 'um I have been all the morning dressed out 'um in my fine clothes at my waiting 'um.*" He had been at the Council but nothing had transpired. The Nepaulese made their offering to the Queen, of

[1] The wife of the great surgeon, Dr Laurence. She lived at Ealing, and became noted for her magnificent flowers, by making presents of which, combined with the parties that she gave in order to show her hot-houses, she made her way into society.

rich silks, ivory, and white *cows' tails*, I suppose to brush off the flies.

Undated.

The Nepaul Princes are to give a ball or party at which they are to break a diamond necklace and let all the young ladies scramble for the diamonds.

June 29th 1850.

You will see the account of the brutal attack upon the Queen by a Lieutenant Pitt of the 11th Hussars, who struck her on the face with a stick in the open carriage when going either in or out of the Gate at Cambridge House. It is said that she only turned pale for a few minutes and that the little Prince of Wales led the cheers of the people when they saw she was safe. I believe she went to the Opera last night, when the sensation was tremendous. You may fancy the excitement when we went to Lady Miller's, last night, which was a small but select party.

July 8th, 1850.

I am trying to make up a small dinner-party to go to *India*. We can easily get away from Lady Shelley's for a 6 o'clock dinner, as it is necessary to be at the Panorama (a moving one painted by Stanfield and Herring) at half past seven.

Roddy is in high force, but doubtful whether he shall go to the Scilly Isles with Mr Cross to study anatomy, or to Oxford during the Vacation to study drawing under Watts, the famous Cartoon painter, who only takes pupils by great favour.

I hear that they are making shawls at Paisley for the Exhibition, for which they intend to charge six hundred guineas, although the setting the pattern costs only ninety pounds. The idea of it

is beginning to be better liked and to do good from the number of hands at work. It is to be turned afterwards they say into a winter Exhibition.

Undated.

We spent the morning at Watts's studio. . . . We were in raptures with the magnificent designs and pictures there and still more with poor Watts himself, who, Eliza declares, is the only person she ever saw who gave her the idea of Genius embodied in human form; and certainly the mind seems completely to have worn away the body, he looks so frail. . . . We made friends directly, as he seems a delightful person, and I thanked him very warmly about Roddy. I am very glad I have seen him and his pictures, which *must* be the result of a highly religious mind.

Lady Mary Fox half lives with the Prinseps and Watts.

May 1851.

I have been this morning to the Exhibition, I am thankful to say for the last time in the morning, as it is a great fag. The shilling tickets begin on Monday, when it will be out of the question to go.

I hear that some of the best things are to be withdrawn, as several have been stolen. One thief dressed himself up as a Bishop, another went as a Watchmaker. I fancy the first had the greatest success.

I believe poor Lord John applied for leave to go in a plain Court dress to the Charles II. ball and was peremptorily refused. *The* Duke intends going as Peter the Great. Edward Digby is to enact Sir Kenelm. Lady Teresa rather hesitates about appearing as Lady Venetia, who was not over

correct. In fact it is, of course, a complete mummery and very heartily disliked.

The same.

It is said that the Queen intends personating the Empress of Germany, in orange and grey, at her fancy ball, and that she has restricted the period to the first five years of the Restoration to exclude all the naughty ladies—which will be hard work, after all. No Lord Rochester to be received. It was said that Lady Essex was to go as her ancestress, Nell Gwyn.

Think, how curious, the Exhibition was nearly empty yesterday, the first shilling day. There has been a long account in the paper of my opal,[1] which I am supposed to be exhibiting there but refused to send—so it does just as well as if I had sent it.

It seems as if fancy balls are to be the rage, which I earnestly trust we may escape, I am thankful to think that with our mourning we are safe from the Queen's.

June 1851.

I don't wonder that poor Sir John Boileau[2] writes out of spirits, he is worried to death with the Chrystal Palace. You would have been amused at Lord Wharncliffe's rage and indignation over the ball, at people "being condemned to make such Tom fools of themselves." He said the Queen had been so worried about the ball she declared

[1] A black opal, which had been the possession of Nonius the senator. Pliny mentions that Antony wanted it for Cleopatra, and that Nonius was banished because he refused to part with it. Thomas William Coke purchased it when the tomb of Nonius was opened in 1773.

[2] Sir John Peter Boileau, Bart. of Talcolnestone Hall, Co. Norfolk. See page 295.

MARY WINIFRED SPENCER STANHOPE, *NÉE* MISS PULLEINE,
WIDOW OF WALTER SPENCER STANHOPE, ESQ., M.P.

that she would never give another, which everybody is heartily glad to hear.

The great fancy-dress ball given by the Queen caused general excitement, and Lady Teresa Digby finally overcame her sensitiveness and appeared as her questionable ancestress, the beautiful Lady Venetia, whom she personated in a most becoming dress of blue satin adorned with black velvet and pearls, while her hair was done in tiny curls upon her forehead. Lady Elizabeth's own escape from having to attend the entertainment had, however, a sad origin in the death of her mother-in-law on the 16th of the previous December. Mary Winifred Spencer-Stanhope had survived her husband for thirty years, and had herself attained to the age of eighty-six, when with her strong will still undaunted, with her once powerful brain scarcely clouded, she passed away surrounded by her children and bitterly mourned by them.

Thenceforward, life was transformed for the four daughters who had shared the long years of her widowhood. The great house in Langham Place echoed no more to the coming and going of the world with which they had mingled; middle age had come upon them, and their thoughts turned longingly to the home of their childhood. It was shortly afterwards decided that they should live at Banks Hall, one of John Stanhope's houses in the neighbourhood of Cannon Hall; and thus, when Time had robbed them of their youth, was fulfilled the threat which Frances in her handsome girlhood had laughingly uttered, that, if no "houseless husbands" appeared,

they should call upon their brother to provide them with a home.

In October of that same year, Lady Elizabeth went with her daughters to stay at Newstead Abbey, then in possession of Colonel Wildman. As is well known, when Lord Byron, the poet, inherited the old home of his ancestors, the magnificent pile of buildings, half castle, half convent, had fallen into a state of decay. "The Wicked Lord," as his predecessor had been called, who had killed Mr Chaworth in a duel, had conceived such a hatred for his own son that he had striven to wreck to the utmost the property to which that son was heir. The latter had frustrated his father's designs by predeceasing him, and the poet, when a mere child, had become owner of the ruined estate and dilapidated building. Crippled in his resources and wholly unable to repair the havoc wrought by his predecessor, Byron, for long, clung with passionate affection to the home of his ancestors; but at length recognising that such a course on his part was but completing the wreckage of the estate, he sold it, in 1817, to his friend and former schoolfellow, Colonel Wildman. The latter justified this action by sparing no expense and evincing faultless taste in restoring the place and estate to their former splendour.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY, MANSFIELD,
October 1851.

Here we are safely arrived after a very prosperous *trajet* yesterday, with the exception of waiting till past two for the train at Barnsley, and even with a

very quick dinner at Chesterfield we did not get here till near dinner time, and with our best endeavours, Eliza did not make her appearance till after the soup.

Many regrets at your absence, and I certainly should like to show you this beautiful house, in your own style, and in such wonderful keeping. However, I think you would have found the evening heavy, even in that most splendid drawing-room, as there was not a book to be seen on the tables—at least I could not see one.

Mrs Wildman sang extremely well in the evening, evidently quite professionally. I was amused when looking at a miniature painting of her when very young, she said—"That was painted of me at 17 *when I had been a wife two years.*" I suppose it really was a private marriage.[1]

I wish you could see me in my room, entirely panelled in dark oak, with Holbeins, or copies of them, hung round, and such a chimney piece. My bed is needlework done by different ladies, so heavy that the weight is quite extraordinary, on dark green cloth and Turkey carpet, etc., magnificent in the day time, but so dark at night that it would require half a dozen candles to see. A wretched little dressing-room, all in keeping. I am very glad I asked for a bed for Alice, as she and Eliza were to have shared another state room hung with Gobelin tapestry, instead of which she has a bright attic with a lovely view.

Mrs Wildman showed me their own suite of rooms, with bathroom, boudoir and dressing-room, etc., all perfect, everything, even to the washing-

[1] Thomas Wildman of Newstead Abbey, Co. Nottingham, a Colonel. in the Army who had seen very distinguished service, married, in 1816, Louisa, daughter of F. Preisig, of Appenzell in Switzerland.

stand, in massive polished carved oak of the richest kind. Mrs W.'s boudoir has panels of looking-glass let into the carved oak. The entrance out of the present dining-room is through the doors of Colonel Wildman's wardrobe. The large dining-room, like a fine Baronial hall with a magnificent gallery of carved oak.

The expense must have been enormous; Mr Sherwin[1] told me that the original purchase of the estate and *shell* of the old Abbey was at least £150,000, and that he must have spent much more than that upon it, indeed Shaw, the Architect, felt it his duty to protest publickly against so ruinous an undertaking.

Everything is marvellously well done and very handsome. The dinner in foreign style, with the dessert on the table, to which I am almost a convert, as it looks so pretty and saves so much trouble and moving about. The *entrées* mixed with the fruit.

Mr Sherwin told me he was much disappointed in Rufford, which is a rambling old house, without any particular beauty either in that or the place.

Mr Wildman gave the girls a *proper* edition of Don Juan (for the sake of the description of Newstead), but as I do not believe that it can be castrated, I have *positively forbidden* their reading anything but that description. The man who published it was, of course, fined, and it is not to be bought.

Thoresby is 10 miles off, so that we are not likely to see anything of Lady Manvers, I should think, and Mrs Wildman said that she had failed in the

[1] John Sherwin, Esq., of Bramcote Hills, Co. Nottingham, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff, 1829. Born 1803; married, 1829, Catherine, daughter of Robert Holden, Esq., of Nuttall Temple, Co. Nottingham. See page 300.

party she had asked, as most of the neighbours were absent. Pray tell Louie[1] that there is such a dog here, Sailor, a black Newfoundland, who stands with his head on the table, and has a white bosom in the shape of a cross and two white tips to his front paws—such a magnificent creature, he threw an old lady down the other day in the act of embracing her. I shall be on my guard against any such familiarity.

There is a rent all through the Chapel from an earthquake, which shook Colonel Wildman in his chair.

There is the picture of "Philip in armour,"[2] by Lonsdale, such a likeness that I knew it instantly, though taking it at first sight for an old knight. The best picture I ever saw, of Philip's best looks!

NEWSTEAD, *October 4th.*

I will begin my letter to you as usual before prayers, but you must not expect a very bright one, as I sat up late last night to read the whole of Washington Irving's *Newstead*, which is very correct,—and was then kept awake by the toothache.

I must, however, tell you a strange thing which happened in the middle of my reading. I will copy out the paragraph which I had just been digesting.

"After he [Colonel Wildman] had taken up his residence at the Abbey, he heard, one moonlight night, a noise, as if a carriage were passing at a

[1] Louisa Stanhope, Lady Elizabeth's youngest daughter, who possessed an extraordinary magnetic attraction for and power over all animals, even those which were wild or savage with everyone else. She used to drive a tame fox in a small cart, likewise a savage ram.

[2] This old picture at Newstead presented a curious likeness to General Stanhope.

distance. He opened the window and leant out. It then seemed as if the great iron roller was dragged along the gravel-walks and terrace, but there was nothing to be seen. When he saw the gardener the following morning, he questioned him about working so late at night. The gardener declared that no one had been at work, and the roller was chained up. He was sent to examine it, and came back with a countenance full of surprise, the roller had been moved in the night, but he declared no mortal hand could have moved it."

I had just finished this paragraph when there came a tap at my door, and Alice entered. "Oh, Mamma," she said, "it is such a nuisance, only fancy the gardeners are actually rolling the paths under my window at this hour and making such a noise, I shall not be able to get to sleep." I went to the window and listened, and, sure enough, there were distinct sounds of a noisy roller grating along the gravel, which, however, fortunately ceased soon after. I do not like to mention it to our host.

NEWSTEAD, *October 4th*, 1851.

We had a very pleasant day yesterday, as it was beautiful. I spent the morning rambling about with Alice, while Eliza was as usual devoted to her sketching. The upper part of the lake and the waterfall are very fine, and the park is on a large scale and certainly very handsome, very undulating country, covered with fern and plantations on all the rising ground. It is a perfect rabbit warren, but not a rabbit in the *garden*.

In the afternoon we drove to Annesley, the old mansion of the Chaworths, and the scene of so much love and romance. It is, of course, excessively interesting, but you can imagine Eliza's

distraction at finding the "antique oratory" turned into a bedroom. The diadem is cut down and the public road runs at the foot of the pleasure ground. Captain Hamond, one of Antony Hamond's brothers, is guardian and lives there, being allowed £700 a year till the present young Musters is of age. His poor Mother died of a decline, and her husband, the last Mr Musters, died insane. There is a lovely Sir Joshua of the improper Mrs Musters as Hebe. They gave me a very interesting account of Lord Byron's Mrs Musters.[1]

Our party at dinner yesterday was Captain Goldsmith, a good-looking and very distinguished young Naval officer, now staying here, the owner of Sailor, who did not at first recognise his old master, but it was quite pretty to see the recollection suddenly strike him, when he leapt upright with his paws round Captain G.'s neck. The latter is Flag Captain to Lord Dundonald.

We have just been seeing Lord Byron's room, but in horrid taste, nothing but the remembrance to make it interesting.

Another house at which Lady Elizabeth stayed, apparently about this date, was Burton Agnes, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. A handsome building of red brick, it is a mixture of Tudor and Jacobean architecture; but beautiful as is the actual structure both within and without, fittingly picturesque is the story which forms part of its history.

BURTON AGNES, (*undated*).

We have been staying at that delightful house

[1] Mrs Hamond was the daughter of Byron's boyish love, Miss Chaworth, the heiress of Annesley, who became Mrs Musters.

Burton Agnes. I was asking about the ghost story which you could not remember.

It seems that about the time of Queen Elizabeth, the estate passed to three sisters of the Griffiths family, co-heiresses. They were very rich and they decided to rebuild the home for which they had an intensely romantic affection. The most eager in the scheme was Anne, the youngest, who urged her sisters to spare neither trouble nor expense to make the house the most perfect in the neighbourhood; and admirably did they succeed.

At last all was completed to their satisfaction and Burton Agnes surpassed all the buildings in the vicinity. The sisters took possession of their new creation with pride and delight; but their happiness was soon darkened by a dreadful tragedy.

Anne, the most devoted to the home they had so beautified, went one afternoon, accompanied only by her dog, to pray at a shrine near the village.[1] Daylight was already waning, and as she knelt in prayer she was accosted by some evil-looking beggars who craved alms. She charitably complied with their request; but as she did so, they spied a handsome ring upon her finger and at once demanded this threateningly. The ring had belonged to Anne's dead mother; and the girl, who valued it greatly on this account, bravely refused to part with it; whereupon the men proceeded to take it by violence, and on her resisting and screaming for help, they knocked her senseless and left her for dead.

Her cries, however, had been heard; help came

[1] Another version of the story says that she had been to pay a visit to her neighbour, Lady St Quintin, at Harpham Hall.

Marc Gerhardt, pinxit, 1620

FRANCES, MARGARET AND CATHERINE, DAUGHTERS OF SIR HENRY GRIFFITH, BT., OF BURTON AGNES

From a picture in the possession of Mrs. Wickham-Boynton

and finally she was carried back dying to the home she so loved. For a few days she survived, and during that interval her one grief was the thought of quitting the house on which her affections centred. She told her sisters that she would never sleep peacefully in her grave unless some part at least of her body remained in the house as long as this stood. "When I am dead," she said, "my head must be taken from my body and kept in these walls"; and she assured them that if this were not done, she would make it impossible for anyone to live in the house from which she herself was banished.

Little as they believed her, it is said, that subsequent events convinced them of the truth of her threat. Poor Anne was first buried in the churchyard, but every week, as the day came round again on which she had died, her spirit created such a disturbance at Burton Agnes that it was impossible to exist in the house. Her sisters were forced to disinter her body and bring the skull back to the house; and although at different periods attempts have been made by subsequent generations to dispense with its presence on the premises, they have always been forced to restore it to the niche where it is determined to repose.

Fortunately at the present time Anne's skull is in residence, so we have slumbered in peace! But what does interest me is the queer old picture of the three Miss Griffiths, such quaint, picturesque figures, and Anne, clad in black, standing apart from her sisters, with a strange, melancholy expression which makes you *feel* her tragedy as you look at it.

On August 30th, 1851, Richard Monckton Milnes

had married the Hon. Annabel Crewe, younger daughter of the 2nd Lord Crewe. After a tour abroad they returned to Fryston for Christmas, and there, on January 20th, the following year, Lady Elizabeth was again his guest, having driven in her carriage from Cannon Hall, in consequence of which she baited her horses during her visit, as described in her letter. At this date Mr Pemberton Milnes was in a declining state of health, which terminated in his death six years later, and as the young bride was likewise unable to take her place as hostess[1] the duties which she was unable to perform were deputed to her sister-in-law, Lady Galway.

Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope.

FRYSTON, *January 20th*, 1852.

Here I am, I believe writing to you in the same room which we inhabited so many years ago, and certainly not much improved in its appearance.

You have had a good escape, and I have done nothing but rejoice most unselfishly in your absence, though nothing could exceed Mr Milnes' kindness and hospitality, talking of sending express for you and Walter, and insisting on my keeping the horses, saying that he would charge me 3/6 for their keep; so here I have kept them till Thursday, when you may decidedly expect to see us home.

Mr Milnes was very anxious to know if we drove four-in-hand or *unicorn*, and if we slept on

[1] Her child, Amicia, was born the following summer.

the road. We did come such a pace that we arrived here very early,—not like the Lawleys who were too late for dinner, and poor Mr Duncombe literally dined at the side table. He is the eldest, who married Sir J. Graham's daughter,[1] and looks wretchedly ill.

The party here are Lord and Lady Galway,—she does the honours such as they are,—Mr and Lady Elizabeth Lawley, Mr W. Duncombe, Mrs and Miss Blackburn and Mr Offley Crewe, a young clergyman etc., etc. The *Spec* of the party, recommended by Mr Milnes, is the clergyman, who has one of Lord Crewe's rich livings of £3000 a year, but who looks more dead than alive, certainly as Mr Milnes says, not as if he lived upon tithes. He is an exemplary young clergyman and has gone off with Mr Lawley to-day to visit the Lunatic Asylum at Wakefield.

I excused myself from cards, luckily, as the gentlemen sat up at Whist till one o'clock, indeed, it was near 12 when I stole off, as Lady Galway did not seem to have a thought of leaving. I believe they often sit up till past 2 o'clock. However, one may do as one likes.

Everything is very queer here, but I shall leave the description till we meet. I would gladly have returned home to-morrow but that would not be civil. Tell Alice that I wish I could send her as a curiosity two wreaths of old artificial flowers with gold and silver paper leaves which adorn the necks of the candlesticks in my bedroom, probably been there since poor old Mrs Milnes' time.

I cannot say much for the *cuisine*. Mrs Blackburn seems a clever sensible woman and her daughter

[1] Mabel Violet, daughter of the Right Honourable Sir James Graham, married 7th August, 1851, the Honourable William Ernest Duncombe.

rather pretty. You would have found it very hot in the rooms. There was not a drop of water in my jugs when I dressed for dinner, and, when I rang, one of the housemaids answered it *en chemise*.

January 21*st*.

I am thankful you are not here, as I was nearly ill with the intense heat and crowd yesterday at dinner, when we were twenty, the Hawkes and Bridgeman Simpsons[1] in addition. I am just summoned to luncheon at *one* having left the breakfast-table at *eleven*.

FRYSTON, *January* 22*nd*, 1852.

You will be disappointed at seeing my letter instead of myself to-day, however, it would have been a positive affront if we had not stayed over to-day as the Bridgeman Simpsons are here and the Philip Saviles expected this evening, and to give you an idea of the *laisser aller* of the style, Lady Galway is setting off with some of the gentlemen to York, leaving Mrs Bridgeman Simpson to her own devices and my charge, which, as we are great friends and she is a delightful person, will do very well. If the day lasts, I shall take her a drive, and if I can, call on Lady Ibbotson.

Altogether we have been very amused here, only for the heat and the dreadful hours which would have half killed you, and I have done nothing but

[1] The Hon. John Bridgeman, born 1763, second son of Henry, 1st Lord Bradford, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and heir of John Simpson, Esq., he became of Badworth Hall, Notts, and assumed by Act of Parliament the surname and arms of Simpson. He married first, 1784, Henrietta Frances, only daughter of Sir Thomas Worsley, Bt., who died in 1791; secondly, in 1793, Grace, daughter of Samuel Estwicke, Esq. He left issue by both his wives, and died in 1850.

rejoice unselfishly that you were not here. Last night it was 11 o'clock before they sat down to a round game, at which I & Eliza did not play, but Little Madam did, and won £2, upon which they all told her she must remain in single blessedness as she could never be also lucky in marriage.

Everyone goes their own way and does just what they like, which is the best part.

Mr Milnes took me into the library yesterday to see a picture of Sir E. Coke which Segnier[1] purchased—better than that at Holkham and which Mr Milnes declares is very like me. He called me "Attorney General" and declared with my legal face he should have had no chance for his life. He broke out yesterday at dinner to my great amusement. "*I'll come when you are quite alone and stay two months with you.*" He will never get over his visit to Banks when the sisters were settling in, and declares to everybody that he found them with a chimney sweeper in each room and without a drop of water in the house that they could drink.

We have made great friends with Mr Duncombe, who is excessively pleasing and high bred, I told him that Mrs Duncombe's grandmother, Lady C. Graham, was one of the oldest friends of your family.

There is a very clever, and most pleasing and agreeable author here, Mr Spedding,[2] who is writing a life of Bacon, a person who would suit you exactly. I asked him for Tuesday, but he is obliged to return to London.

[1] A well-known picture dealer in London.

[2] James Spedding, born 1808, died in St George's Hospital in 1881, having been run over by a cab the week before. In 1847 he might have become Under Secretary of State with £2000 a year, but he had already devoted himself to the task of his life—the re-editing and the vindicating of Bacon, a work which he published in 1857-74.

I paid a visit to the bride yesterday, who received me as an old acquaintance. She has a very clever and handsome face, and is, I believe, very aimable. Mr Monckton Milnes said that he had been congratulated on marrying a wife without accomplishments, *but who could read and write*, which everyone could not do. She will be a great addition. Mr M. Milnes and Little Madam get on capitally.

I feel unwell to-day, as with the late hours and noisy rooms one gets little enough rest, though here we have no midnight garden roller!

Meanwhile the political situation was causing intense excitement. On December 2nd, 1851, Louis Napoleon had carried his famous *coup d'état* in Paris, which led, in the January following, to his being installed as Prince President of the French Republic, and shortly afterwards to the abandonment of even this thin disguise, so that there followed, in December, 1852, his open recognition as Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. "You cannot imagine the state of London after the *coup d'état* yesterday," General Stanhope had written to Lady Elizabeth on December 3rd, 1851. "I cannot say it was unexpected, but it was not calculated on in such a hurry. The scene in the Lords and Commons was unprecedented, the conduct of Brougham and Lord Althorp very much arraigned."

Shortly afterwards, the resignation of Lord Palmerston was required by Lord John Russell, for having, as Secretary of State, on his own authority communicated with France in reference to England's recognition of the *coup d'état*. On the following

February 28th, however, Lord John Russell was succeeded as Premier by Lord Derby.

February 28th, 1852.

There is no dependence about politics, but Lord Waterpark loses £800 a year, and has, I fear, found his affairs in Ireland rather in confusion on the sudden death of his steward. George Anson loses £1,200 a year in the Ordnance.

February 29th, 1852.

The new ministry is called from D'Israeli—"*Benjamin's Mess.*" Lady Palmerston gave a party and received regular congratulations on the Ministry being ousted. Lord Rosebery thinks the new one will stand a year, but there must be a split amongst them. I am afraid the poor Waterparks are in a sad way what with his loss and receiving no rents from Ireland, I believe they can hardly manage to go on at Doveridge. She bears it very well.

It is said that when someone was giving the Duke of Wellington the names of the new Administration in the lobby of the House of Commons, being very deaf, he kept calling out—"And *who* is *he*? The authorities here do not expect a Dissolution immediately, indeed Lord Derby's speech last night was against it.[1]

Mrs Anson cannot bear being Mrs General Anson, and thinks Lady Adela Law[2] has not been so

[1] The Dissolution did not take place till the following July.

[2] Adelaide Emmeline Caroline, third daughter of Charles William, 3rd Marquess of Londonderry and Frances, only daughter and heir of Sir Harry Vane Tempest, married 11th February, 1852, the Rev. Frederick Henry Law, Vicar of Lullington, Derbyshire.

wrong after all, as all the young men go to the Clubs and hardly think of speaking to a girl. Meanwhile, tell Eliza and Louie that her escapade is attributed by her family to her having read *Stuart of Dunleith*.[1] I hope it will not have the same effect at Cannon Hall. Certainly both her head and her heart must be weak, as it is said that Mr Law is quite an antidote to love, both in looks and manners. He is the son of some schoolmaster, and was tutor at Sir J. Graham's, where he was thought very *uppish*. Lady Londonderry declares herself humbled to the dust.

September, 1852.

Walter writes word that the Duke of Wellington's funeral was an affecting sight, there were more people there than for the opening of the Exhibition, the procession was very grand, but the car a triumph of bad taste.

Have you heard the story of the Duke at Walmer a short time before his death? He gave orders for his gardener at the castle to plant three hundred trees. The gardener, not liking the work entailed, objected, on the score of its uselessness, pointing out that, with such a number, half of them would die. "Ah," said the Iron Duke, "then if half will die, plant six hundred!"

It was towards the close of 1852 that an event happened which gave Lady Elizabeth the liveliest satisfaction and which had its origin as follows:—

On a certain sunny summer's afternoon, about four years previously, she and her daughters had gone down into the park at Cannon Hall to be present at a village

[1] By Mrs Norton.

school treat. A few days before, the village girls had presented little Madam with a bonnet of plaited straw which they had made for her, and, thinking to please them, she decided to wear it on this particular occasion. Her sisters, scanning the effect of her pretty face framed in its unusually simple head-gear, laughingly assured her, in reference to a popular novel, that she looked a "perfect Lucilla," and all that was wanted was *Cœlebs in search of a wife.*

As though their words were prophetic, that very afternoon Cœlebs appeared!

Mr Percival Pickering,[1] a rising young barrister, who was staying at Thornes House near Wakefield, while attending the Northern Circuit, came over to Cannon Hall with his friend and host, Mr Milnes Gaskell. Learning from the servants that Lady Elizabeth was to be found in the park, they walked on to look for her; and thus Mr Pickering's first view of his future wife was as a perfect Lucilla, suitably employed playing with the village school girls in the park and wearing the little white bonnet of plaited straw.

His fate was immediately decided; but little Madam proved obdurate. Three times, it is said, during the years which followed, did he propose, and three times did she refuse him. "The more I see of the gener-

[1] Recorder of Pontefract, Attorney-General for the County Palatine, and Judge of the Passage Court, Liverpool, son of Edward Rowland Pickering, Esq., by his wife Mary Vere. The former was descended from Sir James Pickering of Winderwarth, County Westmorland, the representatives of whose family, some generations later, bore the Baronetcy of his name, but from the fourteenth century had resided at Tichmarsh, County Northampton. Mary Vere was the only daughter of Samuel Vere, Esq., decended from Alberic, Earl of Oxford.

ality of men," wrote Lady Elizabeth sadly, "the more do I regret our friend, and the day will come when little Madam will do so too." And gradually little Madam came round to the same way of thinking, but Cœlebs, with a heavy heart, had accepted his dismissal and she was left lamenting. At length Mrs Milnes Gaskell, who was the confidant of both, diplomatically arranged a meeting at Thornes House, the long-protracted romance was thus brought to a happy conclusion, and early in 1853 Lady Elizabeth was plunged into preparations for the wedding, which were forthwith described by her with the same liveliness with which she had related her own experiences under similar conditions thirty-four years previously.

Her first undertaking was to turn Watts out of the drawing-room of her house in Harley Street, where he had been established during her absence, painting in conjunction with her son Roddam.—"We shall have to have the High Art put out of the drawing-rooms, that they may be *thoroughly cleaned*," she wrote firmly in February, 1853, and she journeyed up to town to accomplish this object and to purchase the trousseau, part of which was to be made by a fashionable dressmaker who, she writes with her invariable eye to economy, "you know is the daughter of my father's first and attached tenant Overman, so that I feel everything will be done of the *very best* and at the very *lowest terms* that it can be done—I told her at once that I would not stand any nonsense!"

February, 1853.

A most delightful journey we had without the

MARY VERE

slightest fatigue or draw-back. Little Madam found a note—*such* a note from her love awaiting her with what Alice calls the "first fruits" in the shape of a beautiful serpent bracelet with fine carbuncles for the head and a heart of the same. . . . Endless letters awaiting us.

Lady Wharncliffe writes—"I have been indeed rejoiced to hear of Anna Maria having consented to reward Mr Pickering's constancy at last! We had all been astonished that she should originally have been obdurate considering how superior and good a man he is," . . . but all the people write on such *card-board* paper that it will take many stamps to send the enclosures. As you will have your own, perhaps I had better keep all those which are not very particular—but pray send us those *you* receive. Indeed, there seems but one opinion, and I firmly believe that Little Madam could not have made a more *popular* marriage, particularly as his long devotion to her seems generally known.

March.

I only wish you had been here yesterday when Mr Pickering's old servant arrived from the Temple bringing a very handsome *enormous* blue travelling cloak with a deep velvet collar, large enough for Walter, which he insisted (as it has never been worn) on having cut into a travelling cloak for Little Madam. . . .

The other day she and I went into fits of laughter at dinner when, in addition to his travelling cloak, which is really a treasure, he gravely proposed making over to her a most beautiful stock of French kid gloves made on purpose for him in Paris—"*if they would fit her*!" He certainly has no idea of possessing anything which is not *hers*!

He is going to give a dinner in the Temple to Mr Gaskell on Saturday, as the latter is in despair at losing his capital Bachelor dinners with iced champagne at four guineas a dozen. Mr Pickering spared no expense, and I hear his dinners are first-rate, at least I never saw anyone with such fine and fastidious taste.

[*Undated.*] 6. A.M.

Here I am again, seated in my fur cloak beginning very early my happy, busy day by writing to you, though with little enough sleep, having sat up with my *dear* "*son*" till twelve o'clock last night—thinking it eleven—so fascinating was his conversation, in which his beautiful character shone forth as usual. It is impossible to be in the society of this truly good and delightful man without feeling the better for it, and with all his real knowledge and highly cultivated mind, he is great fun and as merry as a schoolboy. I am most thankful that Little Madam can and does appreciate, as he deserves, this noble-minded being, for I could not *bear* him to be thrown away. And to think we nearly lost him!

I wish you could have seen the poor dear trying to decipher his future Papa's "*very gentlemanlike but somewhat illegible hand*!"

Last night I suggested to him that she ought to have some settled *pin money*. He asked what on earth I could mean. He had never heard of it and seemed quite perplexed, for as he assured me what was *his* was *hers*, and she could always have everything she wished.

Some things are as good as a farce.—If only you had seen his face when I asked him, by Little Madam's desire, if he would like her to wear *caps*.

—"*Caps*? What can you mean?"—"Day caps," I replied, "Lace caps, such as married women generally wear, you know."—"Good Heavens, no! What on earth could make her think of it! She must follow her *own* taste in everything—the idea of my interfering!"

However, we are luxuriating in white muslin dresses, as that is his admiration.—"*She looks so beautiful in white muslin and black lace, don't you think so?*" And in white muslin and black lace does she attire herself every day!

I wish you could have seen Philip last night actually swelling in the plenitude of oracular importance, up to his ears in the Umfreville *cinque foils*[1] and the Pickering lions, drawing out the arms, so very important and satisfied. Mr P. takes in his character so well and is amused at the pomposity.

Wedding presents continue to flock in. . . . The only one not quite fortunate is from the "Balmy Zephyr."[2] In the first place he sent quite a handsome inkstand, but two days later sent his servant to fetch it back, saying that unfortunately the wrong present had been left by mistake. In its stead was substituted a bazaar cushion, which we found marked £2, and which he had evidently won in a raffle!

Meanwhile, an ordeal awaited Lady Elizabeth, her

[1] Mr Pickering's grandfather, Edward Lake Pickering, Esq., had married Mary Umfreville, who, through her paternal ancestry, was the direct descendant of Robert Umfreville, Lord of Tours and Vian, a kinsman of William the Conqueror, and through her mother, Mary Weld, was directly descended from Edric, Duke of Mercia, by Edith daughter of King Etheldred.

[2] Mr Monckton Milnes.

introduction to the parents of her future son-in-law, with whom she had not yet made acquaintance.

February 4th.

And now I must give you an account of our yesterday's scene, which was like nothing but a scene in Dickens.

A little before the time when *they* were to arrive, and I was sitting here in great perturbation, there came a thundering knock at the door and James announced the Dowager Lady Leigh[1] was in the drawing-room. I could not of course refuse to see her as she is one of my oldest friends. Instead of Lady Leigh, however, I found her three daughters in the drawing-room, looking, as they always do, *perfectly scared* and declaring that their mother was at the door, but could not come in. I was going out to see her when I found the carriage had driven off, and to my dismay, the Miss Leighs sat on, twittering with excitement, for some time. But at last I got rid of them, after which I carefully denied myself to anyone, in expectation of *the* visit.

To describe events in due order, in they came, and my mind was instantly at ease, for his poor mother, though speechless, was obviously the most gentle, lovely, and loving—and I should think undoubtably *loveable*—of human beings, so very natural in her contending emotions. As to the Father, Anna Maria and I *delighted* in him. He

[1] Margarette, daughter of the Rev. William Shippen Willes of Astrop House, Co. Northampton (son of Judge Willes and grandson of the Chief Justice Willes); married, in 1819, Chandos Leigh, Esq., of Addlestrop Longborough and Stoneleigh Abbey, Co. Warwick, who was created Baron Leigh of Stoneleigh, 11th May 1839, and died the 27th September 1850. They had issue three sons and seven daughters. Lady Leigh died 1860.

MARY, WIFE OF EDWARD ROWLAND PICKERING, ESQ.,
(*NÉE* MARY VERE)

is exactly like the description in an old novel of Miss Burney's, and can only be summed up by Roddy's word "*rich.*" There he was, an *unmistakable* high-born and high-bred gentleman, in a brown scratch wig, all on end on his head, with an indescribable mixture of kind-heartedness, shrewdness and humour in his countenance, standing on his own foundation, and feeling that his son and his family were at least on a par with any nobleman in the land. On taking my hand, which he did with much feeling, he said—"Well, you know our son *as he is.* I need add nothing. There is no disguise about *him.*" He is of the same class of original as Lord Stanhope and Lord Suffolk, a sort of quaint, honest, clever creature;—you will delight in him. His pert little daughter-elect cannot think of him without laughing, and he seemed inclined to laugh at himself.

He nodded approbation at me when I said I was very anxious they were not to begin extravagantly, as it was always much easier to enlarge than to retrench.

Although he did not say so here, he declared to his wife and daughter-in-law afterwards that Little Madam had gone straight to his heart and that he was nearly as much in love with her as his son was.

February 5th.

I cannot tell you how delightful Mr Pickering *père* is, quite like what one reads about in books but never meets in real life. He called to-day and requested to see little Madam, and when she came, rather alarmed, he said, "I am going to ask you to do me a great favour; it is a commission rather troublesome for so young a lady; to accept and

spend on yourself only this trifling token of my love and approbation. Spend it on something to remember me when I am gone." Whereupon he gave her fifty pounds. How you would delight in him, with his great high-breeding and extreme kindness and brightness, mixed with such dignity and quaintness. He is very clever, and unusual in his integrity; I long for you to meet him, with his charming old-world manners and that brown scratch wig standing straight upright from his head!

He has given each of his nine sons the education of a nobleman's eldest son, and well has our Sheet-Anchor rewarded such a father.

Mrs Pickering has given little Madam a gold turquoise bracelet, and is coming again to-day to take her out shopping in the family carriage, as she did yesterday, and in high glee did she come back, saying that her new Mamma was so very kind and amiable and quiet—quite a person to love from her heart—and so very warm-hearted and liberal-minded, as they all are, so that she says she feels she will have another loving home with them.

A few days later, a visit was paid by Lady Elizabeth to the Temple, where she was enchanted with the luxurious Chambers and valuable possessions of her future son-in-law;—the beautiful furniture and marquetry cabinets, "the tables with *such* drawers opening like a charm," the sixteen-guinea Gillow arm-chairs, "for he has everything of the very best," the agate boxes and inkstands, some carved ivory tankards, the marble busts on antique pillars, the bronzes and "fine old pictures, apparently Holbeins, in such beautiful, quaint old frames, and one of the most

lovely Poussins I ever saw—everything in the most refined taste and so in character with his own gentlemanlike feelings, and last, what I ought to have mentioned first, his large collection of the best and soundest Religious and Standard works." Shortly afterwards, another epoch-making event is recorded :—

> I sent them off yesterday for their first walk alone, for I have hitherto trudged after them, and Little Madam actually walked the outer round of the Regent's Park, a most happy and dirty walk, as she was so muddy that a coal-heaver passing by actually called out—"Oh Lord! *what* boots!" to their great amusement.
>
> Mr P. will not stir a finger without me, and even consulted me about his wedding-coat whether it shall be a frock-coat, which, I advised, *though I believe not quite correct with a bride's veil.*
>
> Marianne dined here last night and was fascinated with him, she thinks him so handsome, with such an intellectual and delightful expression, and so very agreeable.
>
> I have ordered the bridecake to be nearly two inches deep in almonds *and as plain as possible inside.* The cake which is *sent* is of course cheaper.

So matters drew to a close. The favours were ordered, the bridesmaids chosen, the list of guests made out. "I sat up late last night at my usual work," she writes on March 3rd, "and got up early this morning. How glad I shall be when I have time again to read even a light book. We got through a good deal yesterday and we are to see the wedding dress finished on Thursday. And now it actually begins to look *reality*—and not a dream, as

I have always felt it to be, as he brought wedding rings to try on last night, and I have just been ordering the bridal wreath, *under the circumstances* the happiest moment of my life."

A few days later with all her work accomplished and on the eve of her departure for the marriage at Cannon Hall, she wrote :

> It is no dream—I have seen my darling in her wedding-dress this morning, and beautiful it and she looked! Thanks for your dear letter which I shall keep, for even *his* letters cannot exceed that, and God grant that, after thirty years of love and happiness like ours, he may be able to write the same.

JOHN SPENCER STANHOPE, ESQ.
OF CANNON HALL

CHAPTER XIII

LETTERS CONCERNING THE LAST YEARS OF LADY ELIZABETH

1853-1873

THUS it came about that on a sunny Easter Tuesday in March, 1853, the bells which had rung at Cawthorne for little Madam's first arrival there rang a joy peal for her wedding.

The ground sparkled with frost that day, the air was crisp and keen, and the old church was like a second Christmastide in its wealth of holly and evergreens. And when the bride at length drove away from the old home whence, through the generations, so many other brides, her ancestors, had driven away to weal and woe, the sunshine which brightened her path that day, with its mingled glitter of winter and glory of spring, did not belie its promise. For in the Unknown which lay before her awaited her long years of affection and happiness such as falls to the lot of few mortals.

That same year took place the wedding, before referred to, of Lady Elizabeth's niece, Mrs Charles Murray, *née* Anson, with Ambrose Isted, the deaf and dumb owner of Ecton Hall, in Northamptonshire;

and the following Summer, Lady Elizabeth, in the course of a round of visits, spent some days with this older bride. Thence she describes her impression both of the picturesque house and its attractive owner. Ecton, in bygone generations, had been a monastery; and in the extensive shrubbery which surrounds it, the mysterious, laurel-grown walks still seem to be haunted by the dead monks who once wandered there in holy seclusion from the world, and whose skulls are still occasionally found in the earth of the sunny pleasure ground adjoining. And their successor in the old house, condemned to a silence which was eternal and a solitude more profound, trod the paths where these holy men had once walked with a soul as full of contentment, and a mind, in its perpetual severance from the world, as guileless as their own.

ECTON, *August 5th.*

This seems a perfect place for enjoyment, the garden delicious and the house first-rate. There is a most delightful drawing-room, billiard-room, library, and diningroom *en suite* on the ground floor, besides the private apartments. I even prefer it to Easton, which is saying a good deal. Fanny's sitting-room opens into the flower-garden and conservatory, most luxurious. She has just ordered the carriage to take me to see Castle Ashby.[1]

August 6th.

This place is so enjoyable. with the finest and most curious trees. I enclose the girth of a beautiful Cedar, feathering all round to the ground,

[1] The seat of the Marquis of Northampton.

which Mr. Isted planted at about 21, and of a horse-chestnut planted by his mother, both splendid trees. But the delight of all is a weeping lime, now full of flower, (so sweet that I should have thought I was passing a bean field in full flower) with glossy leaves quite different and very much more beautiful than the common lime. You must plant some immediately!

We drove over yesterday to Overstone, a very handsome and most gentlemanlike place with beautiful trees and gardens, the walls covered with little bunches of the enclosed yellow yew—at least variegated yew. The house was very ugly—Lord and Lady Overstone[1] are away.

August 7th.

I am grown quite attached to Mr Isted. He is one of the most lovable people in his own house I have ever met with and has the happiest mind, taking me up to see every curious tree, of which there are a number here, and all the peeps like so many picture frames that he has made in the pleasure ground. In one walk there are seven, from which you see views of seven different churches. It is certainly a most perfect house and place, and there is such a beautiful old church, just out of the pleasure ground with wonderful chimes which are now playing. The place seems all flowers, sunshine and chiming bells.

From Ecton Lady Elizabeth went to another picturesque house, Bewerley Hall, near Pateley

[1] Samuel Jones Loyd, created, in 1850, Baron Overstone, of Overstone and Fotheringhay, both in the County of Northampton. He was a Senator of the London University and a trustee of the National Gallery. He married, in 1829, Harriet, third daughter of Ichabod Wright, Esq. The title became extinct in 1883.

Bridge, then in the possession of Mr John Yorke.[1] Situated upon a sunny bank some way above the level of the town below, Bewerley yet appears to be in a valley, since all around it rise wooded hills leading through romantic scenery to the moorland beyond. But, as Lady Elizabeth points out, even in such an abode of peace the snake which is to be found in every Paradise had made its presence felt.

BEWERLEY, YORKSHIRE.

I wish Roddy had been here this morning to hear Mrs Yorke's account of her housemaid stealing *the very feathers out of her pillow*, and butlers and housekeepers carrying off even the best china—in this apparently most admirably regulated house, where I am sure no eye of *vigilance* is wanting; but I believe all houses are alike.

Her next visit was at Ripley Castle, the home of the Ingilbys.[2] A beautiful and historic Yorkshire house, it has, from time to time, played a notable part in the fortunes of England. A manuscript in the old Tower still records how Cromwell passed the night there after the battle of Marston Moor. The baronet of those days was absent, and when the great Roundhead and his troops arrived at the Castle, they were

[1] John Yorke, Esq., of Halton Place and of Bewerley, born 1776, J.P., and D.L., High Sheriff, 1818. Married, 1821, Mary, eldest daughter of Ichabod Wright, Esq., of Mapperley, and had two sons and two daughters. Died 1857.

[2] The Rev. Henry John Ingilby, M.A., born 1790; married, 1824, Elizabeth, second daughter of Day Hort Macdowall, Esq., of Walkinshaw, N.B. He succeeded by devise to the estates of Sir William Amcotts Ingilby, Bt., who died, *s.p.*, 1854. Mr Ingilby was himself created a baronet in 1866. He died in 1870.

received by Lady Ingilby with a brace of pistols stuck in her belt. With firmness of demeanour, the lady informed them how she trusted that neither the General nor his soldiers would misbehave themselves; and then having conducted Cromwell personally to the great Hall, she remained there valiantly to watch him through the night. When he took his departure in the morning, the fearless lady informed him plainly: "It is well that you behaved in so peaceable a manner, for had it been otherwise, you would not have left this house with your life."

A picturesque feature of the house is the gateway and the great Tower of the old feudal fortress which still remain standing. None the less, Lady Elizabeth seems to have discovered an incongruous note in her otherwise attractive surroundings.

RIPLEY CASTLE, *Saturday.*

This is certainly a very pretty place, but you drive into the arched gate of the house positively out of Ripley, though the Castle from the road appears to be in the middle of the Park. The old part of the building dates back from the time of Philip and Mary.

The water here is lovely, the two lakes so well united, but I should think the park is not large. The village, all but one house, I believe, belongs to them, being filled with their farmers and work people; not such a thing as poverty known.

There is no vulgar ostentation, and I like them all very much. Mrs Ingilby seems to have very delicate health. They had only £700 a year in Lewisham, and were too poor to furnish their drawing-room—rather different from this *splendid*

drawing-room here, with all its magnificent gilding and damask. But I wonder what the fastidious Roddy would say, *as the drying ground is in the Park exactly opposite the windows and I can see all the clothes of the entire household hanging out! Such a forest of promiscuous garments.*

Monday.

Mrs Yorke is expected to luncheon to-morrow. There is some idea of Johnny[1] having *caught a Salmon*, that is, there was a great picnic and Mrs Ingilby told me there was a rumour of his having driven off in the pony carriage with a Miss Salmon, *who*, Mrs Ingilby could not tell me, only that she was not more of a beauty than he is of an Adonis!

Other romances are subsequently referred to by Lady Elizabeth, mingled with some tragedies which became more frequent during the dark days of the Crimea.

1854.

When Lord Rosebery was looking at some jeweller's for a ruby ring for Lady Dalmeny, the man told him that he had orders for a ruby ring of more than £1,100 worth. Lord Rosebery said—"Oh, I suppose for some crowned head."—"Not at all, my lord, it is for the future Mrs. Holford."[2]

[1] The eldest son of Mr Yorke of Bewerley. He eventually married, in 1859, Alice, fourth daughter of James Simpson, Esq., of West Cliffe, but died, *s.p.*, and was succeeded by his brother, Thomas Edward.

[2] Robert Stayner Holford, Esq., of Weston Birt, Co. Gloucester, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff, 1843, and M.P. for East Gloucestershire, from 1854 to 1872; married, 5th August 1854, Anne, daughter of the late General James Lindsay of Balcarres, Co. Fife.

Anna Maria Pickering to Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope.

April 18*th*, 1855.

I heard of a Yorkshire marriage yesterday, Sir William Cooke to his cousin, Eloisa Trebeck,[1] our little friend at Whitby. She is a nice little girl. This morning I have had Mrs Wodehouse here, talking just as fast as her mother, and I think with an incipient red nose.

She gave me the whole account of poor Lady Colborne who was actually found dead in her bed—she had not been quite well, but had nothing further the matter with her, than an Influenza and Bilious chill. Mrs Wodehouse saw her two days before. She was in very good spirits. Happily, her grandson, young Gurdon[2] was staying in the house with her. She was always in the habit of locking her door, but having taken Calomel, the Doctor said she had better have a fire in her room. The housekeeper, not being quite comfortable about her, sat up in case she should want anything, and her door being unlocked, on hearing her move, she went into her room, when she talked to her for some minutes quite cheerfully, and then seemed to drop into a most comfortable sleep. Not to leave her, the woman lay down on the sofa by the fire, and never heard her stir, nor a sound till morning, when she went to her bed-side and thought she did not

[1] Sir William Charles Cooke, Bt., of Wheatley, Co. York, married, April 17th, 1855, Harriet Eloisa, daughter of the late Rev. Jonathan Trebeck, Vicar of Melbourn, Cambridgeshire.

[2] The Hon. Henrietta Susannah Ridley Colborne, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Colborne, married Brampton Gurdon, Esq., of Letton in Norfolk, and of Grundisburgh, County Suffolk, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff of Norfolk, and had two sons and two daughters.

breathe. She called in her grandson, who found she was quite dead. Something, I suppose, to do with the heart or circulation. It was a great shock to them all but a great comfort for them to know that someone had been with her and that she had not been locked into her room by herself.

Poor little Lady Wodehouse is perfectly heart-broken at the death of her only brother, Lord Fitzgibbon at Sebastopol. She was quite devoted to him, and it has had such an effect upon her that they fear she will never be the same again. There was every aggravation, as he is supposed to have been leaning against a post the next day after the battle *not dead*, his wounds, of course, were not seen to and his body never found, so that they do not know what his fate was. The title becomes extinct with Lord Clare; he cannot rally at all, and Lady W. spends almost all her time with her father. She had to dine at the Palace the other day, which was a great trouble to her as she had never stirred out.

I do not know whether what the Roseberys told me is true—that poor Henry Neville[1] was not at all badly wounded at Inkerman, and was being carried off the field by 4 Drummers, when the Russians bore down upon them, upon which they dropped him and ran away. That is not the impression I had received, as I had heard of his cousin being with him when he received his mortal wound.

[1] Henry Aldworth, born 1824, third son of Richard, 3rd Baron Braybrooke; Captain in the Grenadier Guards, fell at Inkerman, 5th November 1854.

Sir John Boileau[1] *to Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope.*

OAKBANK, NEAR SEVENOAKS,
August 30*th*, 1855.

Our loss has been severe, but we have many mercies to be thankful for, and to derive consolation from. You know the ball, a four ounce grape shot, which struck our child, would have killed him on the spot, had it not met with his mother's picture and his prayer-book in his bosom, which it shattered, but was weakened and diverted, so that it pleased God to give him some weeks of solemn thoughts, and he used them, poor fellow, to write to us, when he could, letters which are consoling indeed to us, as they speak a Christian spirit in him. The thoughts of his God and his mother which the prayer-book and miniature bespeak is also a great comfort. Then, too, his gallant bearing which obtained the honourable mention in Lord Raglan's despatch, tells us our boy did his duty, and we know that his memory dwells with his brother officers as worthy of the gallant men of his gallant corps. He was, indeed, taken young and when his earthly career opened promisingly, for he would at twenty have been a Captain in the Rifles. But we do not live for this world only, and we have lived long enough when we have been allowed to look beyond this earth to our Redeemer.

Lady Charlotte has borne up beyond all hopes.

[1] Sir John Peter Boileau of Tacolnestone Hall, County Norfolk, married Lady Catherine Sarah Elliot, third daughter of Gilbert, first Earl of Minto. His fourth son, Charles Augustus Penrhyn, Lieut. Rifle Brigade, died at Malta, 1st August 1855, of wounds received before Sebastopol on June 18th.

Anna Maria Pickering to John Spencer-Stanhope.

36 GREEN STREET, *Undated.*

After we left you, we had, without exception, the most amusing journey I ever had in my life. At Retford we found Warren,[1] the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, and Percy made him get into our carriage for my amusement.

I certainly never in real life saw anything at all like him. His *egregious* vanity and egotism, and extraordinary bad taste was something I have never seen equalled. We had in our carriage also the Mayor of Doncaster and a very clever, sensible-looking man, who had been a physician at Hull, with a very pretty daughter, whom Mr Warren called his "sister in adversity" because they had both lost their tickets. The whole episode was too good to describe in a letter—it was really like a scene in a play—Warren showing off for the benefit of the Mayor, treating him like a brother functionary and making himself ridiculous all the time, announcing the fact to the company that he was Recorder of Hull, which he seemed to think would be as startling an announcement as that of "*Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu*!" He seemed to think the office of Recorder of Hull one of the most immense importance, and dragged Percy forth to the public notice as a "brother Recorder" with a regular introduction to the company, taking care, however, to make them well aware of the immeasurable difference between

[1] Samuel Warren (1807-77) born in Denbighshire, studied medicine and Law, was called to the Bar and made a Q.C. 1851, and Recorder of Hull (1843-74), Conservative M.P. for Midhurst (1856-9) and the Master of Lunacy. Author of various works of Fiction, among others, *Ten Thousand a Year*, published in 1841, and several Law-books.

the Recorder of Hull and the Recorder of Pontefract, and between a silk gown and a stuff; also that *his* labours at Hull were of a most arduous nature, that his life was not safe, and that he had been actually called a BLACK DEMON! To which Percy responded quietly—"Well, give me a moral Borough!"

Next, as he had studied medicine, he began to talk of that, whereupon the old physician came to the rescue, and told us all sorts of stories of bread pills, and plain water made palatable, etc., saying in self-defence that he had made one resolution when he began practice—that if he could not help people dying, at all events he would never *kill* anyone. He said Doctors ought not to be paid for the quantity of medicine they put in to you, but for what they kept out. Warren backed up these anecdotes, for his powers of description are very great, he can mimic admirably and make a good story out of nothing. I was almost ill with trying to help laughing, and so was the pretty girl in the corner. . . . Certainly, the sort of way Warren went on upon every subject justified Percy's *sotto voce* introductory remark to me—"*He's a very clever man—and the greatest ass in England*!"

Anna Maria Pickering to John Spencer-Stanhope.

6 Upper Grosvenor Street, 1855.

We have been this morning, not with a view to buying, but as a sight, to see the greatest sale of the year—Mr Burnell's in Eaton Square—the most extraordinary collection they say there has been sold since Stowe. He must have spent his whole life in collecting things—now to be dispersed. It was not like a house but a Museum, the most

wonderful quantity of curious old glass things, Venetian and others, such as I never saw before. Another room fitted up as an armoury, with stained glass windows, coins, Watteaus, *cinque cento* and Rafaelles, china, every sort of curio and valuable things, not by way of ornament to the rooms, but in the largest collections—guns—and all sorts of quaint curiosities in metals, etc., and a magnificent collection of china; the walls quite lined with quaint old pictures.

I should think the things are likely to sell very high. I must tell the Roseberys of it—as it would be in his way, and really is an extraordinary thing to see.

The news is that Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, and Sir James Graham, and other Peelites[1] have resigned on account of the Committee, so they will be in a fix again, and Lord Palmerston I should think in a most shaky condition. It is curious the very men should desert him whom *he* split with Lord Derby about, being determined to bring them in, though they say the real reason of his not behaving well to Lord Derby was that he wanted to be Premier himself. They say he does not answer as Leader, and cannot speak at all.

Lord Panmure is approved of. I asked about Lord Raglan[2]—the general opinion is he is too old for the work, but that it is *supposed* he has managed

[1] Under Lord Palmerston's Ministry Gladstone had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sidney Herbert Colonial Secretary, and Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Panmure was War Secretary.

[2] Lord Fitzroy Henry James Somerset, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of the Army in the Crimea, the youngest son of Henry, 5th Duke of Beaufort, K.G. He was raised to the peerage as Baron Raglan, October 1852. He became Field-Marshal in 1854; died June 28th, 1855, in the Crimea, during the siege of Sebastopol.

very well with the French, and had a good deal of trouble with them, and of course it is very important to have someone who suits them.

What do you say to Louis Napoleon going—it is generally supposed he will go—with a number of troops and the Empress, unless Lord J. Russell persuades him not. I do not see what good it is to do. I suppose he wants to reap a little glory.

They say Cardwell is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer,[1] which surprises Percy very much. He is an old school-fellow and friend of his—he is a man who has been very lucky and risen. Percy says D'Israeli said to him once, "Cardwell is a man who will have first-rate second-rate success." However, this is more than second-rate. Moreover, Percy thinks him a very likely man for that office, because his father was a commercial man at Liverpool, and he is very much in the commercial interest and knows a great deal about it. Mr Baines is also talked of—they are hard up for a first Lord of the Admiralty.[2] Sir James Graham did not manage it well at all.

1856.

Miss Nightingale, who is arrived at home, quite a wreck from all she has gone through, travelled under the name of Miss Smith that she might not be known. All the Regiments had their bands in readiness to receive her either day or night. The Queen, who has to pass through York to-day, has sent for her to go to her as soon as she is able.

[1] This rumour was not correct; Sir G. C. Lewes became Chancellor of the Exchequer; but Edward Cardwell subsequently filled many offices with distinction and was created Viscount Cardwell in 1874.

[2] Sir C. Wood succeeded to this Office.

In February 1857 Lady Elizabeth was staying at Easton Hall, the home of Sir Montague Cholmeley.[1]

EASTON HALL, *Saturday.*

This house, in luxury and refinement of style in everything, exceeds by far any I was ever in. Such beautiful china, flowers, old armour, old oak and even tapestry; a colonnade of flowers and Conservatory running the whole length of the drawing-room, which is magnificently furnished with splendid Aubusson carpets, etc., and has a billiard table at the end. The Library, a most luxurious room of oak, opening into a lovely flower garden.

They are making and hanging queer terraces with green abutments, such as they ought to have had at Holkham. The look-out from the house dull and confined, though the park is pretty.

Among the party here are Mr Grosvenor, Lord Robert Grosvenor's son, and a young Egerton, Lord Wilton's son, a mere boy, but both well inclined to give themselves airs, which, as I knew their grandmothers, does not go down with me.

Sunday.

Our party yesterday had an addition of that nice Mr and Mrs Sherwin we met at Newstead, the future possessors of Harleystone, and of Sir Maxwell and Lady Wallace, Mrs Milbank's mother, very loud, but good-natured and amusing to a degree. In her drive from Church she told me

[1] Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bt., of Easton Hall and Norton Place, Lincoln, M.P. for North Lincolnshire, married in 1829 Lady Georgiana Beauclerk, fifth daughter of William, 8th Duke of St Albans.

that Miss Corbett,[1] Lady Georgiana's niece, is heiress to £10,000 a year, and of course all the young men at her feet, most especially Mr Grosvenor, who is very conceited, and his cousin young Egerton, a wild, foolish boy, who is only nineteen.

Colonel R., whose health was ruined in the Crimea, was giving us such an account of their rations, being a wine glass full of rice and the smallest quantity of salt beef per day, and no chance of wood or water—quite as bad as the *Times* description. He gave 13/ for a small pot of marmalade to counteract the constant salt meat.

Monday, February 27th.

I only wish you could see the dress of Lady Wallace who is staying here. Last night she absolutely *could* not sit down in an arm-chair till she had lifted her hoop over the arm on *both* sides, and it is the same thing this morning. I came in contact with it in church yesterday, as we were rather a tight fit in the pew, and I could not kneel down in consequence.

I like Sir Montague extremely, he is so good-hearted and clever; queer, but anything but mad. He read prayers this morning and has contributed to make the church as perfect as this house is, which is saying a good deal.

The restless Cycle of Time had once more brought into fashion the hoop which had found favour half a

[1] Lady Mary Noel, sixth daughter of the 8th Duke of St Albans, married in 1836 Thomas George Corbett, Esq., of Elsham Hall, Lincs., who died in 1850. Their only daughter, Eleanor Blanche Mary, married in 1858 Sir John Dugdale Astley, Bart., of Everley.

century before,[1] and the granddaughters of Mary Winifred Stanhope were now arrayed in a travesty of the fashions which both she and her daughters had worn in the days of their youth. But between the voluminous skirt of that bygone age and the crinoline of the Victorian era was all the difference between poetry and prose. The oval hoop with its quaint rounded hips on which the arms of the wearer could rest with ease, the studied grace of the accompanying toilet, the wonderful, if inconvenient head-dress, the powder and patches which had lent a charm and dignity to that fashion of the past, were ill-replaced by the sloping, bell-shaped crinolines, the sleek locks or nodding ringlets, and the fantastic furbelows of this later generation.

> Lady Andover is most amusing about the fashions, which she says are *beyond everything*.
>
> She actually saw a lady, very far gone *en famille*, dressed in a bright muslin over an enormous crinoline, while all up the front of her gown was embroidered an Indian pagoda, and as if that was not enough, from every projection of the pagoda was embroidered, in bright silks, a most meaningless, *large*, *wriggling maggot*, suspended by a thread!

There is a flavour, too, of Victorian days in the fact that no lady, even if married, might then be seen abroad without a suitable escort.

[1] The hoop, however, had been *de rigueur* at Court until 1818.

Anna Maria Pickering to Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope.

April, 1857.

I am a sad prisoner just now, for the footman has gone to the hospital, and it is unlucky as I should much like to get out.

So the frost is going! I am rather sorry, for it has been such bright, cheerful weather in town, very little snow and that hard frozen. I have generally walked all round the Park about eleven o'clock. We went to Kensington Gardens the other morning to see the Skating Club. The Park is the gayest scene on a bright, frosty morning. The Serpentine thronged with people, flags, tents, etc., carriages driving round, the soldiers marching and the band sounding in the clear air. Fancy, I saw a man yesterday with his skates on skating the whole way along the path from the water to Grosvenor Gate. Last Sunday Maria Kaye walked to church with her coachman strewing sand before her all the way.

I heard the deep tones of Big Ben booming through the air for the opening of Parliament (*sic*); the joke at Westminster was, the Judges said it was so funereal that it sounded more like the dissolution of Parliament than its meeting.

I suppose you know there is to be another Prince or Princess in March—what an expense they will be to the Nation. I hear the highest praise of the Princess Royal; a lady told me the other day that Lady Cranworth was so pleased with her during her visit at Windsor the other day, and said she would be a charming girl in any position of life. I heard it was supposed the next girl was intended for the Prince of Orange.

Did you read that article in the *Times* about not reading the Burial Service over those *living* in Open Sin?

Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope to Anna Maria Pickering.

September, 1857.

The Howard Vyses have been staying with us. It seems that Major Howard Vyse is the next Heir to Wentworth Castle should anything happen to Master Tom *before* he comes of age; the moment he does come of age, Mr Vernon Wentworth[1] means to cut off the entail and settle it, I suppose, on the girls, after Master Tom.

We drove over yesterday to show them their lost possessions. . . . Imagine Lady Augusta now doing up the gallery, and how do you think? The whole length of ceiling painted deep blue like the recess in the Billiard room, and covered with stars, looking as if it would fall on your head, the bases and capitals of the fine marble columns, bright gilding, so that they no longer look marble. I never could have imagined anything so atrocious—that fine gallery totally ruined in effect. So much for people who have possessions!

It seems that Major Howard Vyse was disinherited by his father, and £10,000 a year given to his younger brother, for marrying his pretty wife, who is very interesting and agreeable, her manner and voice so like Lady Dalmeny's that, if blindfolded, I should declare that she was in the room.

[1] Frederick William Thomas Vernon Wentworth, Esq., of Wentworth Castle, Co. York, High Sheriff 1841, married 1826 the Lady Augusta Brudenell Bruce, second daughter of Charles, 1st Marquis of Ailesbury.

Yesterday we had Lady Emily[1] and Captain Capel to dinner. She is a most uneducated original (she was a Berkeley) talking the broadest Gloucestershire dialect and always referring to her "Arthur Sidney," a great bluff, red-faced Captain with large black eyebrows, but apparently honest and good-natured.

Here is a queer story! Being either at Windsor or Hampton Court, when walking out she saw a man lying asleep on one of the benches and ran back to her sister, Lady Mary Berkeley, declaring she had just seen the handsomest man in the world, and that if she ever did marry, *that* was the man—and marry him she did! Certainly *I* should have let him sleep on.

The decoration of the fine gallery at Wentworth Castle, which caused Lady Elizabeth such dismay, may be seen to-day, half a century later, as she then described it. Of Mr Vernon Wentworth and Lady Augusta she used to relate the following story:—

It appears that not long after Mr Wentworth married, Mr Stanhope and his wife drove over to call on the young couple at Wentworth Castle. Now Mr Wentworth was an exceedingly shy man, and as Lady Elizabeth and her husband sat in the carriage waiting for the servants of the house to answer their ring, they became conscious of a fact which went far to upset their gravity. Through the glass door opening into the hall of the house could be seen a billiard table covered with an overhanging cloth, and from beneath the cloth protruded a pair of legs and the fold of a

[1] Emily Elizabeth, third daughter of the 5th Earl of Berkeley, married, 1839, Major Sydney A. Capel.

skirt which, without much difficulty, they concluded to belong, respectively, to Mr Vernon Wentworth and his bride.

In due course, the hall door was opened, they were informed that Mr Wentworth and Lady Augusta were "not at home," and they drove away. The following morning came a letter from Mr Wentworth expressing the most profound regret at having missed them, and offering the somewhat superfluous information that he and Lady Augusta had been in the house at the time of the visit, but not knowing who were the visitors, had unfortunately said "not at home." "We too," wrote back Mr Stanhope in reply, "were very sorry not to see more of you yesterday. But when next you hide from visitors in a hurry under the billiard-table—*remember your legs!*"

Anna Maria Pickering to Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope.

February 27th, 1860.

I heard a good story of the Queen at Penrhyn Castle. Colonel Pennant[1] had been in the greatest possible fidget from the moment he heard of her coming and had thought of everything and arranged everything, and seen to it all himself.

When she arrived at the station, he and Sir Edward Bulkeley, the Lord Lieutenant, were there to receive her, and all the Carnarvonshire Militia

[1] The Hon. Edward Gordon Douglas, brother to George, 18th Earl of Morton, born 1800, died 1886, assumed name "Pennant" 1841. Created Lord Penrhyn, 1866. Married, as his second wife, 26th January, 1846, Lady Mary Louisa Fitzroy, daughter to 5th Duke of Grafton. He left issue by both his wives.

and the Quarry men turned out to escort her. Moreover, Colonel Pennant had a special train to take her luggage to the Park gate, that it might arrive by another road at the house, so as to be all ready by the time she arrived.

When the Queen got to the Castle, Lady Louisa received her, and begged to know her Majesty's wishes. The Queen replied that she was very tired with her two or three days' journey, and that she should like to go at once to her room to be quiet and rest herself. Lady Louisa led the way, accordingly, up the great staircase towards the Queen's room — when—what should they come upon but all the luggage being carried up! This was indeed an unfortunate *contretemps*, and Lady Louisa, not being able to take the Queen in proper state to her room, said that, if her Majesty did not mind, she would take her by a private way through her and Colonel Pennant's rooms.

This she proceeded to do, and thence up their private staircase, all which was satisfactorily accomplished. But, alas! when she opened the door leading into a long passage, she found to her horror that, in the general confusion of preparing for the Queen's arrival, this presumably unimportant part of the Castle, though all shut up, had not yet been lighted, and, in short, was *pitch dark!* There was nothing for it but for Lady Louisa to leave the Queen standing in the passage in the dark and rush frantically off to get at the nearest bell, which she rang with the greatest violence. Meanwhile, the housemaid came running up with her tallow candle, and seeing someone standing in the passage in the dark, called out in a loud voice—"Whatever *is* the matter? What on earth is her ladyship ringing in that way for?" When, to her consternation,

the person to whom she spoke turned round and she saw it was the Queen who very quietly said, "Lady Louisa is ringing for lights."

The housemaid was so frightened that she took to her heels and ran away, and at that moment Lady Louisa appeared carrying the precious candles.

The Queen told the story that night at dinner, having enjoyed it not a little, which poor Colonel P. did *not*.

Sir Edward Bulkeley told it to me as he had heard it from the Queen herself.

The same to the same (*Undated*).

I was told the other day that when Dickens had an interview with the Queen, she kept him standing all the time, and although kind in her manner, treated him *de haut en bas*, not even offering to shake hands with him when he took his departure.

With Carlyle, the case was somewhat different. The old Scotsman calmly took the initiative. Having greeted the Queen with due respect on her entry, he observed confidentially—"And noo, your Majesty, I would remind you that I am a verra old man, and so *I will tak' a cheer!*" and down he sat without any permission on her part. He then, with equal freedom, proceeded to criticise her ministry and give her much unsolicited advice, which, nevertheless, showed a foresight she might with advantage have made use of.

The Queen, however, was much affronted at his freedom of speech, and after the interview declared that she would see no more literary men!

The next letter contains a story of the Court of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie.

The same to the same, 1861.

I heard some of the experiences of Lord Dunmore[1] in Paris.

The days, he says, are given up entirely to hunting, and the evenings to music, dancing and private theatricals, varied now and then by a grand official banquet—a most trying and solemn ordeal.

On one of these occasions Lord Dunmore told us he was an eye-witness of one of those dramatic *coups* of which Louis Napoleon is so fond.

The banquet was a Military one, and there were present many famous old veterans, more than one of whom gained a Bâton de Maréchal in the Crimea. At a special point in the dinner, in accordance with the programme, Marshal Canrobert stood up and in a loud voice gave the toast of "The Emperor." Instantly, to the horror of all present, the band, which was stationed in an anteroom, struck up the *Marseillaise*. The effect may be imagined! A murmur of consternation went through the room, and every man's hand went to his sword, for who could doubt on hearing such an ultra-revolutionary air played in impertinent response to the Royal toast that some political intrigue was on the *tapis*?

But the second surprise succeeded the first. The Emperor, with a smile, bade them all to keep their seats, explaining that *he himself* had ordered the *Marseillaise* to be played, as he so much admired its music and intended to advocate its adoption as a National air!—The whole thing had been planned previously, and the band was merely acting on secret orders received from Napoleon personally!

Another story connected with one of these ban-

[1] Charles Adolphus, 7th Earl of Dunmore.

quets is very amusing. It appears that the Emperor has a bodyguard of a hundred men, not unlike our Beef-eaters, all picked men, chosen for their good looks and enormous stature. They wear a beautiful uniform of light blue and silver, and are called *Les Cent Gardes*. Every evening they line the corridor which leads from the Grand Salon to the dining-room.

One night, when going into dinner, Lord Dunmore was walking just behind Lord Hertford, who, you know, lives in Paris and is always supposed to be the original of Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne. Lord Hertford, who is a Knight of the Garter, was dressed in "shorts" and black silk stockings, and was wearing his garter as well as the Ribbon and Star of the Order. As he passed through the middle of the *Cent Gardes* on duty in the corridor, the Captain in Command noticed to his dismay that the otherwise correctly-clad Milord Anglais was wearing only *one* richly embroidered garter on his left leg, while the right leg, in this respect, was bare. Stepping hurriedly forward and saluting, the conscientious official whispered in a horror-stricken voice to Lord Hertford—"Pardon—mais Monseigneur a perdu une de ses jartières et ne peut pas entrer comme ça!"

The next letter mentions a story of a different type, to which more than one reference is made in the correspondence of Lady Elizabeth.

January, 1868.

What a sad ending to poor Jack R——! And to think of that dear old place going to such people! Certainly a man cannot carry revenge

much further. I only hope you will not bequeath Cannon Hall to Pinfold!

Part of the story to which Lady Elizabeth refers has been told elsewhere, but to it she relates a sequel so strange that it seems to breathe the atmosphere of an age long past, rather than that of the prosaic last half century.[1]

In one of the Midland counties in England is a fine old Elizabethan mansion, the owner of which, three generations earlier, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to George I., and next Clerk of the Household to George II., had married an ancestor of Lady Elizabeth.

The eldest son of this couple, familiarly known as "Jacky of the Court," had a fair chance of inheriting yet a second fine estate, for his mother's brother, Sir John D——, was childless, and it was anticipated that the latter would select as his heir one of his two nephews, either "Jacky of the Court" or "Jimmy of the Castle," the son of his other sister, who had married an Irish landowner.

The two youths were therefore constantly sent to stay with their uncle, and the old man was still undecided to which of them to bequeath his property, when one day he called them to his bedside and asked them to tell him what books they were studying at school. "Jimmy of the Castle" at once answered that he was studying the Latin Grammar, but "Jacky of the Court" casually replied that he didn't know—

[1] As there are persons still living whom this story affects, the names and dates, which are given in full in the letter of Lady Elizabeth, are here suppressed.

except that it was a blue book,—blue being the Tory colour and his uncle a rabid Whig. From that day Sir John announced that he intended to make his will in favour of the boy who knew what he was studying, and this he accordingly did. In 1743 Jimmy inherited the property and took the name of his deceased uncle, while his cousin Jack found that he remained heir only to his paternal estate in the Midlands; and, it may be added, well was it for his mother's family that this was so.

Slight as had been the motive which actuated the decision of Sir John D——, it was doubtless founded on a closer observation of the respective characters of the two boys. Family tradition reported that an ancestor of Jacky had held Barton Court, near Abingdon, against a troop of Parliamentarians till it was burned over his head. And the obstinate spirit of that remote forebear was apparently in the boy who had shown such a reckless indifference to his wordly advantage, and who, in after life, is said to have been of an imperious and tempestuous nature. This disposition he, in turn, seemed to hand on to his descendants, when, as the years passed, first his son and then his grandson succeeded him in the ownership of their family estate.

This latter-day Sir John, the grandson of "Jacky," who came into existence in 1785 and bore the Christian names of his grandfather and of his maternal great-uncle, married in 1814; and to him were born one son and three daughters. But trouble pursued him. Seven years after his marriage his young wife lay dead, leaving him with four motherless babes, three of

whom were fated in after life to predecease him. In his first grief at the death of his wife, Sir John strove to drown her memory in the oblivion which wine afforded. He drank long and deep, and his temper waxed ever more and more violent, till an event befell which sobered him for all time. Lady Elizabeth subsequently relates the story thus in a letter to her daughter.

The history about which you ask me is this:—

One evening, in 18—, when Jack R—— was completely muddled by the wine he had drunk, he rang the bell and ordered his butler Thomas Sindon to bring him another bottle. The man, seeing the condition of his master, hesitated; in fact, I believe he positively refused to execute the order. You can imagine the effect of such conduct on an autocrat of Sir John's peppery nature! Furious at being thwarted, and, I suppose, not really knowing what he did, he seized the poker and rushing after the unfortunate servant aimed at him a tremendous blow. The man fell backwards down the staircase near which he was standing, and was picked up unconscious. I suppose he never recovered his senses; but anyhow, within a week, he died from his injuries! and Jack R—— imagined himself, like Lord Ferrars of old days, with the hangman's rope about to tighten round his neck!

There was, however, one means of escape. Only one man had witnessed the fatal deed. A footman in his employment, by name Joseph W——, alone knew the true cause of the butler's death, and on his word therefore it was said lay the fate of his master. Others might whisper and might hint, the truth might be universally suspected, but by none

could it be *proved*, but by that one man who *knew*. Evidently Sir John squared the man, for at the inquest Joseph lied to save his master. I never read the account, but I heard he swore that the murdered man had been killed by an accident —a lamp falling on his head or some equally lame story; but the jury, of course, having no other evidence against Jack R——, returned a verdict in accordance with this evidence.

So Sir John was saved; but it was not a very pleasant position, as you may imagine, to have a man always at his elbow who knew such a secret. Joseph, of course, stepped into the post vacated by the murdered man and became butler and confidential servant in his stead,—in fact, a sort of general factotum, for he was steward and did some of the bailiff's work too. This male *bonne-à-tout-faire* was uneducated but seems to have been quite respectable and honest, and it is said that, considering all he knew, he was very moderate in his demands, though there is no doubt that Sir John did not dare dismiss him! Still, as people pointed out at the time, if the master *had* indeed been guilty of manslaughter, the man must have been guilty of perjury, so that one could not risk telling tales of the other!

The shock of the butler's death, however, completely sobered Jack R——, and he never drank to excess again. But his temper did not improve, and as the years passed he really quarrelled with all his relations, which is why we never stayed there. But the worst quarrels were with his own children, with whom he was at last not on speaking terms; in fact they had all left him, one by one. His only son, who was very unsatisfactory, died in 18—, and then his brother was, of course, looked upon

as heir to the property, and, next in succession, the sons of the latter, whom Sir John particularly disliked. Yet, in spite of this, the year after his son's death Jack R—— made a Will leaving his Estate to his brother, while to his factotum, Joseph, he bequeathed the very suitable legacy of one hundred pounds and some wearing apparel.

Unfortunately, four years later, he revoked that Will. He wrote a very plausible letter to his Lawyer at the time, pointing out that his brother was nearly as old as himself; and that his brother's sons, who were gone abroad, no one knew whither, were too wild to inherit the Estate. Therefore what the one did not require and the other did not deserve, he was determined to leave elsewhere.

This was done simply as a blind to the Lawyer; his real motive and his sole motive was spite to his relations, and particularly towards his Son-in-Law, who had proved too officious in interfering about the management of an estate, of which he hoped against hope he might yet inherit some portion.

Anyhow, one cold December morning, Sir John went into the neighbouring country town to execute this new Will which had been drawn up in accordance with his instructions. He was accompanied, as usual, by his butler and valet Joseph, without whom he seldom ventured far abroad, for he was then past seventy and getting feeble. It came out afterwards that, on the way, he actually informed his companion of the object of his journey, but probably the butler knew his master too well to count on his remaining long in one frame of mind. However that may be, arrived at his destination, Sir John sent his servant to his tailors, while he himself went about the business

which had brought him thither. By and bye the two, master and man, returned as they had come, with no outward token that any change in their relations to each other had taken place. Indeed, Sir John was not the nature to allow anyone, even a man who possibly might have hanged him, to presume an inch!

A few years later, Joseph married the cook-housekeeper and caretaker of Sir John's house in London; and to them in due course was born a son. Cannot you fancy how Jack R—— must have looked with sardonic amusement on those two Josephs, the man who waited on him hand and foot, and the little village lad who was one day to play his part in the sorry jest which the old tyrant was preparing for his relations!

Yet, where Joseph *père* was concerned, there must always have been that fact to be faced—the mood of an angry man may waver; and it seems there was distinct need to foster Sir John's decision with care. What looks as if some undue pressure must have been exercised, is what Lord Sherborne tells me—that three years after making that iniquitous Will, Sir John wrote to his Solicitor for a copy of his "Last Will," and seemed entirely confused as to *which* document *was* the "last," the one leaving all to his brother, which he had made in 1852 or the one he had made later in 1856. "I thought I had got a copy," he wrote, "but the one I have is dated 1852 and *Joseph says there is one subsequent to that date.*" It was certainly unlikely that Joseph would forget the contents of that subsequent Will, but it is quite evident that at that date he was clearer about the contents of it than was Sir John, and also that he was taking care that the deed done in an angry

moment should not be undone if he could help it!

But as Jack R—— had kept that other secret in his life, so he hid this later knowledge in silence. And not till now—twelve years after that December morning when he made that fatal expedition to Burford—has anyone learnt what he did there. *In short, that he then left the estate of his forefathers to his butler and former cook!* And with the estate, he has actually decreed there is to pass the old family name, which has been borne very creditably, on the whole, by a very long line of his ancestors; likewise the old family portraits upon the walls, the treasures his people had acquired and the very jewellery and heirlooms which they prized so dearly, and, indeed, upon this point with an obvious refinement of spite, special stress has been laid!

What is to me the worst part of the business is that it was not even as though he had done all this out of an exaggerated gratitude to or affection for the man Joseph. Then, even if it were quixotic, it would at least have had a redeeming feature. But it is simply because he realised that such a bequest was so preposterous that there was a special sting in it for his own relations!

All I can say is that I am thankful my old great-uncle of bygone days did not make his Will in favour of "Jacky of the Court." Had he done so I should have lived to see a caretaker mistress of my mother's home!

Thus was the revenge of Sir John consummated; and thus on the erratic whim of a septuagenarian, dictated primarily by hatred to those of his blood, did Joseph the butler—he who had been entitled to but a hundred pounds under the first Will of his

employer—at last find himself possessor of one of the most beautiful estates in England. The heir-at-law, the sole surviving child of the Testator, was in failing health. She was cited but failed to appear. The Will was proved in solemn form; and in the house where for forty-three years he had been a faithful servant, Joseph became master. He took the surname of his late employer; and one fancies that as the portraits of the proud dead and gone generations who had lineally borne that name, looked down from the walls where they hung upon this humble interloper, they must have felt that the blood of the dead victim, Sindon, had been amply avenged.

The next letter refers to a Claimant of a different description, whom Mr Pickering, as Queen's Counsel, had been asked and refused to defend, principally because, on first hearing of the matter, he held that, whether the rightful heir or not, too much money was involved and too many side-issues militated against the claim of the alleged Roger Tichborne for him ever to be permitted to make good his case.

Anna Maria Pickering to John Spencer-Stanhope.

6 Upper Grosvenor Street,
July 23rd.

Yesterday it cleared in the afternoon and I took Anne[1] out in the Barouche, and she was able to do a great many commissions. One thing was to buy a watch which Leicester was to give as a present

[1] Anne, second daughter of Thomas William, 2nd Earl of Leicester, and Juliana, eldest daughter of S. Whitbread, Esq.

very well with the French, and had a good deal of trouble with them, and of course it is very important to have someone who suits them.

What do you say to Louis Napoleon going—it is generally supposed he will go—with a number of troops and the Empress, unless Lord J. Russell persuades him not. I do not see what good it is to do. I suppose he wants to reap a little glory.

They say Cardwell is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer,[1] which surprises Percy very much. He is an old school-fellow and friend of his—he is a man who has been very lucky and risen. Percy says D'Israeli said to him once, "Cardwell is a man who will have first-rate second-rate success." However, this is more than second-rate. Moreover, Percy thinks him a very likely man for that office, because his father was a commercial man at Liverpool, and he is very much in the commercial interest and knows a great deal about it. Mr Baines is also talked of—they are hard up for a first Lord of the Admiralty.[2] Sir James Graham did not manage it well at all.

1856.

Miss Nightingale, who is arrived at home, quite a wreck from all she has gone through, travelled under the name of Miss Smith that she might not be known. All the Regiments had their bands in readiness to receive her either day or night. The Queen, who has to pass through York to-day, has sent for her to go to her as soon as she is able.

[1] This rumour was not correct; Sir G. C. Lewes became Chancellor of the Exchequer; but Edward Cardwell subsequently filled many offices with distinction and was created Viscount Cardwell in 1874.

[2] Sir C. Wood succeeded to this Office.

Mrs Percival Pickering
Née Anna Maria Spencer Stanhope
from a photograph

to their Governess who is leaving them. She had with her a most extraordinary necklace, a beautiful gold chain, set round with lions' claws, mounted in gold, hanging from it. They were remarkably fine claws of the lions Wenny[1] had shot. He had lent it to her.

She went to Ward's, that beautiful shop where the Duke of Edinburgh's things were to be stuffed. She sent for Mr Ward and took me up to the top of the House to show me all the skulls and horns of various creatures Wenny had shot, and which were to be hung up in their Hall in Grosvenor Square. There were such a number of things marked as belonging to Sir Seymour Fitzgerald. There was the baby elephant which died in the Zoological Gardens, stuffed and mounted as a rocking-horse, with a Houdah on its back for the Prince of Wales's children; the head of a large grizzly bear that Coke and Lord Ranfurly had killed between them—all sorts of curiosities. Some elephants' feet made into an umbrella stand, jewellery made of beetles, humming birds, etc., etc., and the head of a celebrated old charger of Lord Cardigan's which he rode in the Balaclava charge. It was killed only the other day. Ward had to pronounce its death warrant; they chloroformed it and then bled it to death. He said it did not suffer at all. They modelled the head exactly, and then stretched the skin over it.

Ward is a very clever, intelligent man. Amongst other things was a large screen of the most magnificent Australian butterflies, which he said belonged to the Claimant, that he got them from the Dow.

[1] The Hon. Wenman Clarence Walpole Coke, half-brother to Lady Elizabeth S. Stanhope, fourth son of Thomas William, 1st Earl of Leicester, by his second wife.

Lady Tichborne, as they had been originally bought by the *real man*. I was struck with what Ward said about the Claimant—that he had believed in him for a long time, but that he must do so no longer, as it really appeared he could not be the man, but that he could not make it out, it was altogether so strange. He said the Claimant had been there constantly and that he had talked to him a great deal; and that the only reason which had made him feel *no doubt* about his being Sir Roger was that he had such remarkably good and refined taste; that his manners, his ideas were entirely those of a person who had the notions, associations and cultivated taste of a gentleman. He said, "You can't describe it, but there is a something in which you feel you can't be mistaken. I used to say to myself when talking to him—'It is not common-sense to think for a moment this man can be Arthur Orton, the Butcher of Wapping's son, or the son of any Butcher in the Kingdom,' it is a simple *impossibility*." He said he had, nevertheless, to give evidence against him in the case of the Pheasant, which was certainly an English Pheasant preserved, he should think, by the cook, not by any connoisseur. The other side wanted him to give evidence for them, but this he declined to do.

I asked him what had made him alter his mind—whether it was entirely the trial. He said, "Yes, entirely that; I felt I *must* no longer believe in him, but it is certainly against the evidence of my senses."

I, of course, only listened and did not enter into it any further, but was it not curious?

Anne told me she was in a great fright about the mumps, for it was the very night the Prince and Princess of Wales dined with them. She sat alone

in the inner room tête-à-tête with the Princess, having something to tell her about, and when she went downstairs, she put up her hand to her face, and felt it all sore, and painful; and having felt ill for some days, she was sure she had got the mumps, and thought she might have given it to the Princess.

She told me that the Princess said she felt a hundred years older since the illness of the Prince of Wales, and that it had made her feel quite a different person to what she did before.

Anne told me she had sat by Lord Lorne at dinner at Devonshire House a little time ago and that she liked him so very much. He is very agreeable, with no nonsense.

The next—and last—letter carries one back across the widening gulf of years—back to the thought of that lonely Admiral who, two generations previously, had battled and endured, even unto death, for the country which still grudged an adequate memorial to his martyrdom.

Anna Maria Pickering to John Spencer-Stanhope.

DISSINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND, *Undated.*

Last Saturday we went to Newcastle, and, in going, we settled it would be good fun to go to Tynemouth; so after we had done our shopping, we got into the Railroad, and in about an hour found ourselves there. I was much pleased with the place, and we amused ourselves very well.

We went first to see the harbour, which is pretty and very quiet. The ruins of the Priory near are very beautiful, the uncut stone is very picturesque, and the position so fine and commanding, I was

delighted. But, alas! instead of the song of the holy Maids, our ears and eyes were assailed by profane sights and sounds, mixed up in a strange manner with whatever remained of the monastic, for on the enclosure, which once belonged to the Priory, the Castle is built, where the Garrison is quartered. Part of what once was the chancel of the church is now used as a powder magazine, and while the grounds on one side of the ruins was full of soldiers being drilled, on the other is the burial-place of the town. A sort of promenade goes round it, from which is a beautiful view overlooking the sea. A sentry box is amongst the graves, and we heard sounds of drums and trumpets on every side of the beautiful ruins.

I do not know what Tynemouth's haughty Prioress would have said could she have seen a file of soldiers carrying their coal-scuttles through what had once been the very centre of the sacred ground!

We also went on the sands and saw the sea close by; it was as calm as glass. On the low coast near the rock, where the Priory is, Lord Collingwood's monument is placed.[1] It is built of fine stone, the figure on a column with his face to the sea. It is the lowest column I ever saw, with a very large heavy base which makes the monument look too short and square for its size, an unusual fault; but I

[1] In 1838 a meeting was held in Newcastle to consider the "propriety" of erecting a monument to the memory of Collingwood. But nothing further appears to have been done till October 1840, when another meeting was held and it was resolved to commission Lough the Sculptor to execute a monument. The business languished till 1845 and then a statue was erected, not in Newcastle but at Tynemouth. The site was ill-chosen, the angry feelings occasioned by difference of opinion influenced the subscriptions, and the sum furnished was inadequate to the erection of such a memorial as the fame and genius of Collingwood merited.

MONUMENT TO ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD ERECTED AT TYNEMOUTH

fancy the figure would have looked large enough without the base.

The contrast between this abnormally low column on which stands the statue of Collingwood and the equally abnormally high column on which stands the familiar statue of Nelson in Trafalgar Square struck me as significant! And there is something so melancholy in the effect of this solitary figure, standing in an out-of-the-way and utterly inappropriate site, that one feels it in keeping with the way in which posterity has been ready to belittle his services.

And with this letter, which links together the generations severed by half a century, there ends the Letter-bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope.

A brief glance, however, may be given at the subsequent fate of some of those who have formed the subject of its pages.

Of the sons of Lady Elizabeth, the eldest, Walter, remained in the old home and ably fulfilled the position of a country squire, for many years being one of the representatives of the West Riding in Parliament. Roddam achieved success as an artist, the tale of which has been told elsewhere.[1]

Of the daughters, "little Madam" and Alice both lived to old age, but Eliza and Louisa predeceased their parents in the prime of life, the former dying within a year of her marriage, at the birth of her son. Neither Alice nor Louisa married; the latter became an invalid ere youth was past; the former, although the heroine of many romances, continued to sustain the

[1] See *Roddam Spencer-Stanhope, Pre-Raphaelite*, by A. M. W. Stirling, *The Nineteenth Century and After*, August, 1909.

rôle complained of by her sisters in her early years—that she "lived perpetually in a three-volume novel, but never came to the end of the third volume."

Of that older generation, the sons and daughters of Mary Winifred Spencer-Stanhope, all lived to a ripe old age. Marianne outlived Mr Hudson, but spent the remainder of her days at Tadworth Court. Her sisters continued to live at Banks Hall till "death stepped tacitly and took them" from the quiet, monotonous existence which had succeeded their gay youth. Handsome Frances survived all her generation, living until 1885; and after death, the beauty of her girlhood lay once more upon her peaceful face.

But long ere this, for Lady Elizabeth the keenness of Earth's joys and sorrows was ended, the great things and the small of life for her had become alike. During those last years, she and the husband who had shared with her the sunshine and shadow of existence passed the quiet days in their old home where a younger generation was rising about them, and where, amid their childrens' children, they placidly awaited the summons to the Unknown. And when at length this came—gently, tenderly, as it should come to honoured age—the spirits which had been one in life were but briefly severed by death. On October 31st, 1873, Lady Elizabeth passed peacefully away, and so feeble was the flickering life which still animated her husband that it was not thought necessary to inflict upon him the crushing knowledge of his loss. No one, therefore, was permitted to approach him in mourning, and every sign of what had occurred was carefully concealed from him.

FRANCES SPENCER-STANHOPE
From a photograph

Yet a strange thing happened. On the day fixed for his wife's burial, Mr Stanhope summoned his valet to his bedside and gave orders that a suit of black clothes was to be laid out in readiness for him. The man, aware that his master—as had for long been the case—was totally unable to quit his bed, felt considerably astonished at such an order, and ventured to inquire what was the reason of it. "I wish to attend her ladyship's funeral," was the answer given in a clear and determined voice; and although the payment of this last tribute of respect was impossible to the old man hovering on the borderland of life and death, none could ever say whence there came to him the knowledge of his wife's decease and of the date of her funeral. Seven days later he, too, breathed his last, and thus, within an interval of a few days, the husband and wife who had been so united in life were re-united in the grave.

So the generations come and go in the old house, so will they come and go in the years which are to be. *Tout casse, tout lasse, tout passe*; but among the muniments there, some lines written in a bygone century, by a hand long since dust, seem to breathe a voiceless farewell from those Ghosts of the Past.

Thys waye that I have walked heare
Though yowe shall walk wythowten fayle,
Once shall we mete and quycke appeare
Wheare we shall nevr wepe nor wayle.

That thys may be
God graunt Amen,
Lyve welle and fare
Yowe welle tyll then.

PEDIGREE

ARMS—STANHOPE

Sarah Naylor, 1 W., died 27
1657, aged 31, bur. at Cawthc

John Spencer, of Cannon E
gent, son and heir, died
April 1729, aged 74, buried
Cawthorne.

William Spencer, of Cannon H
Esq., died 30 Jan. 1756, aged
buried at Cawthorne.

John Spencer, of Cannon Hall, Esq., died unm. 9 Nov. 1775, aged 57, when the Spencers became extinct.

Benjamin unm. 11 1759, ag
William, with Ben
died un
April 175

Walter Spencer Stanhope, onl
out of grateful regard to his n
for Hazlemere and for Carlisl

Walter Spencer Stanhope.

John Spencer Stanhope, of Cannon Hall, Esq., married 5 Dec. 1822. = 1

Sir Walter Thomas William Sp
Stanhope, K.C.B., b. 1827, m
Elizabeth Julia, daughter
John Jacob Buxton, Bt., of
well, Co. Norfolk; ob. 1910.
issue five sons and six daught
whom the eldest

John Montague Spencer St
May, second daughter of Sir L
nerton Pilkington, Bt., of Ch
and has issue one

Margaret Elizab

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Yet a strange thing happened. On the day fixed for his wife's burial, Mr Stanhope summoned his valet to his bedside and gave orders that a suit of black clothes was to be laid out in readiness for him. The man, aware that his master—as had for long been the case—was totally unable to quit his bed, felt considerably astonished at such an order, and ventured to inquire what was the reason of it. "I wish to attend her ladyship's funeral," was the answer given in a clear and determined voice; and although the payment of this last tribute of respect was impossible to the old man hovering on the borderland of life and death, none could ever say whence there came to him the knowledge of his wife's decease and of the date of her funeral. Seven days later he, too, breathed his last, and thus, within an interval of a few days, the husband and wife who had been so united in life were re-united in the grave.

So the generations come and go in the old house, so will they come and go in the years which are to be. *Tout casse, tout lasse, tout passe*; but among the muniments there, some lines written in a bygone century, by a hand long since dust, seem to breathe a voiceless farewell from those Ghosts of the Past.

Thys waye that I have walked heare
Though yowe shall walk wythowten fayle,
Once shall we mete and quycke appeare
Wheare we shall nevr wepe nor wayle.

That thys may be
God graunt Amen,
Lyve welle and fare
Yowe welle tyll then.

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